AMERICAN LUTHERAN PREACHING

EDITED BY

MILES H. KRUMBINE

HARVEY M. SHELLEY
PUBLISHER AND BOOKSELLER
5513 Larchwood Avenue
Philadelphia

$2.25

⑥

AMERICAN LUTHERAN PREACHING

⁂

AMERICAN LUTHERAN PREACHING

TWENTY-FIVE SERMONS BY MINISTERS
OF THE
UNITED LUTHERAN CHURCH

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY

MILES H. KRUMBINE

MINISTER OF PARKSIDE LUTHERAN CHURCH
BUFFALO, NEW YORK

HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
MCMXXVIII

AMERICAN LUTHERAN PREACHING

COPYRIGHT, 1928, BY HARPER & BROTHERS
PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.
FIRST EDITION
I-C

TO

CHARLES FINLEY SANDERS

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY, GETTYSBURG COLLEGE

FRIEND, COMPANION, GUIDE

" . . . . it was good
For more than one of us that he was here"

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION xi
Miles H. Krumbine
Parkside Lutheran Church
Buffalo, New York

OVERCOMING OUR LIMITATIONS 3
Paul Scherer
Lutheran Church of the Holy Trinity
New York City

THE GREAT ADVENTURE 13
Julius F. Seebach
Luther Memorial Lutheran Church
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE MOMENT OF FORSAKENNESS 29
Rees E. Tulloss
President Wittenberg College
Springfield, Ohio

THE FOUNDATIONS OF FAITH 41
Andreas Bard
St. Mark's Lutheran Church
Kansas City, Mo.

TOLL GATES ON THE ROAD TO HEAVEN 57
J. B. Baker
St. Matthew's Lutheran Church
York, Pa.

HE RESTORETH MY SOUL 69
Edwin Heyl Delk
St. Matthew's Church
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE DISTANCE TO TOMORROW 81
Wendell S. Dysinger
The First Lutheran Church
Iowa City, Iowa

THE MASTER PURPOSE IN LIFE 91
Elmer W. Harner
St. Paul's Lutheran Church
Denver, Colorado

THE FANATIC'S ADVANTAGE 105
Carl C. Rasmussen
Messiah Lutheran Church
Harrisburg, Pa.

WHY HE WROTE HIS BOOK 117
J. Bradley Markward
First Lutheran Church
Springfield, Ohio

THE SALVATION OF AMERICA'S SOUL 127
John T. Huddle
St. Paul's Lutheran Church
Washington, D. C.

OUT OF THE CLAY 139
John G. Fleck
St. John's Lutheran Church
Baltimore, Md.

LOVE'S TASK 153
Albert M. Lutton
First Lutheran Church
Cincinnati, Ohio

THEOLOGY—MORE OR LESS 165
Charles L. Venable
First Lutheran Church
Dayton, Ohio

THE LEGACY OF PEACE 177
Lloyd M. Keller
Calvary Lutheran Church
Arnold, Pa.

SONS OF GOD 189
Robert S. Miller
Trinity Lutheran Church
Juniata, Pa.

MULTIPLYING YOUR WORTH 201
Ross H. Stover
Messiah Lutheran Church
Philadelphia, Pa.

CONTENTS

Christ and War 213

William F. Sunday
The Lutheran Church of St. James
New York City

Christ and Healthy Thinking 223

Fred R. Knubel
The Church of the Reformation
Rochester, New York

The Best Kind of Life 233

Henry J. Pflum, Jr.
Holy Trinity Lutheran Church
Buffalo, N. Y.

God's Guarantee Bond 241

Oliver D. Baltzly
Kountze Memorial Lutheran Church
Omaha, Nebraska

At the Place of Jesus 251

Walter C. Hanning
Oak Park Lutheran Church
Oak Park, Illinois

Every Christian a Christ 267

Raymond T. Stamm
Lutheran Theological Seminary
Gettysburg, Pa.

Science and Religion 279

Samuel G. Hefelbower
Carthage College
Carthage, Illinois

Appearance and Reality 289

Milton H. Valentine
Gettysburg College
Gettysburg, Pa.

INTRODUCTION

BY

MILES H. KRUMBINE

THE roots of Lutheranism go down very deep in American history. The very first Lutheran church was erected in 1646 by John Campanius in Delaware. At about the same time he translated Luther's small catechism into the Indian dialect, antedating Eliot's translations by thirteen years. More significant than this physical fact is the influence exerted in shaping up the political thought of early America. Parrington, in his celebrated study *Main Currents in American Thought,* has traced the very extraordinary influence the teaching of Luther had on Roger Williams. The unique place that Williams occupies in the development of our political ideals and institutions is undoubted. He achieved this position because he saw more clearly than anyone else the liberalisms involved in the premises of Luther's teaching and the rapid drive away from those implications under the auspices of the Massachusetts magistrates. In Rhode Island Roger Williams developed political theories and institutions expressive of a finer democracy than any current or promised elsewhere. He thus greatly qualified the development of our common American institutions. It was under the influence of Luther's doctrine of the universal priesthood of believers, according to Parrington, that his genius, functioning politically rather than theologically, was dedicated to the lasting and thus far too little recognized benefit of American life.

Lutheranism as an institutional force is generally dated from 1742, when Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, the patriarch of the denomination, came to this country to unify the existing movement into some kind of coherent body, as well as to establish new congregations. The civilizing influence of Muhlenberg's work cannot easily be exaggerated. Not the least significant fact about it is the determined way in which the early Lutherans took up the cause and aspirations of the Colonies for freedom and independence. Every schoolboy in America knows and thrills to the story of that minister who, at a dramatic moment in his Sunday morning sermon, threw back his preacher's gown only to disclose a colonel's uniform. That preacher was General Peter Muhlenberg, son of the patriarch and later the first Speaker of the House of Representatives of the American Congress. To this very day those coming to our shores from Lutheran lands have practically always come to stay and to take up responsible participation in the current enterprise of American life. Who that has read Rolvaag's *Giants in the Earth* (Harper & Brothers) can fail to understand the determination, sacrifice, and silent heroism that have gone into the conquest of the prairie. If the credit for the subduing of the bleak New England coast goes to the Pilgrims and the honor for the "winning of the West" goes to the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, then surely the praise for the final reduction of the prairie to a vast and fertile garden belongs to the Norwegian Lutherans.

Lutheranism, as it functions institutionally in the United States, is divided into twenty different bodies, comprising a total membership of 2,656,158. For the year 1927 these twenty bodies registered a net gain of 67,879, being exceeded only by the Methodists and the Roman Catholics. A glance at the immigration statistics for the year 1927 reveals the unique opportunity that the Lutheran Church of this country has. During the year the quota law of our country permitted 164,667 immigrants to enter from the countries that are affected by that law. Of this number, only 158,070 were actually admitted. Sixty-seven thousand five hundred and two quota immigrants, or nearly half the total number admitted, came from the Lutheran countries of Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Germany. Forty-nine thousand seven hundred and ninety-two came from Germany alone. Again, of the number of aliens who departed from the United States in 1927, viz., 73,366, only 8,185 went back to Lutheran countries. The point of this fact is seen more clearly when it is contrasted with the immigration from Italy, for instance. During 1927, 17,297 Italians came to the United States, but during that same year 17,759 Italians left the United States for Italy. In other words, the immigration from Lutheran countries carries with it a definite intention to take up permanent citizenship in this country. The actual money assets brought by these immigrants totaled $4,598,343. It is to be presumed that, other things being equal, the Lutheran Church has in the increased immigration from Lutheran countries an amazing field and opportunity.

The United Lutheran Church came into being November 10, 1918. The gathering in New York City that presided over its birth represented a bringing together of three Lutheran bodies, the General Synod, the General Council, and the United Synod South. Commonly spoken of as a merger, it was really the achievement of an organic union in a fellowship that had long since overcome the forces that divide. The United Lutheran Church now comprises a confirmed membership of a little less than a million. This membership is divided into 5,418 congregations, with 3,158 ministers, representing a little less than half the total number of Lutherans in the United States. It is not unfair to say that the United Lutheran Church has entered most actively into the coöperative movements of American Protestantism.

Lutheranism today is distinguished by a growing sense of solidarity. The formation of the United Lutheran Church represents the greatest merger, numerically, known to American Protestantism. More recently still the National Lutheran Council was set in operation. This is a representative body organized for tasks dear to Lutherans, though beyond the scope of any one body acting alone. Participating in its efforts are the United Lutheran Church, the Norwegian Lutheran Church, the Augustana Synod, the Joint Synod of Ohio, the United Danish Church, the Danish Lutheran Church, the Buffalo Synod, the Icelandic Synod, the Lutheran Free Church—all general bodies within American Lutheranism. Clearly here is a body that envisages a larger and more closely knit Lutheran movement. Its record of achievement in this country and abroad, especially along philanthropic lines, is really notable.

If the Lutheran Church has been singularly free from bitter controversy these latter years, it has not always been so. Muhlenberg and his co-workers came to this country with the dew of Pietism upon them. The patriarch indeed was chosen for the work by Francke himself. The main force playing upon the Lutheran movement at its incipiency, as it was the power that gave it being, was the Pietism of Spener and Francke. Very soon, however, the rationalism of Semler of Halle made its appearance in this country. In the person of Dr. Quitman, who for twenty years, beginning 1807, was an honored and influential leader in the New York ministerium, it exerted a very far-reaching influence. To recount the minor theological struggles that engaged the church is quite unnecessary. The movement known as "American Lutheranism," however, deserves mentioning. This movement achieved its power largely under the very able leadership of Schmucker, the founder of Gettysburg College and the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Gettysburg. Schmucker was one of the very greatest leaders Lutheranism ever developed in this country. It came to grief, however, in the eighteen sixties, overwhelmed not only by the sheer mass of numbers due to recent immigration, but as well by the growing "confessionalism" that gained possession of all Lutheranism at that time. Charles Porterfield Krauth, a very learned and able thinker and leader, lent a convincing voice to conservative Lutheranism, the power of whose influence is felt to this very day. Virgilius Ferm, in his brilliant book *The Crisis in American Lutheran Theology* (The Century Company), has done full justice to "American Lutheranism."

The Lutheran Church in America, in common with other denominations, has had its great preachers. This is no less than one would expect when one recalls that, in Germany particularly, Lutheranism has produced a succession of very great preachers. It is not to be supposed that the preaching art died out with the crossing of the Atlantic. That the preachers of Lutheranism have not been as well known as the preachers of other denominations is due to two factors chiefly. The first of these is the language difficulty. Much of the best preaching, at least in the earlier days, has been done in German. A sermonic literature in a foreign tongue would hardly be expected to flourish in our country. That difficulty is passing with the increasing adoption of the English language as a medium of pulpit utterance in all bodies of Lutherans. The second inhibiting influence is more important. Lutheranism has always exalted the pastoral function of the minister in a unique way. The ideal held up to young theological students has been that of the shepherd who ministers to and cares for his flock. Preaching is only one phase of his office and perhaps not the most important phase. Whereas Luther stressed preaching with characteristic vehemence, as he was himself a very great preacher, the subsequent development of Lutheranism along confessional and liturgical lines hardly left room for the development of preaching as a unique achievement. More recently, however, renewed emphasis has come to be placed on the preaching work of the minister. Young Lutheran students are seeking the great centers of learning here and abroad, with the definite intention of equipping themselves more adequately for a larger place in the pulpit leadership of America. Other things being equal, the Lutheran Church may be expected to produce its full quota of good preachers in the oncoming generations.

The Lutheran Church is commonly understood as being perhaps the most theologically minded of the Protestant denominations. This common understanding is not far from the truth. It makes much of its confessional statements and, if that were the whole story of Lutheranism, one might have concern for its future. Lutheran confessionalism, however, as well as the confessions of Protestants generally, represents a demand made upon reason to erect bulwarks against rationalism. It is a paradox. Luther revolted against the attempt of reason to encompass the things of faith, as Professor Shotwell has pointed out. To him there was only one source of knowledge, revelation, as there was only one way of apprehending it, intuition. His definite intention was to restore the simplicity of primitive truth and religion. The very necessity of his effort compelled him to call in Melanchthon to do the thing that he himself denounced. In other words, theologians set up creeds, the direct result of rational effort, in order to thwart the triumphant march of reason. Basically, of course, Lutheranism is mystical. Both in the life of Luther himself and in the liturgical movement that is of the very essence of Lutheranism, this mystical element predominates. Luther may have preached and taught his version of the theology of St. Paul, but he, at the same time, lived the Christ-mysticism of the great Apostle. When one remembers that the whole Western World is flirting with a new mysticism, one sees at once the unique opportunity that confronts the Lutheran movement. That it will be a mysticism qualified by modern knowledge is only to say that Lutheranism itself will undoubtedly undergo modification. It has "the root of the matter" in it, however.

Lutheran preaching is essentially biblical. The Lutheran movement in the United States has been affected very little by the historical and literary criticism of the Bible. It holds a unique allegiance to the Bible as the only infallible rule of faith and practice, not taking very seriously Luther's own rather free handling of the Scripture. That this in the minds of many may seem like a defect, is simply a fact; that Lutheran preaching remains primarily biblical is also a fact.

OVERCOMING OUR LIMITATIONS

By PAUL SCHERER

THE LUTHERAN CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY
NEW YORK CITY

✠

PAUL SCHERER

THE LUTHERAN CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY
CENTRAL PARK WEST, AT SIXTY-FIFTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Though still a young man (he was born June 22, 1892), Dr. Scherer has won for himself a large and constantly growing circle of admirers, and justly so. His gifts are many. Among them, none is more notable than his pulpit ability. He preaches with an ease that bespeaks spontaneity and a grace that comes from long hours of study and preparation.

Dr. Scherer was born in Pennsylvania but took his college course in the South. Graduating from the College of Charleston, Charleston, South Carolina, in 1911 with first honors, he continued his course for two additional years for the master's degree. He finished his theological training at the Mt. Airy Theological Seminary, Philadelphia, Pa., in the spring of 1916. For two years after graduation he continued as a fellow at that institution. During 1918-1919 he was assistant pastor at Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, Buffalo, N. Y. He then went back to Mt. Airy Seminary for another year as an instructor. Since 1920 he has been the minister of the Lutheran Church of the Holy Trinity, New York City. Under his leadership, not only his church but Lutheranism generally has acquired added prestige in the life of the metropolis.

It is not surprising that a preacher of such marked power should be sought after by circles outside his own denomination. Dr. Scherer has been college preacher at Rhode Island State College, Vassar College, Columbia University, and Hamilton College. For two successive summers, 1927-1928, he has held appointment as lecturer at Northfield, Mass. He has been the Lutheran representative in the "Great Preachers Series" at Reading, Pa., and Harrisburg, Pa. He is a regular contributor to the "Lutheran Quarterly Review." One of his primary interests is religious education. He is at present chairman of the United Lutheran Church Committee sponsoring this movement. Roanoke College, Salem, Virginia, conferred the honorary degree of doctor of divinity on him in 1923.

✠

OVERCOMING OUR LIMITATIONS

"Ye cannot do the things that ye would"
GAL. 5: 17

PAUL was pretty much of a student of human nature. He knew with considerable accuracy how other people were apt to find matters going with them, because he knew how matters habitually went with him. This is a little bit of autobiography; that's why it's a little bit of universal experience. "You simply aren't able to do what you want to do." He says it without any hesitation at all, and it's a fact which any life or civilization that's advancing, as his life was advancing, must increasingly learn to handle.

I say that any life which is advancing must increasingly learn to handle it; because, of course, the life which is standing still doesn't have to bother its head about such things. It's perfectly able to do what it wants to, for the very clear reason that it doesn't want to do anything more than it's doing. It has reached a state of absolute and unimpeachable equilibrium, where its powers are all equal to its tasks, and it never contemplates any possibility that would seem likely to upset the balance! So that, after all, there is one sense at least in which this observation of the apostle's, if you find it true in your case, ought to be a source of mild encouragement. I have had folk come to me and complain that the standards of the Christian life are so unattainably high, and their own abilities, by comparison, so unspeakably meagre, as to make the whole subject of religion well-nigh oppressive to them. Well now, that's hopeful. Nobody ever got such a response practising his sermons in a barnyard! The audience there has never observed any incongruity or any disparity between what it could and what it wanted to do! It takes men and women whose souls are on the move to do that; and the higher up the ascending scale of life they move, the wider the gulf that seems to separate accomplishment from desire. God help anybody who has caught up with his ideals! He is past human aid! That's what was the matter with the Pharisee who prayed with himself; it's what was the matter with the priest and the Levite who "passed by on the other side"; it's what was the matter with the elder brother who "would not go in"; and with Dives when Lazarus lay at his door. They had caught up!

Suppose we begin, then, with the conviction that this being conscious of one's limitations is a distinct asset, and understand that there is a point of view from which we shall never overcome them. Being unable to do what we want to do isn't a situation with which we shall have to deal less and less; it's a situation with which we shall have to deal more and more, as life goes on, and its level rises higher. The farther along we come the more insistent the problem grows. Let's just think of it and of some of its illustrations in these lives of ours.

Here, for instance, is the state of affairs in the world at large. There isn't anything more striking than mankind's mastery of the physical universe, unless it be his continuing failure to master himself in it. He can explode a molecule and make it drive an automobile; and now he's bent on exploding the atom! Heaven only knows what he'll make that drive! He can throw the sound of his voice around the world some seven times a second.

He can play a ray of light on you here and see you in Washington. He can even dispense with the ray of light and see you at that distance in the dark! But with it all he has never quite learned how to bridle his tongue or control his passions. He has never learned how to live with his neighbour in peace. He has never learned the secret of happiness. Life is never what it should be, he has sense enough to know that; and he knows himself utterly helpless to do more than touch it up here and there into some semblance of decency. His governments fall short of governing; his schools and universities teach him a great deal about the arts of literature, history and science, but nothing at all about the greatest art of them all, the fine art of living. His business and social systems, his principles of industry and commerce, his treaties and leagues, they all leave him stranded a thousand miles from his goal. And there is beginning to creep into his mind and heart, it becomes more and more apparent as the days go on, a sense of futility. There are men and women who are ready to throw up their hands and call civilization a failure and Christianity with it. Nothing is right and nothing avails. It's past solution.

I don't think that many of us are inclined to contradict that view very loudly when we come to estimate our own individual progress. We don't feel so desperately wicked as our fathers felt, perhaps. We don't talk so much about our "awful load" of sin. Most of us are trying to do the best we can. It's just as well to recognize that. There is no use attempting to induce in us a sense of absolute and utter depravity. Even if we should profess it, it wouldn't be real. But we are conscious, every one of us, of a best that we can't achieve; and it's the best that we can't achieve that condemns us. It's the patience we can't command; it's the love we can't practice; it's the purity we can't attain; it's the temptation we can't resist; it's the demand we can't meet and the task we can't manage: they are the facts that take the heart out of this life of ours, and bring us time and time again to the place where we're on the point of shrugging our shoulders and throwing it over. "Ye cannot do the things that ye would," and they are the things that most need doing! I don't think it calls for very much elaboration. If there is anything in the Bible that speaks to the Twentieth Century, it's this. With all the abilities that people boast, with all the power which men try to persuade themselves they have acquired, never has humanity felt itself more impotent in the face of what it knows its destiny to be. Never has it been more keenly aware of the futility of most of its devices, nor more thoroughly alive to the necessity of a strength beyond any that it can muster, if it is ever to get through.

I believe that that's the fact. I don't believe that you can gainsay it successfully. It's the race's problem, and it's your problem and mine. We are bound to formulate some sort of solution for it. The scientists are already suggesting one. They trace all of these moral inabilities of ours back to our humble origin in the beast; we must wait for the kindly, cosmic process of evolution to rid us of them. That may be the only gospel the future requires; it's no gospel at all for the present. You and I can't afford to wait for environment and heredity to weed out human frailty! We want a gospel that can operate a good deal more promptly than that! And we have one.

Let's run over the terms of it for a moment. To begin with, it takes for granted that our strength is soon spent. We shouldn't forget that. We accuse Christ of being an impossible idealist. We say that He overestimated our powers. And all the while it was not our powers He was thinking about at all! He rated them considerably lower than you would rate them! He was willing to read them as far down as zero, and still go on talking about the same limitless possibilities ahead.

What men could do did not enter into His calculations; it was what God could do with men that set His soul on fire! What's visionary about that? Far from expecting too much of you and me, there is really a sense in which Christianity doesn't expect anything! And I'm glad of it! This religion of ours undermines every "can't" that your lips are able to frame by way of an alibi, and says "Amen. I know it. Ye cannot." And then it goes on. This isn't the conclusion: it's the preface! The whole significance of Jesus Christ for human experience, absolutely all of it, lies over on the other side of that frank admission, in the realm where people know they can't but aren't willing to quit! Precisely at the point where life gets beyond you, He offers to take it over. Whenever and wherever your resources are exhausted, He claims, at least, that His become available.

Sometimes I think our whole trouble is that we stop just on the eve of His starting! I wonder if most of us spiritually aren't exactly in the position in which the whole race would have found itself materially, if men had called a halt to all their plans before the application of steam and electricity to the work their naked hands couldn't do. Where would we be, you and I, if there were nothing to draw water for us from farther down than we can reach, nothing to carry burdens higher than we can lift, nothing to run for us longer and faster than we can run, nothing to hear at any greater distance than our ears, or speak for us beyond the reach of our voice? Almost everything that we call civilization has been built up since we learned to harness for our use energies inconceivably greater than our own. The modern world had its birth when humanity stepped beyond its physical limitations! The kingdom of God will have its birth among men when they stand at the limit of their power and step out in the power of God! It thrills me when I imagine that perhaps we are on the verge of that today, in the world, here in the church, in these private lives of ours. Think of being just on the edge of what God can do! Steam, there in the boiling kettle, and Watt quietly setting foot across the threshold of unimagined power! The lightning there in the cloud, and Franklin sailing his kite into a new age! God, there in the Unseen, and you and I, leaving what we can and beginning where we can't, moving out on Him! I say life would be worth living from now on, would it not, if the next hundred years should bring as many brilliant conquests in the sphere of the human soul as the last hundred years have brought in the way of outward progress, because men discovered that they could call in a strength that was not their own! That's the only prospect that means anything to me.

It was the only prospect that meant anything to Paul. He was never long content to go on dealing with people who would say no more than that they would do what they could. He had very little enthusiasm for what most of them could do, and he said so frankly. You could make no chills run up and down his back by assuring him that you were living the best life you were able to live. It wasn't for that that he was gambling his days away. He was gambling them on the chance that some time the men he knew would undertake to do what they couldn't and live beyond their strength in God's, begin to lift the burden that was too heavy and walk off with it! They would know what they had given up because they found themselves unequal to it. Well to get that thing down under their feet by matching the Almighty with it, the God who had made himself available in Jesus Christ. It was a prize worth gambling for, when the Eternal should come to have His way with folk, when the things that get done in such fellowships as this, in such lives as yours. He should and none other!

"Ye cannot do the things that ye would." "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." By all means let's be conscious of our limitations. It's the only hopeful thing about us, that our aims still outstrip our powers. Let's do more than that: let's accept our limitations. Denying them isn't the policy of the Christian religion, don't think it, denying them and proclaiming that all you lack is a little confidence in yourself. That's what some psychoanalysts say; it isn't what the world's true evangelists tell you. They tell you to "have faith in God," and instead of stopping where you can't go on, to begin there; for it's there and there only that God begins, when a man kneels. That's my message. You can go out and turn it into experience if you like.

As torrents in summer
Half dried in their channels
Suddenly rise,
Tho' the sky is still cloudless,
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains,

So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o'erflowing,
And they that behold it
Marvel and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining!

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

By JULIUS F. SEEBACH

LUTHER MEMORIAL LUTHERAN CHURCH
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

✠

JULIUS F. SEEBACH

LUTHER MEMORIAL LUTHERAN CHURCH
54TH STREET AND SPRINGFIELD AVE.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Dr. Seebach hails from a long and distinguished line of Lutheran ministers, as he himself has had a brilliant career in that ministry. He was born in the city of Philadelphia and since 1925 has been a minister in his native city. He is serving the Luther Memorial Lutheran Church.

Dr. Seebach began his academic career at Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pennsylvania, completing it in Gettysburg College. His theological course was also taken at Gettysburg, where he graduated in 1897. He has served pastorates in four Synods in Pennsylvania and Ohio and in all of them has he held official positions. During the war he rendered very notable service, both as a member of the National Lutheran Commission and as camp pastor at Louisville, Kentucky.

That Mr. Seebach is a very thoughtful and thought-provoking preacher his sermon in this book reveals clearly enough. He is, however, a good deal more than a preacher. His pen has been far from idle. Numerous articles and stories for Lutheran and Presbyterian publications, as well as for the publications of the American Bible Society, testify to his industry and zeal, as well as his ability. He has written the book, "The Book of Free Men," a publication by Doran & Co., that has had very wide circulation. In collaboration with his very talented wife, he has produced "The Singing Weaver; Hero-tales of the Reformation," one of the best American publications in this field. Issued by the Lutheran Publication Society, it has found a growing circle of readers, particularly in the Lutheran denomination. Courageous, intelligent, polished, Mr. Seebach brings to his pulpit work very rare talents indeed.

✠

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

> *"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me"*
>
> JOHN 14:6

WHATEVER may be our reaction to his question, the children of Thomas—and there are a great many of them—ought to be glad he asked it. Perhaps you have been led to think reprovingly of him for daring to say such a thing. And yet—what else could any of us really ask?

Jesus had been preparing His disciples for great changes, and a troubled spirit gripped them all. You have just listened to the reading of that poignant scene in the upper room, and your own hearts are troubled with the same questions—"What does He mean?" "What will He do?" "Where will He go?" "How are we going to find Him again?" And then Thomas asked the question for them, and for all of us, "Lord, we know not whither Thou goest, and how can we know the way?"

But questions are not finally important. There is nothing more futile than a question, unless there is an answer. If the question is a vital one, and there is no answer, there is room only for despair. But if there is an answer, and a greater one than we ever expected, then we ought to give it room, and try to understand it.

And there are so many questions for us. You may change the scene but you have the same questions. We are troubled—why? We want to believe in God—but how? We want to see a purpose and a goal in life—how can we? We want to grasp the reality in the things of life, and behind our life—but what way is possible? That is what we have in the reply of Jesus—

"I am the Way, the Truth and the Life."

I

It takes courage to venture forth into life, but who wants to be a coward? Even if we do not want to be, we are likely to become cowards when first we meet life in its more serious aspects. There are so many paths to follow, and they cross each other. That is the great cause of our present moral unrest. We run into so many blind alleys, and when we follow them there is no way to go but back again, unless we stop in despair. And that is what so many of us do. We lose our courage. We are no longer adventurers of the way; we are slaves who cringe under the lash of circumstance and necessity. There is nothing at the end of the road for us; there is just the road, and it is hard.

"Out of the dark we come, nor know
Into what outer dark we go.
Wings sweep across the stars at night,
Sweep, and are lost in flight,

And down the star-strewn windy lanes the sky
Is empty as before the wings went by.
We dare not lift our eyes, lest we should see
The utter quiet of eternity."

But men have not always been willing to remain in this slavery of cowardice. The grace of God in the heart of man has been responsible for that. The very rattle of their chains broke down the apathy of their fear, and they said, "What is the way out? Who will show us the way?" And so there arose seers and judges, lawgivers and prophets; and there were singers, too, who stirred the hearts of men with visions of the things they might yet see. And thus paths were found, and men have walked in them through misty centuries. Weary feet trod them deep, as men moved over them in their search for the end of the road they called "God," but even then they did not always find it. And why? Because their paths did not lead to the great highway.

There was the path of submission. That was the first natural expression of a slave-consciousness. You have it expressed in the ancient cults of the East. The painful ceremonies of Ishtar, the cruelties of Moloch, the rigid formularies of Babylonian worship, the apathy of Buddhism—these show how men have lost the way in times past. Sad to say, it may even be found in some forms of Christianity, and there are those who advocate it among Protestants.

There was the path of law. Now, you cannot always separate this from submission, but there is more room for reason and choice in this path. It has been a much-travelled road, and one may say that it has always been a well-kept one. But it has been a difficult one to follow. Many have found it dreary and sunless; others have complained of its narrowness, and the walls that shut out the landscape. Perhaps no road has ever developed so many detours as this road of the law. I wonder if that is because the keepers of the road have been too zealous in putting up signs!

There were the signs the Scribes put up, that Jesus ridiculed. And why? Because they led to evasion and insincerity. There was the law of the Sabbath day's journey. How eager the Scribes were that men should reverence God's day! So they fixed the tether at less than a mile away from home. But it grew irksome even for themselves, until one of them had a bright idea. Wherever one might find an article that belonged to him, there also would be his home. What could be easier than to scatter judiciously one's possessions among places of interest within the required limits? One could go on indefinitely on a religious joy-ride, and yet always be at home with one's shoes, or overcoat. And so detours are made!

But to earnest souls that would keep the road, there is no pleasure in a detour; there is only fear that the road will be lost, and the end of the way be never arrived at. That was Paul's experience with the law—branching roads, conflicting obligations, ideals versus facts, until in despair he cried out, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" And you will recall his answer to his own question, for it is very significant here—"I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Augustine had the same experience. And so had Wyclif and Huss, Savonarola and Tyndale. Remember our own Martin Luther, torturing himself along the path of the law after the most approved methods of the Church. There was a day when his brothers of the cloister thought he would die, and there were excited whispers flying that soon their cloister would bless the world with a new saint.

Think of it—Luther, the arch-heretic, just missed being the blessed St. Martin of Erfurt! And this is how it happened. He, too, found the highway, and escaped from the body of this death. He, too, learned what it meant to say, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

And now let us realize something about this way. It depends much less upon the place and the signboards than it does upon the Companion. That is the glory and the wonders of Christ's brave metaphor, "I am the Way." Roads are often cowardly things. They avoid difficulties, and lose adventure. They stick to the lowlands, and offer no outlook; they are afraid of the heights. And when they come, as sometimes they do, to some far-reaching view, they seem to turn hurriedly and seek the lowlands again.

I think that is why there have always been eager souls that have rebelled against the tyranny of roads. Just now we are having a revolt of youth, an impatience of conventions. We are hearing of "inhibitions" and "repressions," and they and all their kin are held up before us with peculiar and bitter scorn. My sympathies are all with the young who hate the shams that exact reverence because age and custom have stamped them with approval. My heart goes with them when they scorn the unconscious hypocrisies of their elders. Does it reach me? Let it; I may be a better man for it. Even the longing for "self-expression" does not appal me, though its logic is often faulty and its method foolhardy. There ought always to be room for self-expression, but then there ought to be something to express. And that is why the youth of today need particularly the great Companion of the road.

But do we not all need Him? However men may think of Jesus Christ, they are very few who do not think well of Him. He knows life, and all its hidden paths. He knows God, and all who are going on that pilgrimage listen to His words, for He speaks with authority. There is a grace about Him that makes men hang upon His utterance. There is a wisdom about Him that wins the allegiance of the noblest. "My study of modern history," said a Hindu professor recently, "has shown me that there is a moral pivot in the world, and that more and more the best life of East and West is revolving about that pivot. That Pivot is Jesus Christ." Now, that is just another way of saying that all the highways of the soul lead to Jesus Christ, and are marked by Him. In other words, He is the Way.

Somewhere I have read of a Japanese who had a very small garden at the foot of a high mountain. It was narrow and insignificant, but he toiled over it until every shrub and tree and plant, every path and vista, carried the eye up to the mountain. One day a traveller visited the place and was amazed at the sense of space and distance in the little plot. "How have you done it?" he asked the gardener in wonder. "I have annexed the mountain," was the quiet answer. That is what our Master has done for us. No matter how narrow our lives, he plots a path through that reaches the heights. He is Himself "the Way into the Holiest."

II

Now, the way we follow, whatever it may be, causes us to test the things about us for reality. Reality! that is a compelling word. What is the truth? That is what we want to know, and we find it very hard to know. *It takes conviction to be loyal to the truth, but who wants to be a liar?*

I said we wanted to know the truth about life, and yet we are often afraid to face it. We search for the truth about God, and yet we hesitate about testing it. There is something so vast about "life" and "God" that they are elusive. We are uncertain, and so they grow unreal. It is here that you will find much of the pathos and tragedy of religious experience—the bitterness of doubt and the shipwreck of faith.

Of course it was to be expected that methods would be devised to overcome this difficulty. And so the world has deservedly honored those who have declared the truth as they have learned to know it. It is a wonderful moment when a man lays hold of that of which he can really say, "This is the truth, for I have experienced it." But what a glory is added to it when he can offer it to others, and declare, "This is the truth, for I have tested it!" The world may well revere Buddha for his compelling call to men to practice self-denial; Confucius, for the loftiness of his moral code; even Mahomet, for his passionate defense of the unity of God in the face of an idolatrous world. But let us thank God that we can rise to far higher planes with the deathless Isaiah and his brothers of the spirit, not merely to measure the truth, but to watch with them the approach of Him who is the Truth.

But it is a rare atmosphere that these men breathe, as you have often realized, no doubt. It is no easy task to think their thoughts after them; it is harder yet to understand them in terms of everyday experience. And so it follows, very naturally, that logic seeks to interpret revelation, and orderly minds draw up a code of laws for inspiration. That is how we get our theology and creeds.

Do not misunderstand. I do not mean to decry these products. They serve a very honorable purpose. They will always follow revelation and inspiration, as men seek to apply them to the innumerable facets of life. There is no great creed of the Church that does not sound a dominant chord. There is no great theology that fails to declare a glorious conviction. They pulse with the life of their day, as that time grappled with the truth about Christ. Human hearts beat in them, and human faith that has laid hold on God finds a voice through them. Who can fail to realize that, when these very human documents are studied with the spirit and with the understanding?

And yet there are several things we ought to consider in our adherence to any creed or theology. They are not the truth itself, but merely an earnest attempt to express it. They are not the whole truth, nor, indeed, do they make any such claim. They are not free from error; time alone faces many a change in their wording, while our minds are busy with unconscious adjustments to present thought and experience. I think it may be truthfully and reverently said that every such effort to express the truths of faith has left behind it a sense of failure in those who have sought thus to grasp the whole of truth. Athanasius felt that, and so did Augustine. Luther's certainty was always centered in the person of Christ; while Melanchthon's constant changing of phrases in the framing of the Augsburg Confession was an admission that complete truth cannot abide in creeds.

Now, if that is true of master minds that dared so greatly, what must be said of the many who have neither the time nor the patience nor the ability to grasp the nice balance of our creeds and theologies? It is an awesome thought to contemplate the ravages made by heresy in any of our most orthodox congregations, if saving faith were to depend upon a clear intellectual comprehension of certain terms and phrases.

What really happens, any of us may prove whenever we wish in our own circle of friends, or perhaps even in ourselves. We move unconsciously within the boundaries of these efforts to express the truth. We often acquiesce in statements we do not really understand. The authority of the accepted and the expected bears down heavily upon us all; and so it comes to be the most natural thing in the world to confess our faith in ready-made terms. Yet how can we express fully such an intimately personal relation in abstract phrases?

This is the result of a misplaced accent in the pronouncements of orthodoxy. When men feel the pressure of experience in the expression of their individual faith, they discover a thousand points of contact that are not provided for in theologies or creeds. Because of that they are afraid to trust their deepest convictions. They become inarticulate, and then miserable. They harbor a vague feeling of insincerity, and in the end they will feel like liars. And why? Because they have not been helped to realize that far above the acceptance of creeds and theologies is the divine orthodoxy of a right personal relation to God in Christ.

There is a noble place for creeds in our life, but we must recognize their very definite limits. There is an authority in theologies to which men should defer, for they meet an ever-present need. There is an honorable service for liturgies in the proper expression of faith, but they would be more convincing if they expressed the need and thought of today. There is even a place for the standards raised by the great historic denominations. But there is only one thing that can save them from the outer darkness and the gnashing of teeth. They must not demand that we look at Christ through them; rather must they submit to be examined and judged by "the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

During the World War there was devised an instrument for the detection of camouflage. Looked at through this instrument, the vessels or guns painted to blend, as a disguise, with their surroundings were clearly discerned. All that was false disappeared, all that was real remained.

That is what the Christ is to us—the ray filter by which we discern between the true and the false in life, whether it be in creeds or theologies, in business or society, in the greatest or the smallest things that enter into our experience. This is

"The Christ whose friends have played Him false, whom dogmas have denied,
Still speaking to the hearts of men, though shamed and crucified,
The Master of the centuries, who will not be denied!"

Jesus says, "I am the Truth." Here is the final interpreter of reality, and we find a Person. Here is the absolute test of faith, and it resides in One whom we are proud to call our Teacher. Through Him we not only come to know life in all its aspects truly, but as we walk along the Path of His Truth, we ourselves grow true.

III

But we follow the way, and seek for the truth, under the conditions of daily life, and that life is not easy. It hurts to be really alive. *It takes faith to live a real life, but who wants to be dead?*

In spite of the rapid addition to the "comforts of life" so noticeable in our generation, there is profound dissatisfaction with life today, because so many people feel they are not really living. Lothrop Stoddard has suggestively analysed some of the reasons for this in "The Revolt Against Civilization." The conditions of life are too artificial. The pressure of mere things is terrific; and even when they are in our possession they are futile and lose their value. The horror of mere existence is much more common than we suspect.

What are we to do about it? One thing seems sure enough. Men are not finding the answer in themselves. There is no lasting satisfaction in a busy, active or even useful life. The philosophy of the book of Ecclesiastes might well be restated for the life of today. There is no escape through the process of self-indulgence, nor is there any victory through mere renunciation. New methods are being continually applied to life, but they fail; new systems of government are devised, but they have no authority; new social adjustments are proposed, but they are impotent; new philosophies are offered, but they are a burden; even new religions appear, but they are not convincing. Life continues hard.

We do not need new adjustments or new faiths. Let us renew within our hearts the radiance of the spirit in which Christ first came to men. As Van Dyke sings,

"Could every time-worn heart but see Thee once again
A happy human child, among the homes of men,
The age of doubt would pass—the vision of Thy face
Would silently restore the childhood of the race."

But to our more mature needs the Master Himself comes, and says, "I am the Life." Again the answer is not in a system of law, but in a Person and a Companion. The ills of life will correct themselves in this companionship.

Some years ago a small group of us were guests at India House, in London. Our hosts were the sons of rulers and magnates in that troubled dependency of England. Our purpose was to hear them present the conditions that obtained in their country. We listened to these young leaders of India's future, impressed by the vigor and conviction of their indictment, yet unable to offer a solution. Here were gathered representatives of all the religions of India, at war among themselves yet at one in their claims for India.

When at length they were silent, one among us asked what might have seemed a silly question: "Though we are from America, is there anything we can do? What can we offer to show that the people of the West sympathize with the truest needs of the people of the East?"

There was a brief conference among our hosts, and then a young Mohammedan prince stood forward as spokesman to say, "The problems of our people must be handled by themselves, but we feel that the final answer must come from your Christ. Help us to know Jesus Christ better."

That does not stand by itself. It is a symptom of the deepest thought all over the world. A Chinese states-man says, "The Christian religion is able to produce a more delicate conscience than other religions." A Jewish Rabbi declares to one of our pastors, "I do not know how it is in your churches, but there is something stirring among our young people. Whenever the name of Jesus Christ comes up in any of their meetings, everything else is off while they discuss the significance of His life."

Not so long before our experience at India House, there had been a great gathering of Nationalists in Calcutta to welcome their great leader, Mahatma Gandhi. Hours were filled with speech-making—extravagant praise of India and Gandhi. At length his time came to speak, and the crowd waited to hear a great oration. This is all he said: "There is, I think, only one contribution which I can usefully make to this afternoon's proceedings, and that is to say that, speaking for myself, the deepest lessons of my life have been learned from One who never set foot in India." Every one knew he spoke of Christ.

What is to hinder that companionship of life for us? We have His words, and they are good to live by; we have the example of His own perfect life; we have the promise of His Spirit to be our daily guide; we have His grace, and that is always sufficient. There is a great deal of rubbish in our life that gets out of the way when He is around, and then there is room for the real life that has been so long covered over.

They cleared away a large area of mean streets and tumble-down buildings in London, a few years ago, in the region of Kingsway. The great Bush building stands there now, but for several years some of the land lay idle. Then a curious thing happened. Strange flowers appeared here and there, that were alien to England's soil. Expert botanists said they were of Italian origin. Investigation proved that this had been the site of a Roman villa centuries before. Could these flowers have waited in the dark through all these centuries?

But there is a life for us—a new one. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly," says our Brother of the Way; and the great and glad surprise of life with Him is that there is so much we had never expected.

"Yes, Thou art still the life; Thou art the way
The holiest know—light, life, and way of heaven;
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray
Toil by the truth, life, way that Thou hast given;
And in Thy name aspiring mortals trust
To uplift their bleeding brothers rescued from the dust."

THE MOMENT OF FORSAKENNESS

By Rees E. Tulloss

PRESIDENT WITTENBERG COLLEGE
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

✠

REES E. TULLOSS

PRESIDENT WITTENBERG COLLEGE
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Throughout its history Lutheranism has had the habit of finding its academic leaders among the men in its ministry. That habit prevails today. Dr. Tulloss is an outstanding proof of its validity.

Dr. Tulloss was born in Leipsic, Ohio, in 1881. He graduated from Wittenberg College in 1906 and the Hamma Divinity School in 1909. For the next six years he was the pastor of Messiah Church, Constantine, Mich. He then returned to his academic studies, attending Johns Hopkins and Harvard Universities. At the latter school he won the Ph. D. degree in 1918. 1918-1920 he was the very capable minister of the First Church, Mansfield, Ohio, one of the largest Lutheran churches in America. Since 1920 he has been President of Wittenberg College.

Under his leadership Wittenberg College has grown into both the largest in point of attendance and the most heavily endowed Lutheran college in America.

Lenoir College conferred on him the D.D. degree in 1921, and Muhlenberg College that of LL.D. in 1923.

The many-sided nature of Dr. Tulloss is revealed best by the fact that in 1901 he founded the Tulloss School of Touch Typewriting at Springfield, of which he continued as President until 1917. In this field he has written two books, "Tulloss Touch Typewriting" and "New Way in Typewriting." Again, in 1918 he issued an "Instruction Book in Radio Operating" (for use in the U. S. Navy only).

Whatever Dr. Tulloss has attempted he has done well. His executive skill is no less effective than his preaching ability.

✠

THE MOMENT OF FORSAKENNESS

"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"
MARK 15:34

A LITTLE while ago we looked upon a scene which we could characterize as the most deeply beautiful scene in all history—Jesus, in the midst of his woe, praying for his enemies.

Now we stand perplexed and appalled before a scene of utter and tragic desolation. We behold Jesus at the moment when he feels himself forsaken even by God the Father.

The darkness which now for three long hours had been over the earth typifies the mystery and utter blackness of this supreme moment. It is the crisis hour of eternity. Like it there has been no moment in all the infinite past. Like it there can be none in all the infinite future. The Son of God, hanging on Calvary's cross, in a moment of unutterable woe, finds God departed; and in desolation unimaginable, utters the frantic and terrifying cry of forsakenness. The infinite mystery of that moment places its full significance utterly beyond our comprehension. But we may at least look upon it from afar and learn some lessons which are vital to our souls' well-being. May the blessed God in heaven through his Holy Spirit help us to see three things:

1. The terrible reality of sin;
2. The awful price of atonement;

3. The glorious Gospel of the blessed God, who was the Lamb slain on Calvary.

Let us consider *the terrible reality of sin.*

One would think that no argument were needed here. Sin is all about us. We know its local haunts—in places and in hearts. We know its forms. We perceive its havoc. We see its fruits.

Yet some would deny all this. Hundreds of books have been written, thousands of articles printed and spread abroad, tens of thousands of speeches made, to prove there is no sin. How utterly futile is such a task! When the arguments are all made, sin remains as a fact.

It was some years ago, when he was further from the evangelical position than he later came to be, that Reginald Campbell said: "The thought of sin has lain like a nightmare on the Christian consciousness for many centuries, and it is high time we got rid of it." Such a view is echoed in many quarters today.

It must be plain to any thoughtful person that before we can with any resultant advantage get rid of the thought of sin, it is essential as a preliminary step that we get rid of the fact of sin. Until that is done, let us be assured that the most disastrous thing that could happen to the Christian consciousness would be for us to lose the conception and realization of sin. A "Christian consciousness" without the recognition of the fact of sin would be no longer a Christian consciousness. It would be a pagan consciousness. And that is exactly what a large section of mankind possesses today. Conde is right: "Back of every social problem lies the fact of sin, and the active energy of sin; back of all unbrotherliness, there is sin. It is the age-long, ugly fact with which we have to reckon."

In social, industrial, and personal spheres, we observe the distressful facts. What are all these things but the outward and visible signs of an inner declension and depravity? Behind all social strife, behind all industrial injustices, behind all class competition, behind all racial rivalries, are impulses which are natural to the unregenerated sinful human heart. They are the manifestations of an inner nature that is at enmity with God. They come from sin. They are sin.

Sin! It may not be a pleasant theory. But it is a terrible reality.

No philosophy can erase it? Denying it will not make it disappear. The attempt is age-long. From the philosophers of ancient Greece to the pseudo-philosophers of today, blind-minded people have denied that there is any such thing. Yet any man in his senses knows differently. Proverbs is right: "Fools make mock at sin." Let us not try to deny the reality of sin's existence.

Consider the *reality of its power.* Sin is here in its might. No culture can drive it out. Expounders of the idea that it can, have lived in every age. There is sin, they say, because there is ignorance. Make people intelligent and they will be good. There is sin because there are unfortunate surroundings. Make people comfortable and they will be good. Utter foolishness! Such theories simply do not take into account the terrible reality of the power of sin. Education won't drive it out. Time can't wear it out. All the wearing and destructive forces of eternity can never wear it away. Sin! Sin! Sin! It is a terrible reality utterly beyond our power to control.

But need I spend any time at all in speaking of the reality of its power. Who of us does not know well enough its power? I am sure that I know it. I am sure that you know it. I am sure that if Jesus were to come here today, and outside the doors of this building were to be faced by the problem of some poor mortal caught in the act of a base sin, taken in it, as was one of whom Scripture tells, and we should all rush out, and Jesus should look upon the detected one, and then should turn around toward us and say "Let him that is without sin send in the police call," we should want to hide our faces from his clear view, and flee into the refuge of a darkness somewhere. Oh, yes, we know the reality of its power. We acknowledge with utter shame and misery that we do know its power. We cry out with Peter: "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." We exclaim with Paul: "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death."

No moral effort of any kind can free us from its power. That is the simple, incontrovertible fact. "What the law could not do——." Paul states it. Experience proves it.

A word regarding *the reality of its penalty.*

Let me not pause to speak of its incidental penalties, of the sufferings; of the damaged bodies; of the bent and twisted minds and the weak and broken wills; of the tragedies of the consequences both upon the guilty and the innocent which mark the course of every kind and form of sin. Let me go at once to the root of the matter. Let me not stop with the statement that upon the sinner must come the wrath of God. Nor with the dreadful fact that sin inevitably results in separation from His presence. Let me go at once to the final and terrible truth. Scripture tells it with bitter directness, in a phrase the tragic significance of which is undeniable, though too often unrealized. "The wages of sin is death." "The wages of sin is *death.*"

Sometimes we are told, by way of explanation, that what is meant is death in the future. Physical death will come some day. When it does come, it will come because of sin. Death is present in the world because of sin. But it is far away. "The soul that sinneth, it shall surely die," rings out the terrifying death sentence. But it loses its effect upon us because we place the death far away. We picture the distant Judgment Day. The power of the argument is lost through distance. The waves become too feeble to agitate our receiving apparatus. We don't get the message.

Some would explain the matter by saying that the fact is you begin to die, morally and spiritually, right then and there. The process starts in. But here again, there is nothing vivid and compulsive about the realization of the penalty. Perhaps I do begin to die now—but I'll be a long time dying. And maybe recovery will set in. The thing doesn't touch me, doesn't thrill me, doesn't terrify me as it should.

Let me try to realize the real and actual truth. There is no imagery at all in this terrific statement. There is no exaggeration. There is no figure of speech. The wages of sin is death. *Is* death. There is no postponement. There is no origination merely of a long, slow process. There is death immediate. There can be no sin that is not at once followed by death. Not indeed of your whole body. Not indeed of your whole being. But of something. Listen! You can never at any time commit a single sin but that something within you dies. At the moment of sin—at the very moment of every sin—something within you dies. You don't have to wait for eternity to dawn. You don't have to wait for the working out of a long, slow process. It happens right off. Something dies. Right then and there. It won't change your looks. Your friends won't see the fact. You yourself may not be conscious of it. But it has taken place. The wages of sin is death. You go out from this service and a little later you forget how you are feeling about this matter of sin just now, and you find yourself in another atmosphere and your protective reactions grow feebler. And tomorrow, or even yet today, temptation comes and you sin. Well, something dies, that's all. You are less alive to the right. You are less able to resist for the future. You are less in touch with God, the source of life. You are less spiritually vital. Something in you has died.

Do you not understand how closely related are sin and death, on the one hand, and Jesus and life, on the other hand? He said he came to free us from sin. He also said he came to bring us life. They both mean the same thing. He said: "I am come that I may save you from your sins." He also said: "I am come that you might have life, and have it more abundantly." Both the same thing. In so far as you have sinned, you are dead. In so far as Jesus frees you from sin, you have life. In the very compactness of the inspired verse which summarizes the whole gospel of redemption, you find it: "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not *perish*"—perish, be and continue dead in and because of sin—"but have eternal life"—the opposite of death, eternal life.

The reality of the penalty of sin. As sure as the night follows the sinking of the sun—as sure as the breath goes when the heart stops and the blood ceases to flow, as sure as the lights go out when the current is broken—as sure as God is sure—the wages of sin is death.

The reality of sin! The reality of its existence! The reality of its power! *The reality of its penalty!*

I have spent more time, seemingly, upon the first of the three great facts than the day has for our consideration. But all this bears not only upon the first fact, the terrible reality of sin; it bears also upon the second great fact, the awful price of atonement. In the face of so mighty a malady, there must be provided a mighty remedy. In the face of so fatal and universal a sickness and death, there must be an infinitely powerful counteractive agency. In the face of the assured penalty of death, there must be, in some way, one sacrifice for sin. There must be One, wrapping all of us unto himself as the center and head of the race—as the very summation and compressed being of all humanity, past and future—some such an One must face the penalty, endure the punishment. Some such an One must conquer the power of sin, rid us of the penalty.

How it was done I do not know. But I know that it was done. "For what the law could not do, God, sending his own Son in the flesh to die for sin," did do. To accomplish that blessed purpose, the Son had to pass through the very depths. Of these depths, indescribable and unimaginable, we get a moment's glimpse as we hear the cry of Jesus at his moment of forsakenness.

The atonement, of course, was life-long. From birth on, Jesus was in some sense "under the shadow of the curse of sin." But on Calvary came the culmination. At this moment, we see him at the mysterious and desolating crisis of his atoning work for sinners. For one terrible moment, the Son of God felt himself forsaken. What happened in that moment, none of us knows. It is so appalling in its mystery—so incomprehensible in its deeper significance—that the mind of man can but grope. But the fact is there. For a moment, somehow, the curse and wages of sin passed upon him, the sinless One. That clear and luminous intimacy between Son and Father was interrupted. Something happened which was unprecedented. The light failed. Darkness overswept his soul. The eternal parent was gone from his contact and view. At a moment when the angelic host must have shuddered in wonder at the infinite love that so met man's infinite need, Jesus felt himself cut off from the Father. His cry echoes and re-echoes through the infinite reaches of the shuddering universe: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" "My Father, where art Thou? . . . Oh, my Father, what is this which is upon me? My God, . . . My God . . . why hast thou forsaken me?"

There followed the continuing blackness upon the face of the earth. After a little, Jesus said, "I thirst." And again, after a little, he said, "It is finished." And people smote upon their breasts. And the centurion said: "Certainly this was a righteous man. Truly this was the Son of God."

I think now that I should like to send you quietly away. The great moment of the universe is past. The work is done. The sacrifice is made complete.

All this was done for you, for me. This is the glorious Gospel of the Blessed God. "I am the Good Shepherd, who know my own, and am known of mine. And I lay down my life for the sheep."

"I do not know, I can not tell,
What pains He had to bear.
I only know, it was for me,
He hung and suffered there."

THE FOUNDATIONS OF FAITH

By Andreas Bard

ST. MARK'S LUTHERAN CHURCH
KANSAS CITY, MO.

✠

ANDREAS BARD

ST. MARK'S LUTHERAN CHURCH
THIRTY-EIGHTH STREET AT TROOST AND HARRISON
KANSAS CITY, MO.

A forceful preacher possessed of rare literary grace, Dr. Bard stands in the very front rank of Lutheran ministers in this country. This is the more notable because he is a contribution from the Old World. Dr. Bard was born in Schwerin, Germany, in 1873, the son of Bishop Paul Bard of Mecklenburg. He received his academic training at the Grand Ducal College of his native city. It was after his college course that he came to America, where he pursued his theological studies at the Wartburg Theological Seminary, Dubuque, Iowa. Midland College, then at Atchison, Kansas, conferred upon him the honorary degree of doctor of divinity.

Dr. Bard has been pastor of St. Paul's Church, Walla Walla, Washington, serving at the same time as principal of St. Paul's School. Since 1909 he has been the minister of St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Kansas City, Missouri. The noble edifice which houses his flourishing congregation of one thousand, all gathered by him, is a silent tribute to his industry.

As might be expected in so brilliant a preacher, many demands are made on Dr. Bard. He has filled Chautauqua engagements all over our country; he is a regular speaker at the Sunday Evening Club, Chicago; moreover, he has occupied some of the most important pulpits both in this country and in Germany. During the World War he was engaged by our Government to deliver a series of patriotic lectures, which later appeared in a volume entitled "Your Flag, and My Flag."

Dr. Bard's writings cover a variety of subjects. Two volumes of sermons, "Ships That Pass in the Night and Other Sermons" and "The Dawn of Tomorrow and Other Sermons," were followed by a volume of Sunday evening lectures entitled "The Trail of the Covered Wagon" and a little volume on "Immortality," entitled "In Memoriam." But he has also published books of a purely literary character, notably "Scattered Leaves," a book of verse, and his recent historical drama on Haroun al Raschid, entitled "The Bride of Bagdad." All of these books came from the press of the Lutheran Literary Board, Burlington, Iowa.

Lutheranism in America has profited immensely from the excellence of Dr. Bard's preaching.

✠

THE FOUNDATIONS OF FAITH

"As I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with the inscription, to the Unknown God. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you"
ACTS 17:23

MARS' HILL was headquarters for intellectual discussion. Here the Athenians propounded life's weightiest problems and applied the searchlight of logic. After centuries of research they knew at last that they knew nothing and, knowing this, they were ahead of those who did not even know that. But it should be said to their credit that this Agnosticism failed to satisfy. They refused to accept ignorance as the ultimate goal of research. The ivy in the dark cellar climbs toward the sunbeam, the stream finds the ocean, the bird arrives in the balmy South—surely the truth-seeking mind is more than a bubble that bursts! As a monument to their faith they raised, amid crumbling idols, an altar to the Unknown God. Recognizing this living acorn amid the chaff of sophistry, Paul made it grow into the mighty oak of Christian ideals.

RELIGION STILL SUPREME ISSUE

Religion is the oldest fact in history. Long before the Tower of Babylon reared its crest into the clouds, or Jason sailed in search of the Golden Fleece, we find broken fanes and crumbling temples testifying to man's relation to his Maker. This relation may have had a crude beginning. As chemistry was evolved from alchemy, astronomy from astrology, and democracy from tyranny, so the glory of Christianity emerged from a mass of idolatry and superstition. Skeptics have grown eloquent on religious bigotry and intolerance in past ages, but would they refuse to learn from modern chemistry, because it was the child of alchemy, or will they refuse the blessings of modern hygiene, because it is the evolution of ancient fakirs?

What a glorious ascent from the Mumbo-Jumbo of Africa and the idols of Araby to the conception of One God, Supreme and Almighty!

Religion is also the most modern fact of history. Nothing discovered in the laboratory of the California plant-wizard has stirred the world as did his recent discussion of religious issues. Even while we are told that spiritual interest is declining, the American Bible Society, after having issued ten million copies of the old Book in 1925, assures us that it is still the best seller and has been translated into one hundred and fifty languages. On the basis of this fact we cannot but agree with the witty Frenchman that man is "incurably religious."

It is eminently proper, therefore, that men of thought should duly consider this mightiest of problems. We cannot know history and life, unless we have some understanding of the spiritual issue which like the Red Thread of Ariadne runs through the labyrinth of the ages. Nor can we know ourselves, if we exclude from our sphere of interest the inborn voice calling attention to invisible facts.

In order to arrive at a common basis, let us simplify our program. There are so many manifestations of religion that it is well to get at the heart of things, where thinking men can meet. We may worship at High Mass in a Catholic cathedral or devoutly kneel at the shrine of a God whom we hesitate to define, but in either case we are voicing our spiritual aspirations. Can we reduce the multitude of creeds to a simple formula which all may accept?

"IN THE BEGINNING GOD"

I believe that normal brains will concur with the first four words of the Bible: "In the beginning God." If this be not common sense, I should like to have someone define it for me:

"There is no unbelief,
Whoever lays a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God."

The plainest logic will attest that water cannot rise beyond its source and that the creature cannot possibly be more than the Creator. Aristotle tells us that, if men had lived underground all their lives, and would suddenly step forth into the light amid suns and stars, and moons and flowers and streams, they would, without hesitation, acclaim the existence of God. Or is this quotation too ancient to suit you? Then read the replies of America's captains of industry to Roger Babson's recent inquiry as to whether or not they believed in the existence of a Higher Power. Almost without exception the leaders of business replied with an unconditional "Yes."

"The spacious firmament on high
And all the blue, ethereal sky,
The spangled heavens—a shining frame—
Their great Original proclaim."

Only a distorted brain will discard the law of cause and effect. It is eminently rational to argue that intelligence cannot come from the non-thinking. Is not Raphael more than the Sistine Madonna and Beethoven more than the "Moonlight Sonata"?

Well we may question, whether there are any consistent atheists. I recall the humorous ejaculation: "I am an atheist, thank God!"

Or has the theory of evolution weakened the argument and given us a universe without a Creator? This fear is groundless. Evolution has nothing to do with the origin of life. It merely relates the processes by which the world has come to be what it is. There are scientists like Haeckel, who deny the existence of a God, others who like Huxley suspend judgment, still others like Drummond, Wallace and John Fiske who firmly believe in evolution and no less firmly in a God, back of evolution. When Michael Angelo in his old age, with vision impaired, was confronted with a Grecian torso, his hand felt the outline of the broken statue, causing him to smile with inspiration. The touch had revealed to him the hidden grandeur, carved centuries past by Phidias, the master. Because genius had entered into this statue, genius came out of it. Not otherwise the true scientist discovers the glories of the universe. Everywhere he finds traces of a Supreme Intelligence. "O God," exclaims Kepler, "I am thinking Thy thoughts after Thee." Isaac Newton never spoke of the Creator without uncovering.

Copernicus has recorded his faith for all ages in his epitaph:

"Not for the grace that Thou didst show to Peter,
Nor for the love Thou didst give to Paul,
But for the pity Thou hadst for the poor thief on the cross—
I pray Thee incessantly!"

John Fiske tells us that "evolution is God's way of doing things." Agassiz was as devout a Christian as he was a profound scientist. Wallace points to "Man's place in the universe." Pasteur assures us that he "prays even in his laboratory." Whether the world was made in seven days or in millions of years, it clearly reveals a Supreme Intelligence. "God is like the artist in his painting," says Flaubert, "everywhere present and nowhere visible." Even Professor Huxley, in commenting on the operations of nature, cannot refrain from admitting: "One is almost involuntarily possessed by the notion that some aid to vision would reveal the hidden artist, with his plan before him, striving with skillful manipulation to perfect his work." But why should we substitute nature for God? Place an African savage in front of a typographical machine and he will see in its marvelous activity the presence of a thousand devils. But the modern student knows that the apparent intelligence of the machine is not in the machine, but in the mind that invented it. Thus nature is merely God's continuous manifestation. When science reveals a mightier universe than our fathers dreamed of, when to the student of nature creation is not finished, but continuously bursting into light, when the world appears as not merely existing, but steadily moving toward a "far-off, divine event," have we reason to doubt our faith? Nay, rather should we broaden our vision and deepen our reverence as we repeat the Christian alphabet:

"In the beginning God!"

"GOD IS A SPIRIT"

Thinking men do not quarrel about the existence of a Supreme Being, but they do disagree when it comes to definitions of God. How could it be otherwise in a world where millions of finite brains are approaching the Infinite! Every man makes God in his own image. To some He is a good-natured grandpa with long, flowing beard. To Joshua He was a god of battles, to Elijah purely provincial. Tennyson asserts that to most people He is "an immeasurable clergyman." To the modern scientist He is the "Supreme and Ever Present Energy from which all things proceed." Every man speaks in his own tongue: "Some call it evolution, others call it God."

But while skeptics are eager to prove that the Bible conception of God is puerile and foolish, I am amazed at the clear vision of the infinite, even among the writers of the Old Testament. Read the prayer of Solomon at the opening of the temple. Consider, it was uttered in an age of barbarism and idolatry. Is it not marvelous in its humble recognition of the Most High? "The Lord has said that He would dwell in the thick darkness, behold, heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee, how much less this house which I have built!"

The omnipresence of the Infinite is eloquently voiced in the 139th Psalm: "If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand shall hold me!"

In unmistakable terms Paul reiterates this thought in his speech on Mars' Hill: "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshiped with men's hands, as if He needed anything, seeing He giveth to all life, and breath and all things." What is clearer than Christ's declaration: "God is a spirit and they who worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

HOW WE MAY PROVE THAT GOD IS LOVE

But what is God's attitude toward us? That is the leading question; who dares to answer? Does it not seem at times that the Creator has forgotten all about His creatures? Ingersoll, pointing to the discords of earth, proceeded to prove the absence of any Providence. Mark Twain compared God to a "Mysterious Stranger" who only arrived at times to crush human dreams. Voltaire wrote "Candide" to demonstrate this thought and Maupassant summed up his conviction in the Credo: "God is either cruel or blind." Reason apparently has arrived in a blind alley and vainly seeks a way out.

But the eye of faith discovers a star. Such a virile writer as Robert Browning had no difficulty in recognizing God's presence, even amid the discords of life:

"What is our failure here, but a triumph's evidence
For the fullness of days? Have we withered or agonized?

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear."

If this earthly scene is but the first act of a mighty drama, it does not behoove us to pass judgment on the Author. If our earthly life is but a tuning of instruments, we may prepare for a mighty symphony beyond! Thus argued Paul, when he said: "The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that is to be."

In spite of doubt and darkness, Carlyle believed that life's trials are but a "mad fermentation from which a purer image will evolve itself." They are the sculptor's chisel shaping the stone into a mighty statue. They are the acorn struggling out of its earthly imprisonment toward the glorious oak. They are what Lincoln called his "Gethsemane" from which he rose every inch a man! Though imprisoned at Patmos, St. John had a vision of a God who is love. And is not such a faith most rational, though appearances seem, at times, to contradict it?

There is love in the human heart. Look at David Livingstone, laying down his life for the African blacks. Consider Lord Shaftsbury in search of waifs and outcasts, when society called him to a life of ease and luxury. See Lincoln's great battle for the freedom of the slave. Every mother risks her own life that another life might enter into existence. Follow Father Damien to Lepers' Island where he allows his body to rot away that he might give comfort to those in despair. Read of Dr. F. H. Baetjer of Johns Hopkins Hospital, who underwent his seventy-second operation to further the cause of science in the interest of humanity. With one eye, one thumb, and a single finger he continues his studies with the

X-ray. "Love is the morning star and it is the evening star. It shines upon the cradle; it shines upon the grave." So said America's noted agnostic. But Christ went further. He argued that human love could not possibly be greater than the heart of Him who created human love: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your heavenly father give good gifts to them that ask Him."

At the first glance such reasoning seems exceedingly bold. Dare we connect human love with divine love? "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars that thou hast made, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?" God seems so infinite that all talk of His purposes seems like sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Yet Christ argues that knowing our own hearts, we may also know the heart of our Maker. Here lies the foundation of our faith.

Upon second thought I conclude that it is sound logic and solid reasoning. The Bible says that God made man in His own Image. All creation reflects the Creator. Can you not recognize the soul of Shakespeare in his "Hamlet" and the genius of Phidias in his statues and the mind of Angelo in his paintings and the purposes of Webster in his orations! Surely it is reasonable to find the heart of God in the heart of humanity.

Nor is it wise to argue that our littleness precludes any comparison with God's greatness. This is a question of quality, not quantity. If the forester wishes to know the woods, he need not study all the trees. A single bough will suffice. To understand fire, you do not have to watch every conflagration. A single spark will reveal it. To know the ocean, you do not have to bottle the Atlantic.

A single wave will explain it. Scientists tell us of the material burning in the sun. By means of the spectroscope they analyze a single sunbeam and tell from its different colors what is burning in heaven's migthy luminary. Thus it is scientifically accurate, when Jesus argues from the quality of the human soul to the nature of God's soul. Like knows like!

If a mother is capable of laying down her life for her child, how much greater must be the love of Him who created a mother's love! If Father Damien can suffer for the dying lepers, should not the God who created Father Damien be capable of infinite compassion? If Livingstone will have mercy on the poor blacks, will not He who made Livingstone do as much for sorrowing humanity? We are but a wave from the mighty ocean, a spark of the fire of love, a leaf from the tree of life, a sunbeam from His glorious light—shall the wave, the spark, the leaf, the sunbeam be grander than the Source from which they flowed? This is Christ's logic: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more your Father in heaven." This is also Paul's argument, when he says: "God is not far from any of us, for we are His offspring."

In this light we comprehend the life of Christ. He mirrors the Father. As the stars are reflected in the clear waters of a mountain lake, so the heart of the Infinite shines forth in the thoughts of His children. He that made the eye, can He not see? He that made the ear, can He not hear? He that made the heart, can He not love?

Jesus gave the three best years of His life to the needy, the fallen, the outcasts. He invited the weary and heavy laden. He promised light to minds who seek the truth. At last He died for those whom He loved. But the burden of His message was beyond anything He said or did. He came to reveal the Unknown as a God, full of compassion. "He that seeth me, seeth the Father."

This is the essence of the Gospel. Science can search the skies and reveal the grandeur of God. But Christianity gives us something vastly more valuable than the grandeur of God. It shows His nearness and His goodness.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know, I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care!"

CHRISTIANITY MORE THAN A SWEET FANCY

It is not necessary to convince thinking men that joy and comfort follow in the wake of the Christian faith. Even noted infidels have admitted as much. At the conclusion of his atheistic volumes Romanes declares: "I am not ashamed to confess that with this virtual negation of God, the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness." Renan said practically the same thing and Ingersoll, having discarded the faith of his father, found earth a narrow vale between the barren peaks of two eternities. Christianity transfigures life from the cradle even to the grave. In the humblest babe it discovers an immortal soul, in life it sees a journey to God and death is but a door that leads to the Great Beyond. It is as fair as a poet's dream and causes Browning to rejoice:

"God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world!"

To the truth-seeker, it means light, to the sorrowing consolation, to the dying eternal hope! Henry Clay said that if he did not leave to his children a single penny, they would be rich, if he could give them the Christian religion, and Tennyson confesses that he "would rather be the most miserable man, with God above him, than the highest type of man, standing alone!" I am satisfied that all unprejudiced thinkers will concur in this.

But, if Christianity were naught but a fair illusion, brave souls might feel compelled to discard it. Better a bitter truth than a pleasing fancy! I rejoice that the foundations of faith are as firm as ever. Modern science has proved that the whole creation was focused on the creation of humanity—a slow process, to be sure, but clearly and distinctly working toward the advent of beings who think and love and will. For this reason the vegetable had to give way to the animal and the animal to man. Just because it took millions of years, this great design has a powerful appeal. It caused John Fiske to raise the question: "Is God like a child, building a house of cards, merely to tear it down again?" It illuminates the prophetic utterance of St. Paul: "The whole creation waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God!"

But religion cannot be imparted by skillful argument and clever oratory. It must be felt and experienced. This was Paul's message to Athens: "He is not far from any of us." God's life is in the human soul. We have a witness within us. Being true to that voice we shall find the way. Browning says that he can "see with the direct glance of the soul's eyes," and Tennyson sings:

"The moon and the stars, the hills and the plains,
Are not these, O soul, the vision of Him who reigns?
Speak to Him thou, for He hears and spirit with spirit can meet,
Closer is He than breathing and nearer than hands and feet!"

TOLL GATES ON THE ROAD TO HEAVEN

By J. B. BAKER

ST. MATTHEW'S LUTHERAN CHURCH
YORK, PA.

✠

J. B. BAKER

ST. MATTHEW'S LUTHERAN CHURCH
YORK, PA.

There is no more picturesque preacher in the Lutheran or any other church than Dr. Baker. That he is picturesque does not tell the whole story. Dr. Baker is also powerful and compelling. The consistent success that he has achieved in his five pastorates establishes that fact. His present pastorate comprises a congregation of fifteen hundred, with a Sunday School of the same number, a junior congregation of one hundred and five and an amazing staff of fifty-eight parish workers. More need not be said to indicate the vitality and aggressiveness of this preacher.

Dr. Baker was born in 1877. After his preliminary training in Franklin and Marshall Academy, he took his college course at Gettysburg and followed it with a seminary course at the same place. In 1922 Gettysburg College conferred on him the degree of doctor of divinity.

Dr. Baker's pastorates include St. Peter's, York, Pa., 1904-1906; St. Paul's, Newport, Pa., 1906-1909; St. James, Gettysburg, Pa., 1909-1922; Zion, Indiana, Pa., 1922-1926; St. Matthew's, York, Pa., since 1926.

Meanwhile, the great causes of the denomination have constantly won his enthusiasm. He is at present a member of the Board of Trustees of Gettysburg College, as he was the very efficient chairman of the Million Dollar Campaign for Endowment a few years ago.

Dr. Baker's publications include three books of sermons entitled "Religious Rheumatism," "Our Mothers," "Evangelistic Sermons." He has also issued some very attractive booklets: "The Shepherd's Psalm," "Our Dead in Christ," "Hot Shots for Blue Devils," "Good Shoes for a Long Journey."

✠

TOLL GATES ON THE ROAD TO HEAVEN

"Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together and burned them before all men"
ACTS 19:19

TOLL gates belong to the era of the phaeton, the wayside smithy and the old sorrel who used to stop to have a shoe fastened. With the other accessories of that quiet, peaceful age, they have passed into oblivion never to return again. The child born today will know no more about a toll gate henceforth than he will about a saloon or slavery.

The passing of the toll gates from our highways, however, does not abolish the payment of toll. We still pay and plenty. Fifty million dollar bond issues for road building take their pound of flesh from the riding public and they are not particular how much more they cut off for interest. The only difference between us and our fathers is that we pay it once a year, while they paid it daily.

The road to Heaven, however, still has its toll gates and always will. Salvation is free, as free as the roads we use, but those who travel the highway to glory must pay the toll.

And what are the tolls we pay? The first payment we must make is the payment of bad habits. The Ephesians had the habit of using books of magic, which pretended to tell love-lorn maidens how to win lovers, athletes how to conquer foes, mariners how to avoid storms, adventurers how to find treasures. It was all humbug and quackery of course but when people believe it, it costs as much as if it were true. When Paul came along and told them that God overrules all, irrespective of rabbit feet, horseshoes and charms, and they became convinced that there was nothing in these things, the question arose, "What shall we do with them?": quit them entirely and save them, destroy them, or sell them to those who still believe.

Perhaps they asked Paul. If they did, he may have told them of the question of eating meat offered to idols in Corinth, and of his own decision that if meat offended his brother not to eat meat while the world stands. This was the attitude they took in Ephesus. They saw that their superstition obscured God and was, therefore, bad, so they gathered their books and their magic to the value of a hundred thousand dollars in our money and made a great bonfire in the presence of an immense crowd. It was a great loss to them but they paid the toll like men and went on.

When old John Vassar became convinced that his brewery was a pest house, he turned the key and locked it against the world. What was a curse to him was not going to damn another.

If you have not given up something, you are not on the way to heaven. Born in sin and surrounded by sin, the most favored of us are full of things that must be given up as soon as we enter the Christian life. Even our model boys and our ideal girls are sullied by them. "All we like sheep have gone astray, there is none righteous, no not one." Whatever we cannot associate with Jesus we must give up. That is the first toll on the road to heaven.

Having paid this first toll, the Christian passes out into the fairest field that the continent of life affords, he travels roads flanked by sweeter flowers than the tropics ever grew, he hears music happier than the linnet's song, beholds fountains resplendent in the sun. His first miles are miles of song.

"Out of my bondage, sorrow and night,
Into thy freedom, gladness and light
Jesus, I come to Thee."

"O happy day that fixed my choice,
On Thee my Saviour and my God."

"A tent or a cottage why should I care,
They're building a palace for me over there."

Angels never travelled lighter than the Christian does after he has paid his first toll. The earth becomes a poem and the sky an anthem.

But after awhile the road bends and another toll must be paid.

"Too much of joy is sorrowful,
So care must needs abound;
The vine that bears too many flowers
Must trail upon the ground."

We must give up our individualism and have a care for others, even those behind the Chinese wall. It is sweet to enjoy our religion but some are going to hell enjoying their religion.

The kingdom of heaven is a fraternal affair. By nature we are selfish. It is one of the congenital proofs of our depravity. As soon as a child knows the use of its fingers it grabs its toys when another child draws near. The habit grows with the curls. Ruskin tells of a group of children who had a perfectly glorious time on a lawn until one of them rambled into the parlor and began pulling brass tacks from the upholstered furniture. Soon all were in the parlor vying with one another like millionaires for the biggest pile of brass tacks. What tack pullers unregenerated mortals are.

Of necessity our first religious experience must be personal; but it dare not continue so. God soon intercepts us with a toll gate and asks us to hand over our selfishness. If our religion is good enough for any man, it is good enough for every man and we must pass it along.

Many try to slip through the gate without paying the toll; others drive around by some byroad. But it doesn't pay to dodge toll.

Shortly before one of the last of our Pennsylvania toll gates was abandoned a night driver thought he would save the toll by turning his auto lights off and gliding quietly through the gates. His plan would have worked if it had not been for the unfortunate circumstance that another driver whose lights had failed was coming cautiously in the opposite direction. Instead of a five cent toll he had a head-on collision, because he tried to dodge the toll. Just as surely as you try to dodge the toll of selfishness you run into someone.

Legend tells us that Peter in a time of persecution fled down the Appian Way. As he was going, he met Jesus going up the Appian Way to Rome. Upon asking Jesus where he was going, the Master replied, "To Rome to be crucified anew." It is ever thus when we try to dodge the toll: we meet him.

But this toll is not so hard to pay if the first is honestly paid. When we leave our filth behind it is not hard to leave our selfishness behind. This is the toll that builds orphans' homes, hospitals, Y. M. C. A.'s and Y. W.'s. This is the toll that crowns Christendom with churches and sets up lighthouses in heathendom.

Having paid the toll of individualism the Christian goes on his way rejoicing, thinking that there will be no more to give up, but he soon discovers that he must also hand over average decency. The world is full of practices within the pale of civil law which are not within the pale of moral law. A Harvard professor made laboratory experiments with high school pupils and discovered that of a large group of students who were given their own examination papers to correct ninety per cent changed them. Of those who were given ten cents too much in change at a cafeteria, eighty-five per cent made no report.

Business is full of practices that will not stand the Book. Corporation directors use all the cunning of foxes to hide their earnings from the Government, as well as from their employees and the stockholders who might want more wages and dividends if they knew what the earnings are. There is more roguery carried on under sinking funds and reserves than the innocent public ever dreams of. Nor are salesmen and merchants free from the taint. How common it is to hear a seller megaphoning the weak points of his competitor's product to the extent of utter misrepresentation. You cannot carry that junk with you on the road to heaven. You must hand it over or take the byroad to the other place. The world may do it, but "follow not the multitude to do evil." "Providence," said Andrew Jackson, "may move me but man no more can do it than the waves can move the ripraps which have withstood the ocean from the beginning of time."

We want chemically pure water and Christ wants chemically pure Christians; not the kind who say, "When in Rome do as the Romans do," but "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord."

A little farther on the traveller on the highroad to glory is asked to pay another toll. This time it is legalism. I asked a woman in a shirt factory how many times she sewed through a button. "Twice each way," she said, "that is all the law allows." Maybe that was too often for the wages she was getting but it revealed an attitude that is far too prevalent.

The Roman law prescribed that if a soldier needed help he could command any person he met to go with him a mile, even a farmer plowing his field. Jesus with higher ethics and a finer program said, "If a man compel thee to go with him a mile go with him twain."

The world is bound together by laws of necessity but the Kingdom of God by the law of love. Yet many who call themselves members of the Kingdom are living in the legalism of the world. If the apportionment for benevolence is four dollars and fifty cents, four dollars and fifty cents is what they give, or less. If there is a deficit of five hundred dollars and there are five hundred members, their obligation is exactly one dollar, for five hundred goes into five hundred once and no more. To do less would be stealing, stealing by neglect, and the law says, "Thou shalt not steal." Love, however, says, "Thou shalt not dole." Legalism gives as water pipes give, in measured streams; love gives as the Nile does, with an abundance that no man can measure. It is the unnecessary, the undemanded and the unmeasured that makes a house a home, a brood a family, a parent a father and a mother. It is that also which makes a mature Christian.

"Go thou not like a quarry slave
Scourged to his dungeon."

We must give up our legalism to enter heaven, for legalism is too calculating.

But when we have given up our bad habits, our individualism, our average decency and our legalism, we have not yet paid all the toll that we must pay. Just before the shining city bursts into view we are asked to give up the coupe in which we travel, for flesh and blood cannot enter there. This is a heavy toll to pay. No turnpike ever took a man's buggy from him. But the demand is fixed and inescapable. It seems hard, because it is such a good old bus we have been travelling in. How we labor to get our auto headlights focused for the state inspectors. Our own headlights turn automatically to a thousand angles and catch objects a trillion miles away as easily as a foot away. Think of cylinders made to run for three score years and ten without the turning of a switch or the grinding of a valve; think of a carburetor made to run on air and draw it direct from the universe as it travels along; think of an engine oiled by almost everything that grows on top of the earth, of a transmission without gears and noiseless as nightfall, of brake control without brakebands or levers; think of the distributor, the steering wheel and the starter in the same case. A wonderful model is this self-re-tiring, self-adjusting car of ours. But we must give it up and get out and walk. This is for two reasons.

First, to make us realize for the last time who we are, what we are, where we are going and why. When Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria was buried his body was carried in great pomp to the royal mausoleum. Before it went a courier, who was halted by a black-robed figure symbolizing death within the gates. "Who comes here?" said the keeper of the gate. "Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria," said the courier. "I know him not," said the keeper. "But," said the courier, "he is the Head of the Holy Apostolic Church." Again the black-robed keeper said, "I know him not." Then the courier, abandoning his flourish, said, "This is Franz Joseph of Austria, a poor sinner who begs for admittance." "Let him enter," came the sepulchral reply from within. All the trapping of earth must stay behind when we pass on, even that most loved, most comforting thing we call the body. It must be left behind furthermore for repairs.

Christ is the Saviour of all that there is of us and the body must share in that redemption or he is not our complete Saviour. And since flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven, something must be done to it to prepare it for the prepared place. This will be gloriously done when the last trumpet sounds and, in the incomparable language of Paul, "this corruptible shall put on incorruption and this mortal shall put on immortality."

Reconditioned cars are said to be as good as new; our chariot will be better than new. After Christ's resurrection he hungered and thirsted no more, never wearied and lost no time in travel. One moment he was out in

Emmaus, the next in the upper room in Jerusalem. "When he shall appear we shall be like him" because he is the "first fruits of them that slept."

These now are some of the tolls we pay on the way to heaven. Are they too high? Think of the joys within the gates. The friends we shall meet! Riley in "Thinkin' Back," says: "I hear laughing on ahead." Think of the explanations we shall have! "What I do thou knowest not now but thou shalt know hereafter." Think of the understanding we shall have! "Now we see through a glass darkly" but then, oh glorious thought, we shall see as the telescope sees. Think of the health we shall have! There none ever say, "I am sick," and none ever struggle with death. Think of the peace we shall have! There none ever tear the soul, for former things have passed away. Think of the songs we shall hear, the saints we shall meet, the Lord we shall praise, the Father we shall worship!

"Just to be there and to look on his face
Will through the ages be glory for me."

One look at the Crucified One will be worth all it costs along the way.

Let us, therefore, pay our tolls gladly and promptly knowing that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us," by and by.

HE RESTORETH MY SOUL

By EDWIN HEYL DELK

ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

✠

EDWIN HEYL DELK

ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH
SIX THIRTY NORTH BROAD STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The story of Dr. Delk's career is one long record of useful deeds and progressive thinking. In the days when to preach "the social gospel" was a mark of daring, this Lutheran minister "went up with the Lord against the mighty." Again, by tongue and pen, Dr. Delk was reconciling religion and science before the rest of us had heard of any quarrel. When the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America began its career he was among those who gave it intelligent leadership. Nor has his enthusiasm for brave deeds and high thoughts waned these latter years, as the sermon included in this volume will testify.

Dr. Delk was born in Norfolk, Virginia, August 15, 1859, a direct descendant of Roger Delk of Virginia of 1657. Educated in the Friends' Central and Central High Schools of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, he entered the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, Pa., in 1880. From 1883 to 1885 he was pastor of St. Paul's Church, Schoharie, N. Y. For the next seventeen years he served Trinity Lutheran Church, Hagerstown, Md. In 1902 he was called to become the minister of the church of his boyhood, St. Matthew's Church, Philadelphia, and in that pastorate he continues to this day. His activities outside his own parish have been many. He was for four years lecturer in theology at Temple University, Philadelphia; president of the Philadelphia Federation of Churches for another four years; a member of the Board of the Lutheran Home for the Aged at Washington, D. C.; for the last twenty-nine years a member of the Board of the Lutheran Deaconess Home, Baltimore, Md.; president of the Board of the Lutheran Theological Seminary, Gettysburg, Pa. Dr. Delk has also been university preacher at Princeton, Harvard, the University of Iowa and the University of Pennsylvania. Gettysburg College conferred on him the degree of doctor of divinity.

Of the many publications from his facile pen two are notable. They are: "Three Vital Problems" and "The Need of a Restatement of Theology."

✠

HE RESTORETH MY SOUL

"He restoreth my soul"
PSALMS 23:3

CHRISTIANITY'S latest battle-ground is on the field of psychology. From the standpoint of the modern psychologist an explanation of the soul, indeed a belief in the existence of a soul, is difficult. The modern psychologist known as a behaviorist, some wag has said, "First lost his soul, then his mind and at last his consciousness."

The soul is not a visible, separate, distinct thing like an eye or the brain. It is invisible, mental, spiritual in its nature. It seems to be made up of a stream of sensations perceived and registered with the consequent reactions in the way of emotions and motor reflexes. We must grant to the psychologist that the soul is a mystery and in reply must say, "A science without mystery is unknown and a religion without mystery is absurd."

Despite the scientific difficulty in explaining the soul, for the practical student of life, this stream of consciousness knows itself as a person; it forms judgments; it plans a life; it recognizes a moral law; it aspires to perfection; it believes in immortality, and seeks an eternal life in God.

The invisible, the spiritual in man is the only real and valuable thing in his life. Surely it is not in his material possessions, which are no real part of him. They can all be stripped away and the real man remain untouched.

His body is not the real man. That must grow old, weak and finally be destroyed by disease. That which gives significance to his body is his spirit, that enduring soul that thinks, is brave, is pure, that loves, that prays, that endures through all the physical changes and decline of our four score and ten. The soul is the man.

The value of the soul has been declared by philosopher, prophet and poet. No greater truth has been propounded than we find in Jesus' query: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Unfortunately, all souls are not sound and whole. There are dead souls, lost souls, sick souls. Never was there an age that needed a fuller assurance of the existence of and possibility of the recovery of the soul than our own. Mechanism has overshadowed the spiritual in our life. How can the conviction that we have a soul be restored? I believe we can find the answer in our text.

God restores our souls by deepening the belief that we have a soul.

We have lost the sense of possessing a soul largely because we are immersed in secular pursuits. The man in business life is almost a slave to the rushing, crushing competition and mass production of commodities. The woman of the household is ridden by the care and securing of the necessities and luxuries for house and table. The children are absorbed in sports and amusements. Material things seem so much more real than the soul. We have dimmed, or lost the sense of the spiritual life. Our souls are sick, or at least asleep and mute.

God restores our souls by the very fact that he is a spirit alive and throbbing in everything from atom to prayer. The fact that God is a spirit, a holy spirit, gives new significance to the whole life. We may give him lesser names than Father and call him energy, power, will, idea, but so long as we know that it is "In him we live and move and have our being" the fact of the invisible, the spiritual, the eternal cannot be taken out of our thought and experience. Live for one day in the face of God's being and the possibility, yea the certainty, of our soul emerges into consciousness and becomes a tremendous reality.

We are made in his image. We are his offspring. All humanity was potential in his divine life. We shall be like him at last. If not, then Jesus' challenge "Be ye perfect even as your heavenly Father is perfect" is cruel mockery. The fact that we are children of the spiritual, of God, makes possible a rational and glad conviction that we are primarily souls, souls with grave responsibilities and bound for splendid endeavors.

God restores our souls by recovering us from the power and love of evil.

I am sure when we are absolutely honest with ourselves, we have to admit that "All we like sheep have gone astray;" that "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." We have surrendered again and again to the urge of our appetites and passions of the flesh and rebellious spirit. We have lost the sense and practice of moral conflict. There may be shadow-boxing a-plenty but no real knock-down and knock-out blows aimed at our fleshly desires and secret sins. Indeed, there are many like Oscar Wilde who are living solely in the realm of the sensuous, the beautifully sensuous, and seek to justify their philosophy and devotion to their goddess. Such love ends in a Reading Gaol and the writing of another "De Profundis."

How does God restore such a sick soul? First of all, by the coming of the inescapable Christ. Do you recall Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven"? That is a picture, a mystical portrait of many a soul fleeing from God. The pursuing Christ seems like a hound baying and bloody, seeking to overtake us. We rush out, and on, hoping to escape his nearing breath and outstretched hand. Not until we are nearly exhausted by our flight from him does his message of life and joy, the largeness of his divine bounty and love capture our heart.

Sometimes he restores such diseased souls by a spiritual surgery that cuts away things we count precious in our life. Our willfulness and pride need the healing surgery of his hand. At the time, it may cause pain and humiliation and we may fly into rebellion and cling to some material possession, some plan of life, some sweet love which needs to be removed out of our life. But a steady look into the Great Physician's eyes, the Bethany tears of Jesus, will reveal the love behind the knife that cuts away our pride, our hate, our self-sufficiency and leaves us in the everlasting arms of God.

It may be the pathos, the love and the mystery of the cross that shames us out of our sin, that cross which puts God's suffering before our eyes, a suffering that reveals his love and our fraternity with the rabble and malicious hierarchy that mocked him on that Jerusalem hill. Look, think long enough and any truly human soul must sing "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," that hymn dear to Matthew Arnold and sung the day of his death. And in the light of that forgiving love, Jesus' words of assurance "Go and sin no more" arouse a faith in one's self to face the new future into which he sends us rejoicing.

God restores souls depressed and made hopeless by the suffering, sorrow and sin of the world.

Mental depression and pessimism is symptomatic of our age. We have become sensitive to the pain, the poverty, the hopeless inequality of the economic and social opportunity of thousands of men and women. If there were no alleviation of the pain, the sorrow, the discouragement of these millions of souls around us, their life would be hideous. Our depression of mind may be constitutional, like that of Edwin Booth. The mood of Hamlet, the irresolution of such a soul is a canker in many hearts. Or our hopelessness may spring out of a fatalistic philosophy of life. Thomas Hardy in his "Tess", and "Jude the Obscure", has pictured the futility of all living, that behind the players at the chess-board of life there sits the ironic, merciless President of the Immortals who grimly ends his sport with predestined souls. There are those who despair of a better world and a better race of men; those who frankly ask, "Is a man better than a beast?"—like Bismarck who loved his dogs and woods better than he loved his fellows.

Well, how does God restore such sick, lost souls? I think he does it first of all in showing us the titanic, triumphant soul of a true man like Moses, an adventurer, a leader of a stiff-necked, ungrateful mass of slaves into a new life of high conflict and plenty; a man great enough and patient enough to transmit the moral decalogue on which all civil law and social restraints are based. He was a man of flesh and blood in whose face shone the glory of God. Or God shows us in rich, dramatic picture a patient, loyal, suffering Job, justifying Jehovah even if he slay him. These masterful, triumphing spirits stab our sickly despondency into attention and send us forth into the arena of life reborn to fight for righteousness and peace on earth. It is not, however, until we stand once more before the crucified Jesus that the meaning of suffering and sorrow finds its significance and solution. If he "was made perfect through suffering," surely we must endure trial and pain to win a better, truer manhood. Pain is the signal that there is disorder. It has its ministry. Sorrow is the dark shade cast by a departed love. It too may make soft our hearts for the impress of Christ's features. Paul prayed to complete the suffering of Christ. In the midst of his battle with disappointment and rejection by his nearest fellows, he could say, "I am more than conqueror through Christ that loves me."

God restores our soul by drawing it to himself.

The most tragic event in a man's life is his departure from God. To be "without hope and without God in the world" is the last and most pitiable experience of the soul. There have been seekers of God in all generations but the great majority of men must be sought by God or they will be like lost sheep. We have played the fool and started out in our own strength and willful way to find green pastures. The twenty-third Psalm is a picture never outmoded. It is truer to our life than the story of the Prodigal Son. It is truer and more compelling because it is the concerned, courageous shepherd that goes after the lost sheep. The sheep would have never "come to himself" and repented, nor turned back to the fold. You and I without the good shepherd's voice and outstretched arms would still be playing hazards with sin. The Psalmist did not pitch his picture of life in too low a tone when he depicted us as like sheep and God like a daring, suffering shepherd drawing his beloved, lost sheep onto his shoulders and carrying it back to the fold. Just how God does this I do not know. All I know about it is what Christ said: "Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born anew. The wind bloweth where it will and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh and whither it goeth, so is everyone that is born of the spirit."

What we want to know and experience is the downreaching and entrance of the Good Shepherd's life into our souls. We need the strong pressure of his crimson side to move us on to confidence and better things than we have known. He restores us to the flock which we had repudiated. It was selfish individualism that drove us away from God and our fellows. It was the fraud of an egotistical superiority that isolated us from the green pastures and still waters of God's life. We were made to coöperate and live as one family in Christ Jesus but we lost the accent of fellowship and brotherhood and stormed the ice-peaks of selfish ambition alone. Spirit with spirit can meet. Somehow, somewhere, in the storm of the sea, in the quiet of the forest, in the silent chamber where our dead lie, in the sob of a lonely child, in our bitter tears of lonely repentance, he comes. Slowly we learn to say in good faith, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." Then we become once more a member of the body of Christ, the society of Jesus, the church of the Living God, and we are not afraid of the valley of death, nor of our enemies, for God's staff is in our hands, and his anointing makes us priests and kings as we go on, followed by goodness and mercy unto the perfect day.

God restores our souls at last to a spiritual body and a heavenly home.

The Psalmist, when he wrote the words of our text, was not thinking of the immortality of the soul. He may not have dreamed of such a wonder and joy. But as we read his words, we are forced to think of some kind of immortality. "The Choir Invisible" of George Eliot will not satisfy the Christian disciple. In the face of Jesus Christ, we must listen to his declaration: "In my Father's house there are many places of abode. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." Whether or not the soul becomes discarnate after death we do not know, but Paul assures us that there are many places of abode. The Greeks felt that a body was a hindrance to the life of the soul. But that was not the Hebrew or Christian feeling. The body was given to be made a temple of the Holy Ghost here and now on this earth. But it is not until the soul shall have entered into its spiritual body that the soul feels restored and at home with the risen Christ. Such attenuation of the physical seemed hard for us to believe forty years ago. Matter was considered a dead, dense, dull substance, but modern physics has shown us a universe and molecules trembling with constant motion and charging in electric impacts beyond our power of sight and touch. A spiritualized body is no longer hard to conceive and believe in. It is not, however, the immortality of the soul as a natural possession, but the gift of eternal life through Jesus Christ that Paul predicates. Mere endless existence after death would be no boon to many lives. It is only as life is purified and lifted to a higher spiritual plane that immortality becomes worth while. The eternal life begins here and now and is to be consummated in a joyous eternity. If our souls are to be restored to a spiritual body, then higher activities and personal heavenly recognition logically follow. Jesus' promise to us is not only the lightened burden and rest now in him, but the perfect fulfillment of his promise, "I am come that you may have life and have it abundantly."

In the light of this fivefold path of the restoration of the soul, let dead souls awake to a new hope and life, let our sick souls be made whole, and lost souls find in God that haven of peace which passes all understanding.

THE DISTANCE TO TOMORROW

By WENDELL S. DYSINGER

THE FIRST LUTHERAN CHURCH
IOWA CITY, IOWA

✠

WENDELL S. DYSINGER

THE FIRST LUTHERAN CHURCH
DUBUQUE AND MARKET STREETS
IOWA CITY, IOWA

One of the conspicuous figures on the campus of the State University of Iowa is a young Lutheran minister who is touching the life of the students in a very substantial way. He is Mr. Dysinger. Thoroughly alive on all the issues that vex the modern learned world, he meets inquiring students with sympathy, understanding and a capacity to help. Small wonder that he is being sought out very eagerly by increasing numbers of students. It is not a strange sight to find fifty or more young men and women scattered about in his house to ply him with those questions that only students can ask. It is a sight that tells more about the minister than it does about the students.

Mr. Dysinger was born in 1897 in Freeport, Illinois. Being born the son of a minister, he has moved about the country considerably. He graduated from the High School in Wheeling, West Virginia, in 1914; from Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio, 1918; from the Hamma Divinity School, Springfield, Ohio, 1921. Immediately upon graduation he became the assistant minister of the First Lutheran Church, Los Angeles, California, under his father, Dr. William S. Dysinger. In 1923 he was minister of the First Lutheran Church, Oakland, California. Since 1926 he has been the minister of the First Lutheran Church, Iowa City, and Lutheran University pastor at the same time.

Mr. Dysinger's main interest is in that most important field where the relationship between the church and the university is set up. As it is his main interest, so will his main contribution be made in that field. His preaching has the breath of spring in it. It is modern in the sense in which that which is abiding is always modern.

✠

THE DISTANCE TO TOMORROW

"And the boys grew: and Esau was a skilful hunter, a man of the field; and Jacob was a quiet man, dwelling in tents. Now Isaac loved Esau, because he did eat of his venison: and Rebekah loved Jacob. And Jacob boiled pottage: and Esau came in from the field, and he was faint: and Esau said to Jacob, Feed me, I pray thee, with that same red pottage; for I am faint: therefore was his name called Edom. And Jacob said, Sell me first thy birthright. And Esau said, Behold, I am about to die: and what profit shall the birthright do to me? And Jacob said, Swear to me first; and he swore unto him: and he sold his birthright unto Jacob. And Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage of lentils; and he did eat and drink, and rose up, and went his way: so Esau despised his birthright"

GEN. 25:27-34

ONE measure of mentality is the capacity for postponement. For the animal, there must be immediate satisfaction. Hunger is marked by greedy impulse. There is no grace of politeness. For the child, rewards and punishment must be immediate. Culture is developing when the child learns at the table to "wait for everybody." The animal does not work today in order to be in comfort next month. Only by blind instinct, whatever that is, will the squirrel store nuts for the winter. It is not a deliberate plan. Ask the child whether he would rather have twenty-five cents worth of candy today, or a dollar's worth in six months. The savings will be seventy-five cents! A missionary offered an African a quarter if he would do certain work for her. The native replied, "I don't need a quarter, I have one." Such simplicity seems juvenile. The native cannot understand why a man would work who has money enough to last for a year.

One standard of mentality is the ability to await future satisfactions.

Esau is a living type of this important, practical and, as I hope to show, religious truth. Esau was a most attractive character. He was a great sportsman. He could go into the forest and return with choice venison. His arm was strong, his eye keen. He knew the signs of the field and the habits of the animals. He was a rather keen judge of men. He knew how to "work" that peculiar father of his. He fixed the venison to please the taste of "the old man." And was clever enough to know that the fortune would probably be his for no other reason than the flavor of that venison.

The key to Esau's character is given in the scripture lesson. One day, he came in from the hunt, very tired. Hungry, the hunters know what that means, ravenously hungry, he saw that favorite dish of his, red pottage, being prepared by his brother. The aroma increased his hunger to the point of desperation; he would die without a dish of pottage.

Now Esau's brother is one of the Patriarchs. In his earlier life, however, he was not one of the saints. He was not even an attractive sinner. He was a cheat, a smooth dealer. Jacob knew his brother well. When that boy wanted something, he wanted it. Nothing could stop him. Jacob and his mother had often talked about the birthright. They had determined to get it at the first opportunity.

Here is Jacob's chance. "Surely, I'll give you some of the pottage: but first you must give me your birthright."

"Agreed," bellowed the impetuous Esau.

"Take oath to it," returned the cheating Jacob.

And Esau took the oath. "Why," he said, "I might die unless I get it. If I die I would miss both the birthright and the pottage. So I'll get at least the pottage."

Esau was an ancient who followed that modern advertisement, "Obey that impulse." He got the pottage.

It is worth while to read these old stories. Read them because they are so eternally new. They are so profoundly human that many of them are addressed to the livest issues of modern life. That old hunter Esau never dreamed of a rifle. Yet many a modern who would disdain the thought of hunting for meat, even with a rifle, is living the life of an Esau, and calling it "modern."

The essential failure of this type of life is worthy of modern thought. "Essential failure," not because Esau lost the birthright. Few among us care today who owned those flocks and herds. No, the failure was more tragic. It was failure in life.

The satisfaction of impulse is proclaimed today as a basis of life. Men are urged to satisfy all the desires of life in order to be happy. The teaching is popularly termed "Epicureanism." Much that passes for Epicureanism would be rejected by Epicurus as the life of a fool. To the old master, the pleasure of today which would leave the "dark brown taste" tomorrow was the pleasure of a fool. He would emphasize the permanence rather than the intensity of pleasure.

Yet the popular definition of Epicureanism is really just. The real teaching of the ancient sage will always degenerate among the masses into life of mere impulse. It is all expressed by the Persian poet Omar Khayyam, in the popular poem "The Rubaiyat." One of the saddest commentaries on modern life is the popularity of that poem. It is beautiful, especially in Fitzgerald's translation. Yet its message is too vacant for human life.

"Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little Way
To fly—and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing."

"Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise enow."

"To-morrow?—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years."

A classic, beautiful version of the life of an animal!

The fundamental error is the conception of human personality. This is true both of historic and modern Epicureanism. Man is a bundle of appetites and passions. To satisfy those impulses is the purpose of living. The ancient philosopher would insist that this is to be done with wisdom and moderation, leading to serenity. The modern is likely to miss the import of this reservation. Yet both agree that man is a bundle of appetites to be satisfied.

A recent application of this teaching has been made in the name of psychology. The psychology involved is popular rather than scientific. Yet the very charm of the name today adds its appeal to the teaching. Moderns are told not only that it is the purpose of life to satisfy the impulses: but are warned that unless these impulses are satisfied, directly and immediately, there is danger of abnormal mental development, if not insanity. If the impulses of life are repressed, there is grave danger. This is especially true in the sex life. A group of "moderns" find here justification for gross immorality. We dare not repress these impulses, lest we land in the insane asylum.

The value of the doctrine can be appraised by consistent application to other fundamental impulses of life. If you feel angry, go into a tantrum, kick and squeal, rave and rant. That is the impulse. It must not be repressed. If you have a bitter enemy, kill. Do not repress or postpone that impulse. The hospital for defectives is the end of any other road. Such a doctrine applied consistently would send man back to the jungle. It strikes at the root of civilization, no less in one field than in another.

It ought to be said that the popular form of this doctrine does not fairly interpret the work of its author, Freud. This fact suggests that familiarity with his teaching is not always accompanied by research in other lines of psychology. Rather, this teaching is adopted as a shock absorber against the accusing conscience. The guilty must apologize for himself: so the charm of "near-psychology" is employed.

The answer is not difficult. In the field of sex, as in other fields of impulse, man learns not repression but a higher expression. We learn to be angry at designing evil, and fight with civilized weapons, the ballot, social disapproval. We learn to recognize the impulses of life, and harness them to nobler work. At various ages, interest in everything from athletics to art can well be harnessed to fundamental impulses.

The noble young man and woman accepts the intimate relations of life together not from simple impulse. Nobility of character must first be recognized. Cultural development is a further condition. The assumption of the responsibilities of home life is mutually agreed. The sweetness of life together redeems the effort toward noble living. It is not blind impulse, but the use of that powerful drive in building higher values into character. Those who hold themselves too cheaply rob the race of a mighty incentive toward worthy living.

If this lesson of higher expression is too advanced for some, then the argument can be taken up at a lower level. This repression works two ways. On the one hand is repression of impulse. On the other hand is represssion of memory. The choice is plain, if one must speak only of repression. Repress the impulse, or repress the memory. When it becomes a matter of memory, then it is a sheer struggle for repression, there is no higher expression except in the mercy of a forgiving God. If the repression of the memory seems easy, read the story in the hardened faces of blasé youth whenever you find them. That coarsened face reflects the bitter struggle with accusing conscience. That cancerous memory is as dangerous to normal mentality as has ever been claimed by the "moderns" for repression.

This is all a part of impulsive living. The philosophy of it says that man is a bundle of appetites to be satisfied. Life is a process of immediate satisfactions, like the life of the child.

Such a standard of living, Christianity rejects with emphasis. The denial begins fundamentally with the conception of personality, which is implied. Man is not a bundle of impulses alone. He is a spiritual being. His destiny is not the satisfaction of appetite. His destiny is eternal life. Life is faith, service, sacrifice and expression of higher values.

Between these two conceptions of life, there is a great gulf fixed. One cannot have both. The satisfaction of immediate impulse effectively blocks the higher expression of that impulse. The glutton can never know the pleasure of a cultured meal. The libertine cannot know the joy of true love. A specialist has been defined as one who knows more and more about less and less. It must be so. Time refuses to give one man all. Further, the one act destroys appreciation for others. The thief thinks honor a pose.

Man cannot live on immediate impulse and know the peace of spiritual life. Man is developing character, high or low, in his life. He is fixing the limits to his life in the future by his very life today. Ruskin has expressed our amazement, "I do not wonder at what men suffer, but I wonder often at what men lose."

To the Christian, then, life is eternal life. We are now living in eternity. It takes some intelligence, some insight, to realize that this day is an integral part of tomorrow. Time is telescoped, character is eternal. We carry over into tomorrow, into eternity, the life we are living today. The satisfaction of blind impulse today becomes an element of character tomorrow. The deed of loving service now is the resource of life tomorrow. A man is what he has done. "Today" in life is "tomorrow" in character.

To Esau, tomorrow was a long way off. He could understand the sentiment of the Persian poet,

"Tomorrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years."

Tomorrow to him was as the mirage in the desert, unreal and hazy. He lived in the impulse of the moment.

To the Christian, tomorrow is part of today: for we will live tomorrow with the characters which we form today.

How far away is your tomorrow?

THE MASTER PURPOSE IN LIFE

By Elmer W. Harner

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH
DENVER, COLORADO

✠

ELMER W. HARNER

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH
SIXTEENTH AVENUE AND GRANT STREET
DENVER, COLORADO

Back in college days it was not difficult to detect the rare pulpit ability that Mr. Harner would bring to his leadership. His subsequent career has justified the hopes settled on him then. After graduating from the Littlestown, Pennsylvania, High School, where he was born in 1889, Mr. Harner went to Gettysburg College, graduating in 1912. He attended the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Gettysburg for one year only. The rest of his theological career was taken under private tutors.

In 1913 he became the minister of the Trinity Lutheran Church, Canon City, Colorado, where he continued for five years. Since 1918 he has been the minister of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Denver. The membership of that congregation has trebled during the nine years of his pastorate. A magnificent church building was completed in 1926.

Honors have come very rapidly to Mr. Harner. He has been the President of the Rocky Mountain Synod; a trustee of Midland College; a delegate to two conventions of the United Lutheran Church; state chairman of the World Service Campaigns of the National Lutheran Council; President of the Denver Ministerial Alliance.

But Mr. Harner's chief claim to recognition is his pulpit ability. To his work as a preacher he brings a grace of thought and diction that is both charming and forceful.

✠

THE MASTER PURPOSE IN LIFE

"For to me to live is Christ"
PHIL. 1:21

WHAT is the supreme purpose of life? To what end was I born and for what purpose was my little vessel launched upon life's ocean? What shall I do to fulfill my highest mission in the world? These are weighty soul questions. They have to do with issues which overlap time. They are asked with particular emphasis by those who realize, with the poet, that

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal."

There are many explanations of the meaning of life. "A tale, told by an idiot," laments Macbeth. Solomon says, "Vanity of vanities." Dr. Johnson adds, "Life is a short summer—man is but a flower." Carlyle speaks more wisely: "The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the first sentence in the catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes, 'What is man's chief end? To glorify God, and to enjoy Him forever.' "

Without doubt one of the finest interpretations of life ever given was the inspired declaration of the Apostle Paul, "For to me to live is Christ." The man who held up this motto was no novice or dreamer. He was not a failure. He had tested the saving and sustaining benefits of Christ. He had entered into fullness of fellowship with his Lord and had plunged into the depths of His love. For himself this had been the key to his life's strength and his absorbing purpose. "For to me to live is Christ" sums up the glowing motive of his whole life. With the consecrated Zinzendorf, he could say, "I have but one passion—Christ."

Now this purpose not only accounts for Paul's marvellous contribution to mankind, but it explains the happiness, hopefulness and helpfulness of his own life. There is uplifting power in a worthy ideal. The character of a purpose largely determines the quality and influence of a life. Nothing but lofty ideals will constrain us to walk the highway to heaven. We may well take to heart the words of Dr. Dale: "In sailing across the troubled ocean of life, with its changing winds and unknown currents, we steer by the stars." Oh, steer by the stars! Let faith, love, forgiveness, consecration and worship be the stars by which you steer your frail vessels over life's turbulent sea. If noble thoughts are cherished by your soul, and lofty ideals projected before your aspiring reach, the resultant will be a strong and beautiful character which will stand out defiantly against the bitter storm of life. For

" 'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal
And not the storms or the strife."

What is your master purpose? Is it Christ? Is it some unworthy goal? Or are you drifting about without any particular purpose in life? The life without ideals is like a ship without a rudder in danger of being wrecked upon a treacherous shoal at any time. Oh, the pathos of men and women floundering about without any desired haven. And the sight is increasingly sad because it is so common. For some people to live is simply to exist. I read somewhere of a full-grown man who spends much of his time on the streets of a town in England spinning a top, his face registering joy at his successes and disappointment at his failures. What an empty life! Yet the daily program of some people consists of nothing more than that in which the Israelites were engaged when Moses came down from the Mount: "They sat down to eat and drink and rose up to play." The man who is content with that procedure may exist, but he never lives. Vain and empty lives abound because men are destitute of ideals. Say not, "I will not strive after an ideal because it is impossible of realization." Most ideals are. But we are richer and better for cherishing them even though they are never reached.

But what shall we say of life's unworthy dreams? Are there not ideals which produce pigmies of intellect and character? One very common and ignoble ideal which actuates men and from which emanate a number of unworthy purposes is that summed up in the words: "For to me to live is self." The selfish man measures everything with the yard stick of his own desires. Will this undertaking bring returns into my treasury? Will this particular work reflect glory upon my name? Will this person bring joy into my life? This purpose would make corners on all material things and would, if possible, be a monopolist on the mercy of God. It serves at the altar of greed while men die for bread. It has its reward. But while the selfish man "sacrifices to his net and burns incense to his drag" he starves his soul, impoverishes his fellowmen and robs God.

There are a number of false purposes which follow in the train of this ideal. Not the least of these is the undue desire for honors and popularity. "To be ambitious of true honor and real glory is the very incentive of virtue." But to live with the overwhelming passion to win titles and establish world records is as little as the things we court. Time laughs at the man who, in the days of Augustus Caesar, built a strong house with stone from the Alban hills and had inscribed over the doorway the ambitious, but vain, words, "Piso builds forever." The walls have long since crumbled to dust. Build thee, more stately mansions, O my soul! How barren is that life which strives for personal distinction at the expense of great principles. There is little satisfaction in temporal power. Woolsey, seeker and winner of power, died with the lament upon his lips: "Had I served my God half as diligently as I served my king, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs." He might have said, "Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?" True life does not consist in getting, but giving.

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

For some people the chief object of life is to make money. It is not the amount of money which you possess which decides whether or not you are a slave to gold. It is your attitude. It has been one of the flagrant mistakes of our country to judge a man's success or failure by his ability to make money. Now this ideal is based upon the erroneous idea that material things are of chief value. Yet the poorest man in this world may be the richest in the sight of God. When Ben Jonson lay sick and in poverty the king sent him a paltry coin. "I suppose he sends me this," said the indignant poet, "because I live in an alley; tell him his soul lives in an alley."

Too many act on the theory upon which a certain rich man proposed to live out the remaining days of his life:

"I built my soul a lordly pleasure house
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell,
I said, O soul, make merry and carouse,
Dear soul, for all is well."

But all was not well. Every dream of ease and sensual enjoyment was dashed to the ground and broken in a thousand pieces when God said: "thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee." What gratification is there in the accumulation of that which must crumble into dust. Not long ago I was called to conduct the funeral of a man who for many years had lived alone. He had spent much of his time within the walls of a little dingy room. It was thought that he was almost poverty-stricken. But the day after his death it was discovered that he had laid away a neat competence. In his overwhelming passion for gold he had exacted all he could from the world and gave nothing in return for it. There were few friends to mourn his departure. The only persons apparently interested now were two women, a distant relative from Canada whom he had not seen for many years and a lady who had on several occasions ministered to him in his sickness and distress. No sooner had the body been laid in the grave than I heard these women arguing as to which one was entitled to the money which he could not take with him. Oh, the irony of it. "There is no pocket in a shroud." The noble lines of William Watson rebuke this man, and every man who makes gold his god:

"To buy the wealth ye cannot use,
And lack the riches all may gain—
O, blind and wanting wit to choose,
Who house the chaff and burn the grain."

Others are controlled by an inordinate desire for pleasure. They are living simply to enjoy themselves. Now God has made abundant provision whereby we might come into the fullest enjoyment of life. But there is such a thing as being absorbed entirely in sipping water from the nether springs of pleasure, those lower springs which have a strange way of running dry. When I see the stream of human life turned toward the dancing-halls and pleasure-houses, with very little thought for the higher and finer things, I am reminded of God's characterization of the chief tribe of the northern kingdom, "Ephraim feedeth on the wind and followeth after the east wind." How many are chasing the wind of pleasure! The leanness of many souls and the dissatisfied condition of the hearts of thousands testify to the necessity of Isaiah's remonstrance, "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread and your labor for that which satisfieth not." The senseless epicurean who bows down before the god of cheap pleasure will find that his satisfaction is a short-lived thing. "A snowflake on the river," is Robert Burns's suggestive figure of fleeting pleasure.

It is evident that many people live almost entirely for their work or business. God has designed that we should follow some work that is of value to the world and that we should pursue it with diligence. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." You should aim to make a success of your particular business. But we lose the real significance of life if everything is done to the glory of our work. On the tombstone of a certain Frenchman is found this epitaph, "Born a man; Died a grocer." In these days of materialism, close bargaining and keen competition a man is apt to sacrifice everything to his business—mind, heart, conscience and culture—and thus lose the finer aspirations of the soul. The sovereign remedy is to relate everything we do to the glory of God. Our work becomes precious and useful as it is gilded with the divine. An old cobbler who dwelt in a seashore town in the north of England and worked alone in a tiny room day by day, was asked by an eminent preacher whether he did not sometimes feel oppressed by the imprisonment of his little chamber. "Oh no," he replied, "if any feelings of that sort creep in I just open this door." And he opened his door into another room which gave him a glorious view of the sea. "The little room was glorified in its vast relations." Thus will it be with all work that is related to God. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all things shall be added unto you."

Thus we might enumerate many purposes for which men live. But none of these pursued in and for themselves will produce the highest and truest manhood. They will never account for such worthies as Isaiah, the prophet; Luther, the reformer; Livingstone, the missionary; or Florence Nightingale, the "angel of mercy." What is the great purpose which will lead to the fulfillment of life's noblest mission?

The Apostle Paul struck the keynote of excellence, and gave the secret of true living when he said, "For to me to live is Christ." Can there be a higher purpose than this? And can there be a better example of its efficacy and power and inspiration than in the instance of Paul? He was of marvellous service to humanity because he lost himself in finding Christ. Indeed, we never really live until Christ becomes the author and finisher of our faith, the object of our affections, the fountain of our life, the stay of our soul, and the example for our conduct. We live intensely, beautifully and completely when we can say with this man of God, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

If for you to live is Christ, you will know the secret of the abounding life. Who does not seek it? The poet expressed a universal longing in the words:

" 'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant;
Oh, life not death, for which we pant,
More life, and fuller, that I want."

Jesus Christ came to satisfy this desire. "I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly." "In Him was life." With what freedom and fullness does He impart that life to others. Sweeter than music is the record of His out-going love. Many heard Him say, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." He gave sight to the blind, healing to the sick, deliverance to the captives, comfort to the broken-hearted, and preached a gospel of faith and hope and cheer to all men. Would you experience the throbbing of this new life within? Then seek the all-sufficient Saviour who said: "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of life freely." Would you know an unfailing source of power for all times? Then hear the triumphant shout of that Spirit-filled life: "I can do all things through Christ which strengthened me."

If for you to live is Christ you will experience an abiding peace in the soul. Peace has never been purchased. It does not come by seeking and winning the things of the world. There is a dissatisfaction among thousands who are surfeited with good things. They have a real hunger and thirst for something which they are not getting. In the pertinent words of a late editorial: "It is high time in this day of enormous profits, high salaries and big wages to awaken men to a realization that the prosperity they are enjoying is after all a broken cistern that holds no water. Soul-hunger cannot be satisfied with husks; nor soul-thirst with wood-alcohol. A new well spring of desire needs to be opened in man's soul." Only spiritual blessings can satisfy the soul's deep longings.

"There comes a time when with earth's best loves by us,
To satisfy the heart's great hunger and desire
Not even these can satisfy us
The heart within us calls for something higher."

Augustine realized this and said, "My heart is not at rest until it finds peace in Thee." There can be no perfect peace until we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. O ye divided and discordant hearts, let the Saviour unify your thoughts and desires and bring the music of your lives into tune with the Infinite. O ye storm-tossed and troubled souls, anchor your faith in Jesus Christ and He will give you the peace which the world neither gives nor takes away.

If for you to live is Christ you will know the joy of a large and imperishable service. Is not service life's noblest interpretation? This was the chief ambition of Him who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." The question uppermost in our minds should be, "How much can I give to the world?" Paul said, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things." This was the spirit of service which captivated the four disciples, prompting them to abandon their nets and their homes, under the ringing challenge of Jesus, "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." They would now be engaged in a higher, nobler and more difficult work than they had known before. This was the purpose which animated Major-General Charles Gordon in his love-embracing service. It accounts for the grand epitaph on his tomb: "Who, at all times and everywhere, gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, his heart to God." "Go work today in my vineyard" is the call of Christ to us. If we go, there will be spirit, valour and equipment for the task.

The life for Christ constitutes not only a large service, but also an imperishable service. Much of man's work is soon forgotten. Many of our fondest plans come to naught. But we can be absolutely sure of this, that work done for Christ will endure. In God's Kingdom nothing is lost. The little services wrought in His name will last. The day will declare them, and the fires will try them, but they will not dissolve.

To your work of character-building, O architects of destiny! To your task of soul-winning, O witnesses of Christ! In partnership with Jesus Christ you can build a temple of character and service which will withstand the vicissitudes of time. There will be no ruins to lament. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

Finally, this life for Christ will give you the hope and assurance of eternal life. One day a natural impulse seized Peter and he said, "Behold we have left all and followed Thee, what shall we have therefor?" Then Jesus explained the compensation: "And everyone that hath forsaken houses, or brethern, or sisters, or father, or mother, or children, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold and shall inherit eternal life." What more could we ask than love, joy, peace and usefulness here, and the promise of eternal fellowship with God? Remember there is a hope laid up for you in heaven if for you to live is Christ. How different from those who know not Christ and the power of His resurrection. When tasks seem severe and sorrows bear heavily upon your soul, be strong and of a good courage. Remember the words of the Psalmist, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God." Look unto Jesus. It was this master purpose which enabled Paul to say as he faced the glow of the western sun: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day." "For me to die is gain."

Do not squander your God-given powers away in the quest of false ideals, but dedicate every talent to the service of God. This alone will make your lives beautiful and blessed in themselves, a gracious benediction to all mankind, and a glory to God. In his masterful way Dr. Henry Drummond reminds us that, "The time will come when we shall ask ourselves why we ever crushed this infinite substance of our life within these narrow bounds, and centered that which lasts forever on what must pass away. In the perspective of eternity all lives will seem poor, and small, and lost, and self-condemned beside a life for Christ. There will be plenty then, to gather round the Cross. But who will do it now?" Who will do it now? A celebrated artist designed this inscription for his own tomb: "What I was as an artist seemed of some importance while I lived; but what I was as a believer of Christ Jesus is the only thing of importance to me now." May every thought and motive of our hearts now be brought into captivity to the Lord Jesus Christ. Then will this life be worth living and the future will be radiant and glorious with His presence.

"Live for self, you live in vain;
Live for Christ, you live again;
Live for Him, with Him you reign"—

THE FANATIC'S ADVANTAGE

By CARL C. RASMUSSEN

MESSIAH LUTHERAN CHURCH
HARRISBURG, PA.

✠

CARL C. RASMUSSEN

MESSIAH LUTHERAN CHURCH
SIXTH AND FORSTER STREETS
HARRISBURG, PA.

Dr. Rasmussen, from his first entrance upon his career as a student, was marked for a great place. His subsequent efforts have justified the predictions his professors made of him. Born in Troy, New York, September 21, 1890, he attended the public schools in his native city; in 1909 he graduated from the academic department of Hartwick Seminary; in 1912 he graduated from Gettysburg College; and in 1915 from the Seminary. His academic career has taken him to Columbia University, where he achieved not only the M.A. degree, but has continued his efforts toward the Ph.D. He has also done post-graduate work at the University of Pennsylvania. Gettysburg College in June, 1928, conferred on him the honorary degree of doctor of divinity.

Dr. Rasmussen's main interest is in the field of religious education. Both in his congregation, his city, and in his state he has given of himself very liberally in this newer venture of the churches. His title to praise does not rest on his special interest, however, for his pulpit and pastoral career has been equally praiseworthy. Beginning at Newville, Pennsylvania, where he served 1915-1919, he was next the minister of the Trinity Church, Juniata 1919-1922; the Zion Church, Greensburg, 1922-1923, and since 1923 the large and influential Messiah Lutheran Church, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. His great congregation of nearly seventeen hundred members find increasing joy and satisfaction in his ministry.

◆

THE FANATIC'S ADVANTAGE

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might"
ECCLESIASTES 9:10

As I invite you to consider with me the topic "The Fanatic's Advantage" let me hasten to say at once that I am about to attempt no apology for genuine fanaticism. I am too mindful of the history which it has written by the free spilling of blood. I remember how it looked on with gloating eyes as it threw martyrs before the fierce beast. I have heard its exulting voice while it watched the heretic burning at the stake. I know the story how it burned witches, how it threatened earnest seekers after truth and slew those who undertook to prove that it was wrong.

If I were speaking in another age I should perhaps be unwilling even to suggest that fanaticism can be possessed of any advantage at all. But it is precisely because I see now no imminent danger from fanatics that I venture to set forth this theme. In fact as we proceed it will become evident that I think the world may be in great danger of having all too little of fanaticism.

Doubtless the mere making of a statement like that calls loudly for an immediate definition. We may find that a big order and one that is not easy to fill. We are surely facing a poser when we propound the question "What is a fanatic?" The dictionary suggests that one deserves to be called a fanatic if he is guilty of an excessive zeal or an unreasonable enthusiasm. Zeal indeed! How sorely we need zeal. Every good cause cries out for it; and it may fairly be questioned whether it is not the lack of this more than anything else that postpones the millennium. If only people were zealous enough for education! If only law and justice were enacted and supported with the zeal which they deserve! If only charity could command the zeal deserved by the need which it attempts to relieve! God give us men and women who are not lacking in zeal.

And yet, of course, though we all join in that prayer we have not answered the question when zeal becomes excessive. And so for unreasonable enthusiasm. How much richer life would be if folks were not lacking in enthusiasm for the good, the true and the beautiful. If all could find such enthusiasm as is the property of some for nobility of conduct, for the beauty of nature, for the sweetness of worthy comradeship, for the message of music and art and many other worthy pursuits! Here too we face the question, when does enthusiasm become unreasonable?

Without attempting a definition in the absolute let me propose a practical definition for our immediate purpose, limiting its application, for the moment, to life from the point of view of religion. Is it true, practically speaking, that to us a fanatic is one who works hard at a type of religion with which we cannot ourselves agree? Let us illustrate.

To me there are many admirable qualities about the Seventh Day Adventist. But I cannot agree with his idea of the advent, nor can I stand with him upon his insistence upon the seventh day. So, of course, to me, because he is so insistent upon both, he becomes a fanatic.

Or I ask the ardent Catholic to supply me with an illustration. I certainly cannot agree with him that the Catholic Church is the only true church. It is a sheer impossibility for me to assent to his belief in the infallibility of the Pope. Neither can I subscribe to the existence of a treasury of spiritual merit in the universe, nor to its control by the Roman hierarchy. When, therefore, I meet the ardent Roman Catholic who zealously contends for all these, to me he becomes a fanatic.

Since I cannot agree with the Christian Scientist either that matter is mortal error or that pain is unreal, his willingness to stake his life on these makes him a fanatic to me. So also the Mormon becomes a fanatic. Because he stakes his very soul on the reliability of the Book of Mormon, which looks so much to me like a fabrication that it leaves me cold.

But it is not chiefly because of his errors that I find myself interested in the fanatic. It is rather because I am not blind to his strength. He interests me tremendously because he cannot be accused of barrenness. And, incidently, it would be fitting enough for all of us to be interested in that, remembering that barrenness is the damnation of so much religion. Barrenness of life was one of the human short-comings that evoked from the gentle Nazarene repeated condemnation. "Why call ye me 'Lord, Lord' and do not the things which I say?" "Not every one that saith unto me 'Lord, Lord' shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my father who is in heaven." "Everyone that heareth these words of mine and doeth them not shall be likened unto a foolish man who built his house upon the sand." Not a single one of life's many gross sins is laid with the charge of Dives. Yet because of the barrenness of his life he lifted up his eyes in Hell, being in torment. In His description of the judgment scene, Christ declared that the quality of our judgment would be dependent upon whether or not our lives have been fruitful in good work. The great apostle was entirely in keeping with the spirit of his Master when he declared "He that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin."

So I say that the fanatic interests me chiefly because he does things. Because he gets results. The two marvels of religious growth in the United States in the last hundred years have been the expansion of Mormonism and the rise of Christian Science. Whatever else may be charged up against them surely they cannot be accused of sterility. And as for the Seventh Day Adventist, from whom we find ourselves in such deep disagreement, we can hardly remain unimpressed by the fact that every two hundred sixteen Seventh Day Adventists in the United States support a missionary. If we in our congregation were to do as well we should at this time be supporting not less than seven. And some congregations that are accepting assistance from mission boards to pay their current expenses would themselves be sending at least one representative abroad to proclaim their doctrine to the world.

I find myself impelled to ask what right I have to condemn the adherents of a religion that has put more power into their lives than ours has into our lives. If his works are greater than mine, is he not thereby shown to be nearer to the right than I am?

Lest I be misunderstood I should perhaps say here that this is not a comparison in general terms of one religion with another. It is an evaluation of the religion that is mine. For no matter what the faith be to which I profess adherence it is really mine only in so far as I have myself genuinely made it so; and it is entirely possible that out of the greatest religion in the world I may take to myself less of spiritual enlightenment and moral dynamic than another may find in a religion inherently much less worthy. In fact this is not a weighing of theology but a testing of sincerity.

While thus I find myself admiring the devotion and fruitfulness of the fanatic, I awaken to the realization that it has always been true that when things are done of such nature, or in such manner, as to be lifted above the level of monotony, a fanatic can usually be found in the lead.

It was a fanatic who was insane enough to disbelieve the existence of the monsters and perils of the deep, who discovered America.

And another fanatic who could not see the absurdity that was so patent to the laughing spectators pushed forward the first steamboat on the Hudson River.

What a group of fanatics the Colonial Fathers were to think that the partially settled and widely scattered habitations on the Atlantic seaboard could withstand the disciplined forces of England! By such fanaticism was our land made free.

One man is fanatical enough to believe that a wire could be made to carry man's messages. Another outdistances him by believing that the words and inflections of the human voice can be made to take the place of dots and dashes on the wire. Still others believe that without the stretching of wires the very atmosphere can be made vibrant with messages and music. And such is the immoderateness of fanaticism that all these dreams are made familiar facts.

Sane men knew that anything as heavy as an aeroplane could not be made to stay up in the air, until fanatics stubbornly did that which was known to be impossible.

Our greatest hero of the air was a flying fool for dreaming of effecting single-handed a leap that stretched for thousands of miles from continent to continent.

This is quite as true in the realm of religion as well. To be classified with the fanatics is a part of the price which those who rise above the ordinary usually have to pay. What a strange article Elijah was as he dogged the footsteps of Ahab and Jezebel, hurled himself in the face of the most popular religious movement of his day, withstood the worshippers of Baal with all their royal endorsements, threateningly warned the people to return to a religion they had been too ready to give up, called upon the heavens to withhold their moisture, and appealed to the Almighty to authenticate his message by the falling fire of Heaven. To his contemporaries he proved himself a fanatic of the most troublesome sort. But succeeding generations came to recognize in his voice the prophetic note which must surely be heard again before the way could be prepared for the coming Messiah. And multitudes have joined with Elisha in praying that a double portion of his spirit might be bestowed upon them.

It was a like fanaticism which persuaded a man who divided his time between the pruning of fruit trees and the tending of sheep that he must leave his vocations and his homeland to present himself at Samaria, bearing warning of a doom that could be escaped only by repentance and reformation. It is not strange that Samaria accorded Amos a cool reception. To the people he was a kill-joy, to the King a pestilent agitator, and to the clergy a sour intruder whose coming cast aspersions upon their own fitness. The only cordial thing extended to Amos was the invitation to go back home with his raven cry. Nevertheless Amos had so clearly seen the import of religion for life that an astounding part of his message sounds as if it had been prepared for our own day. Twenty-five centuries leave it a strangely modern pronouncement.

But the greatest of all fanatics, and the inspirer of a host of others who seemed bent upon turning the world upside down, was Jesus of Nazareth. How persistently the populace was warned against Him by the weightiest voices of good authority. It was announced that He was a blasphemer who pretended to forgive sins. He set Himself above Moses. He considered Himself greater than the sacred temple at Jerusalem. He made Himself one with the Almighty. He laughed at the learned conclusion of scribes and specialists in the sacred law. He ignored the canons of good taste by persistent association with sinners. His public address and private conversation sounded an unconventional note. He surrounded Himself with common fellows whom He made His disciples and confidants. All in all His behavior was so extraordinary that one of two things must surely be true. He is either not in His right mind; or He is in league with the devil.

There is not now time to speak in detail of that race of fanatics of whom this Galilean of no reputation became the progenitor. Of Paul, that strange mixture of much learning and unrelenting zeal, whose madness showed itself in fearlessness before mobs and magistrates, and exulted to bear branded in his body the marks inflicted by those who were eager to get rid of him. Of Huss who committed a calm soul to his God while the flames devoured his body. Of Savonarola who from a Florentine pulpit shook Italy till Italy turned upon him and struck him down. Of Luther whose battling against the devil seemed to his contemporaries scarcely as rash as his defiance of all the authority which Church and Empire together could focus upon him. And in the footsteps of such towering souls every age has witnessed its mad procession of those who dared to be a peculiar people under God.

As we have looked upon these great souls of the past the fanaticism which we have seen has not been a zeal without knowledge. It has been as far from the furor of narrow-mindedness as the east is from the west. They were rather characterized by their enthusiasm in pushing outward the horizons of truth. Their searching eyes have looked about in every direction. And that which distinguished them from many other seekers for the truth was the fact that they did not forget the upward gaze. They were not disobedient to the Heavenly vision. But in so far as the Heavenly vision is not of this world its message seems to the judgment of this world the language of fanaticism. It is the practice of the crucified life, as well as the preaching of the crucified Christ, which is to the Gentile foolishness. But it is the indwelling of that divine folly which makes men the children of God.

The world today needs such a devotion to the Christ-filled life as shall seem to carnal minds nothing less than madness. One of the most searching criticisms of a luke-warm religion is the observation that we seem so securely inoculated with a mild form of Christianity as to be immune to the contagion of the crucified life. We are a clever people. We have learned to praise sacrifice even while we skillfully keep the shadow of the cross from falling upon us. We have learned how to keep our confession from interfering too seriously with our conduct.

What searching of heart was occasioned in us as we read the words of one of America's great Christian leaders who imagined himself in the place of those native Christians of China who perished for their faith in the Boxer uprising. Their heads were on the block. The executioner was ready to let the fatal blade fall. They were given a last chance to save their lives by renouncing their faith in Christ. But they chose rather to die. Had he been in their place, he wondered whether he would not have begged a few moments' grace, in the hope that he would have been clever enough to frame up a statement acceptable to both sides!

Not long ago in one of America's great centers of learning there was a meeting of students representing different nations and religions. They had come together to seek a better understanding of their respective points of view. In the course of discussion a group of American student volunteers spoke of their faith in Christ, and their purpose to go to other lands to tell the world of Him. After they were seated a Turkish student arose to speak on behalf of the Mohammedan world. "We people of the non-christian world," said he, "should like you to try out your Christianity at home before you attempt to send it to us." We winced under his words. We wondered whether he knew how sore a spot he had touched. We knew at least that he could find all too much in Christian America that is irreconcilable with the Christ. We are becoming painfully conscious that the world looks to see whether we have ourselves become new creatures in Christ Jesus, when it hears us speak of His transforming power.

Shall we not pray that Christians may hear the prophetic admonition to them that are "at ease in Zion"? And the warning to a Church that was neither hot nor cold? If we would bespeak for our faith more of the fanatic's fruitfulness, let us practice more of his abandonment.

He believes.

He tries.

He sacrifices.

He is daunted by nothing.

If it seems to us that he gives such devotion to a mistaken faith, let us give no less to a better.

It may mark us out as fanatics to count on God in trustfulness of spirit, to believe His promises, and take Him at His word in His counsels for the way. But the advantage is all on the side of a fanaticism like that. It is the fanaticism of "that mind which was also in Christ Jesus."

WHY HE WROTE HIS BOOK

By J. Bradley Markward

THE FIRST LUTHERAN CHURCH
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

J. BRADLEY MARKWARD

THE FIRST LUTHERAN CHURCH
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

Dr. Markward's long and useful ministry in the Lutheran denomination has been highly effective, whether it be judged from a standpoint of pulpit excellence or general denominational leadership. He has presided over several of our very splendid churches, as he has given himself to several denominational enterprises. For twenty years he has been actively identified with the Board of Home Missions and is now President of the Board of American Missions.

Dr. Markward was born in Jacksonville, Pa. He prepared for college at Chambersburg Academy. His college course was taken at Gettysburg, as was his theological course.

Beginning his ministry as the assistant in Trinity Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., Dr. Markward was next the minister of Calvary Church, Wilkinsburg, Pa. From there he went to the Bethlehem Church, Harrisburg, Pa. In his present church, the First Lutheran Church of Springfield, Ohio, he preaches each Sunday to large audiences, numbering a great many students from the college and theological seminary at that place.

Dr. Markward has been for many years the editor of the Adult Department of the Augsburg Teacher.

Gettysburg College conferred the degree of D.D. upon him some years ago.

✠

WHY HE WROTE HIS BOOK

"And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book: but these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name"

JOHN 20:30-31

HERE is a man who tells us very plainly why he wrote his book. Not all authors do. Concerning many of our modern books we wonder why they were written at all. They serve no good purpose. We could guess that some of them were created for commercial purposes only. In passing we might remark that it is rather astonishing how much of our so-called literature trades on the gullibility, the morbid curiosity, the perverted tastes, the unwholesome desires and the low thinking of people. We could make a bonfire of half of our modern publications and the world would be none the poorer. But we must hasten to say that no age has ever been richer in the recorded thought of man and that our embarrassment is in the fact that we do not have the time to read many of the stimulating books of the day. And while their authors do not always state the purpose for which they have written their books, yet that purpose is revealed in the movement of their thought, in the intellectual atmosphere which they create and in the ideals toward which they lead their readers to travel.

John is somewhat unique in telling near the close of his book what its purpose is. With much emphasis and deep feeling he declares that he has written that his readers might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and believing they might have life through his name. Admittedly it is a great and worthy purpose. If he succeeds then there stands to this author's credit one of the mightiest achievements that man has ever won. And that he has succeeded millions of believers through the ages can testify. This book persists in its remarkable influence in spite of the problems which the critics seem to find in it. And whatever findings through their calm and thoroughgoing analyses they may arrive at and then offer to the thinking world, let us say with equal poise that John's book will ever remain as a beautiful and necessary story of the Christ. It is a contribution of measureless worth to spiritual literature. It carries to heights from which seeing souls love to look out upon their world.

We note first of all that in the process of building his book John was selective as to his materials. He did not write down everything that Jesus said and did. It would have been impossible even had he wanted to do so. He tells us that himself. He puts it in a unique way. He supposes if all the things that Jesus did were written down the world itself could not contain the books thus written. It is a daring hyperbole, but it is a remarkable testimony to the power and activity of Jesus. Now John has wisely and with discriminating nicety selected those sayings and doings of Jesus which he believes will serve his own purpose of persuading an unbelieving world respecting his great Master. He seems to feel that if men will not believe on this basis of carefully selected truths they would not believe though they should have a whole library of books about Jesus.

We may be quite sure that it is possible to judge a man by some of his outstanding thoughts and deeds. The real man is to be found in them. We think that the real Lincoln appears in his Gettysburg speech, in his famous house-divided-against-itself declaration, in his emancipation proclamation, in his attitude toward the men who tried to belittle him and in his sympathy for the boys who were sentenced to be shot. The great mind and soul of Lincoln march through these thoughts and attitudes in triumph. Thus the man is not hard to find. And in this same way we discover the real man of other great men. We do not need to know all they ever said and did to see their greatness and to get their intellectual and moral stature.

And yet it is sometimes said that it is unfortunate that we do not have more about Jesus than is given us in this fourth gospel and in the synoptic gospels. It is thus suggested that the world might be more easily persuaded as to the Lordship of Jesus and that his followers might arrive at a higher evaluation of him and might be more unreservedly devoted to him and his cause. Now the fact of the matter is that Jesus is well authenticated to those who have a mind to believe, who are honestly seeking for the truth. We could have a great deal less and still have a wonderful and compelling Jesus. We have more than enough to inspire great thinking and great living and great doing. The truth is that we have not begun to do our best with what we have. We have not caught up with Jesus and his ideals—they are still spiritual miles ahead of us. Mr. H. G. Wells is remarkably and penetratingly right when he says that "the truth is the Galilean has been too great for our small hearts." We do not know what we would do with more about Jesus when in about two thousand years we have done so tragically little with what we have. When great crises come upon us we rise up and say that Christianity has failed, when we should sit down in humility and say that we have failed to dare to apply Christianity to our day and generation. Men have had the effrontery to say that Jesus is somewhat out of date and that his teachings will not fit into the conditions of our practical world. Those same men ought to have the honesty to say that Jesus Christ is the dateless One and that we have not had the courage to follow where he would lead in these days of strenuous living and superficial thinking. John has given us a Christ who is big and great enough to challenge the best that is in us. Our test is in the response we make to this challenge. Goethe, who may not be written down as a fanatical enthusiast for Jesus and his religion, said: "Let intellectual and spiritual culture progress, and the human mind expand, as much as it will; beyond the grandeur and the moral elevation of Christianity, as it sparkles and shines in the gospels, the human mind will not advance."

But now let us give our attention to John's declared purpose in the writing of his book: "that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God." Believe is an important word. It implies a vital and necessary process. But just how much John means to include in this process we cannot tell. Certainly he cannot demand an intellectual understanding of Jesus. We must repeat the thought of Mr. Wells that Jesus has been too great for our small hearts. He transcends our thinking. He eludes our intellectual grasp. When asked to explain just what John means by Jesus' being the Christ, the Son of God, we must answer that we cannot reach to such heights. Since we cannot begin to explain a mere human personality why shall we attempt to explain the Christ. We are being told that a human personality is for the most part an undiscovered country. We ourselves are the most staggering mysteries this side the throne of God. And it is not necessary to explain a personality in order to have faith in it and to be influenced by it. If we were to wait until we can understand the mystery of personality we should never know any person or be influenced by him. If faith were always compelled to tarry behind the arrival of logical processes and the sufficiency of intellectual satisfaction it would never function in this world, for we know nothing fully. Or as Thomas Edison puts it: "No one knows one seven-billionth of one per cent about anything." And as long as this statement of J. Arthur Thomson stands it ill becomes us to apply the understanding faculty as the ultimate test before we accept facts and persons into our experience: "Out of two gases—hydrogen and oxygen—there is produced under certain conditions a new thing—water, whose remarkable properties cannot be readily accounted for even by the highly developed chemistry of today." And while we do not want to have anything to do with a religion to which we may not bring our keenest thinking, yet we dare not let our faith wait until our intellect-apprehension has made its report to us.

But John is not primarily challenging our logical processes as to his story about Jesus. Of course, he is submitting evidence for our thoughtful consideration. He is telling us remarkable things about his hero. He is writing about a person whose very words and deeds and bearing and attitude toward God and life and the future make him unique. Thus he sets him apart in a kind of lonely grandeur and majesty. Certainly we are to pass judgment on the story of this man and see if we cannot arrive at the conclusion that he is the Christ, the Son of God. All this, it is true, is supposed to appeal to our intelligence and judgment processes, but if we have fathomed the mind of John successfully we see above and beyond an appeal to the accepting faith of his readers—a faith that surrenders the entire self to Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God.

For practical everyday living it will profit us nothing to indulge in speculation about Jesus. It will not do us any practical good to inquire how he could be this or that; how he could be the Son of Man and at the same time the Son of God; how he could be eternal and at the same time come into time and bound his life with three and thirty years. We simply do not know and it is not necessary that we should know. Why not accept Jesus' own appraisal of himself, which confirms John's contention? Through much of Jesus' language there runs a God-consciousness. He claimed to be the Son of God and with much deep feeling declared that he who had seen him had seen the Father God. It is vastly easier to accept this estimate of Jesus than it is to explain it away.

But at any rate why not act as if he were the Son of God? At any rate why not act as if what John said about Jesus were true? People have done this through the Christian centuries and wonderful results have come to them in consequence. Christian history has the loveliest characters to show as a proof that when men and women do accept Jesus as the Son of God and live upon that faith, they have unique power in their souls. Let us confess with a recent writer: "When I say, therefore, that I act as if the Christ story were true and that my faith rests upon the results of such action I am thinking just as scientifically and as accurately as a chemist or an electrical expert. I am not building my faith on airy nothing. I am building it upon the only rock upon which any faith can rest unshaken, the rock of experiments and results. . . . William

James made a very shrewd definition when he declared that 'the truth is what will work.' John Dewey's 'Reconstruction in Philosophy,' one of the most important books of the last fifty years, emphasizes and explains this. He shows that the error of almost all the philosophers previous to Bacon was that they assumed that the truth was some certain and definite thing, as a stone or a piece of wood, which it is the business of the human mind to discover, which all thinkers were trying to find, and which when found would prove a philosopher's stone and settle all our problems. The fact, however, is that the thing called truth emerges only in experiment and adjustment."

Now I think it is perfectly clear that John was honest and unselfish in his motive to persuade his readers that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God. He was not a partisan. He had no peculiar theories to advance. You know there are some minds that cannot be satisfied until you believe as they believe or think as they think. They are so pleased with their own ideas that they are fully persuaded that you are suffering a great loss if you do not think as they think. John did not have this kind of a mind. He was not this kind of a thinker. But on the other hand he had met a great and unique personality. He had had a most remarkable and transforming experience with him. His intimate contact with this great One had resulted in changing his whole life and in giving him a new appraisal of values. Therefore, he had arrived at the conclusion that this wonderful and gracious young man was the Messiah—the promised One of the ages, the very Son of God, and so he wanted the world to know about him and to share in and enjoy the experience of new life. Now this is what great souls have ever been doing with their discoveries. Henry M. Stanley went to Africa to find Livingstone physically and geographically and he discovered such a great personality that he came back to civilization and just had to tell the world about this marvellous man. The world has found a phenomenal man in Lincoln and scarcely a year passes without someone's telling something new or old about him. A Pasteur digs out a new and transforming idea out of the possible blessings for humanity and he cannot rest until he gives his knowledge to a needy world. And if any man should lay hold of a something that is literally alive with benefits for his fellows and should not tell them about it he would be justly accounted as a mean and selfish man. There is an inner compulsion to tell good news. We, therefore, take it that John just had to write his book about Jesus. He obeyed an irresistible impulse to speak out of his own rich experience with Jesus. And this very fact is to be taken as one of the most powerful testimonies to the power and worth of Jesus. Is a man great and good enough to so haunt and stir a friend's soul that he cannot escape the inner necessity of telling the world about him? If so, then that person must at least command our respectful consideration. In the very nature of the case, as thinking people, we are under the necessity of seeing if we can discover in this hero what his friend had seen in him. Whatever the critics may have to say about this fourth gospel, here is a book without which the world would be all the poorer. Here is an author who has not manufactured his hero, but has written out of life contacts with a real person and out of life's experiences as a result of those contacts. He has written out of what he has seen and felt in his deepest soul. He has no axe to grind. No ulterior motives pushed his pen. His hero is worthy of our trial as a factor in the experiment of living.

THE SALVATION OF AMERICA'S SOUL

By John T. Huddle

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH
WASHINGTON, D. C.

✠

JOHN T. HUDDLE

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH
CONNECTICUT AVE. FROM ELLICOTT TO EVERETT
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dr. Huddle hails from Virginia, where he was born at Rural Retreat in February, 1870. He attended Wytheville Academy and Roanoke College, where he graduated in 1891. His theological course was completed at Gettysburg in 1896.

For seven years he was the associate pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, Germantown, Pa. He next taught public speaking in the Mt. Airy Theological Seminary, Philadelphia. Since 1904 he has been the pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Washington, D. C.

Dr. Huddle is vitally interested in the enterprises of the denomination. For twenty-two years he has been the Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the National Lutheran Home for the Aged at Washington. He is a member of the Board of Foreign Missions. He has also been the President of the Pastors' Federation of Washington and of the Lutheran Ministerial Association. Meanwhile his interest in study has not abated. From time to time he has been enrolled as a post-graduate student at George Washington University.

Several books of a distinctly literary nature have come from the pen of this brilliant preacher. They are: "As Others See Us," "Talktactics," "Riley and His Rhymes," "The Many-sided Luther" and "Mrs. Martin Luther."

Three colleges conferred on Dr. Huddle the degree of D.D., all in the same year, 1914, Gettysburg, Roanoke and Susquehanna University.

Dr. Huddle's sermons not only preach well, but they read well, as may be expected in one of his literary taste and ability.

✠

THE SALVATION OF AMERICA'S SOUL

"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord"
PSALMS 33:12

WHAT shall it profit a nation if it gain the whole world and lose its own soul, or what shall it give in exchange for its soul?

I suppose we can speak of a nation as well as an individual as having a soul. I take it that America means more than farms and factories, railroads and skyscrapers. Unless there is a pulsing spirit somewhere inside this shell of materialism, we are poor indeed.

And what is that soul? Shall we not say it is the crystallization of the principles, purposes, ideals and attitudes of the American people, the collective mind and heart of the nation. There have gone into the making of this national disposition the codes and creeds of the world and out of this melting pot has come the American soul, which expresses its presence and power indirectly in public opinion and directly at the polls.

Now, if it is possible for an individual, it is possible also for a nation to lose its soul—its sensitiveness to duty, its loyalty to truth, its anchorage within the veil, and to lose it in the same way.

The scientist says life is correspondence with environment. As long as a man by his senses and reason can adjust himself to his surroundings, he lives, and the more nearly perfect this adjustment the fuller his life. We might say in one sense that the soul is in correspondence with a spiritual environment and it lives so long as it keeps in touch with unselfish motives and lofty ideals, or, to put it differently, so long as it keeps in touch with God. But when this connection is broken, man becomes like a dry cell with all its electric potency gone.

The same is true of a nation. If it abide in Christ and his spirit of truth and grace course through the various channels of its life, it will blossom with happiness and prosperity and bear the fruit of righteousness; but, if it allow some insidious worm to cut the artery that conducts the sap from the vine to the branch, the blossom will fade and the fruit shrivel.

Now, I do not want to be pessimistic, but from all I can see and read, it seems to me that I can detect a change, not for the better, in our national spirit. Is it not a fact that the nation is losing some of its sensitiveness to wrong, some of its eager responsiveness to duty, some of its uncompromising attitude toward disloyalty, some of its regard for man, its reverence for God?

This is seen in its attitude toward life. In the last few years there has been a decided slump in human stock. Man is considerably cheaper now than he was a generation ago. He is often shot down or run over with no more compunction of conscience than is felt in killing a brute. Bandits of both sexes in their teens are in their coolness, efficiency and consciencelessness making the Jesse James crowd look like amateurs. The Loebs, Leopolds and Hickmans, for cold-blooded cruelty, have never been surpassed, even in fiction.

And all this too in the face of what science and law are doing to better man's condition. One by one the enemies of human life are being killed off and, in the last generation, it has been lengthened fifteen years, so that the average life of man today is fifty-six years, whereas in the sixteenth century it was from eighteen to twenty years. And not only so but science is shortening man's work day and giving him more leisure; it is surrounding him with all kinds of conveniences and means for recreation and giving him more pleasure; it is opening up the storehouses of earth and giving him more treasure. Law is throwing its safeguards around childhood and shielding it from exhausting labor. At the same time, it is making the evening time light for age by its homes and pension systems, thus fencing with helpful regulations the whole pathway of man's earthly existence. And yet, despite these beneficent influences, his life becomes cheaper and cheaper with the passing years.

Not only is the deterioration of the national soul seen in its low estimate of life but also in its disrespect for law. Never in the history of our country has there been a time when the fundamental law of the land was so openly defied. Something greatly worth while has gone out of the heart of the nation when so many of its citizens make a joke of its palladium. Cheapening the national foundation is a serious business and, unless checked, will lead to serious consequences.

Our attitude toward religion is not any better. An anti-church complex is being developed, a widespread hostility to organized Christianity, that is not healthful. Atheism in various guises is organizing its forces in the colleges of the land and worming its way into our high schools, thus poisoning the faith of our youth and turning the oncoming generation against the Church of Christ. Not long ago it threatened to boycott a film in the moving-picture industry because in this film a girl's immorality was given as a consequence of the loss of her Christian faith. And more recently it blatantly announced that it would remove all the Bibles of the Gideons from the hotels of the land. Bolshevism is supplementing atheism in this work of destruction, carrying on a world-wide propaganda for the overthrow of the home, the church and the state. Besides these and other enemies without, extreme rationalism on one hand and extreme literalism on the other are working within to the detriment of that large, sympathetic faith which was born with the resurrection of Christ and went forth to conquer the world.

It is not in the deterioration but in the restoration of the national soul, however, that we are interested. The practical question before us is how can we stop this decay of idealism and turn the American disposition from frivolity to sincerity, from lawlessness to obedience, from fickleness to faith.

Some think communistic civilization is the remedy for our troubles and this conception is growing in our midst. Sufficient answer to this is that God set social solidarity in families and ordained the ties that bind husband and wife, parent and child, sister and brother together. Furthermore, it has been demonstrated that the family is the nursery of patriotism, the foundation of law and order, and the training school for unselfish citizenship. Anything, therefore, that is inimical to the family, makes children the wards of the state and marriage a promiscuous relationship, strikes at the vitals of the nation. Besides, while in Utopian theories communism is beautiful, in practice in small communities it has always been a failure, and in nations, when it has been tried, instead of saving, it has tended to destroy the national integrity.

We cannot secure salvation either by wealth equalization, as some advocate. To divide the people's prosperity, take from the rich and give to the poor, making every man share equally with every other, would not work any better than having all things in common. Taking from the thrifty and giving to the thriftless, violates the fundamental principle of justice to begin with and besides is not practical, for while men are equal in rights and opportunities, they are not equal in industry, ability and vision, in consequence of which in six months' time, the present inequalities would reappear and perhaps the last state be worse than the first. And even if equality in property could be controlled and maintained by law, such a civilization, being devoid of all initiative and incentive, would stagnate in unprogressiveness, fold its hands in hopeless indifference and rot in idleness.

Again, legal regulation will not wholly solve the problem. It is a deterrent, of course. Without law, crime would much more abound. But there have always been those who walked roughshod over law and defied its punishments. Law has no power to banish evil propensities from man's nature. In fact, its "thou shalt nots" often act as a challenge to him, awakening his obstinacy and causing him to rebel against its claim to regulate his life. Through its courts and prisons, it can punish him but cannot save him. To be effective, law must have back of it a loyalty that will keep it, a public opinion that will enforce it; but this vital something which changes a dead law into a living reality somehow Congress, with all its power, cannot make.

It is equally true that intellectual education is powerless to transform the nation's soul. We have to admit, of course, that education is one of the greatest forces in the upbuilding of life, but we must not forget its limitations. Some of the products it has turned out recently have shown a heartlessness that made civilization shudder. The youthful criminality which is giving widespread concern today has a keen mind but a dead conscience. Remorse is largely out of style and the only regret the present-day criminal has comes when he is caught.

Education, physical and mental, is good as far as it goes, but there is a vital element lacking. It makes men shrewd, it does not necessarily make them good; fits them to get but not to give.

Ethical reformation is not an adequate remedy for our trouble either. Perhaps I can make my meaning clearer by the use of a scriptural illustration. Jesus said, "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest and finding none. Then he saith I will return into my house from whence I came out; and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept and garnished. Then goeth he and taketh with himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself and they enter in and dwell there and the last state of that man is worse than the first."

What is he talking about? To my mind, he is saying that morality without religion can throw the evil spirit out of the life but cannot keep him out. The implication is that when the evil spirit goes out another occupant must come in, if the evil spirit is to be kept out. Moral reformation is a negative process. Something objectionable is driven out of the life by a strong resolution. A vacancy is left and unless some new interest is put in the place of the old habit, it will return with redoubled energy.

Now I haven't been setting up straw men here just for the pleasure of knocking them down. Too much unthinking assent is given today to these various schemes for national salvation, while the only real source of help is forgotten. After all, there is but one power under heaven that can transform an individual or a nation and that is the power of the gospel of Jesus Christ. When Jesus says to us, as he said to his disciples, "Will ye also go away?" we have to answer with Peter, "Unto whom can we go, thou hast the words of eternal life."

It has been asserted that the secret of happiness consists of something to do, some one to love and something to hope for. These three requirements are fully met and only met by Christianity.

First, it puts us within the grasp of an all-compelling love. Jesus said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Here is the magnetism of unselfishness reaching out and pulling men back from their sins. As the sun lifts the water of the stagnant pool, leaving behind its stench and impurity, so the sun of righteousness lifts degraded humanity and transfigures its character. As the attracting quality of the magnet is transmitted to the bits of steel, so that each tiny filing in turn takes on the nature of the magnet, so men and women coming under the influence of the crucified Christ are through his love transformed into his image. The cross fully meets this great yearning of our nature and furnishes us a love that satisfies.

"O Love, that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul on Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be."

Second, Christianity awakens within our hearts a great faith. Moses, we are told, endured because he saw the invisible. By faith he refused the waiting crown of Egypt, chose affliction and hardship instead, because something better beckoned from the unseen. By faith the farmer out there sows a score of bushels of wheat on his ten-acre field. Why is he wasting that grain, burying it there to rot? Do not be concerned, he knows what he is doing. While he is burying that grain, he is seeing in vision a golden harvest in the far-off June. And what has awakened his faith? Why the fact that last year he buried ten bushels of wheat in September and reaped a hundred in June.

And in a similar way this mighty faith of the Christian is awakened, awakened by a fact, the fact of the resurrection of Jesus from the dead. In the light of this stupendous fact, life is clothed with new power, destiny is aflame with new meaning and existence has been enriched beyond measure by the thrill of the pull of a great expectation.

In addition to the awakening of faith and love, Christianity gives him a great task, something to do that challenges his utmost strength. With a heart burning with unselfish love for his fellowmen and a spirit alight with a faith able to surmount all difficulties, a devoted servant of Christ goes forth to his work with a holy joy.

Yea verily, the secret of happiness and development for an individual or a nation is to be thrilled by a mighty, unselfish love that nothing can dampen or chill, to be absorbed in a task so appealing and attractive that it enlists all our affections and powers, and to be inspired by a faith so great as to make us forget the hardships of our pilgrimage and go forward with our faces aflame with the glory of the unseen. And we can have this threefold secret from him who said, "I am he that was alive and was dead and behold I am alive forevermore and lo I am with you always even unto the end of the world." Blessed truly is that individual or that nation whose God is the Lord, in whose presence there is fullness of joy and in whose service there is satisfaction and abundant salvation, for we are saved by an intelligent, sympathetic faith that unselfishly and enthusiastically works.

OUT OF THE CLAY

By John G. Fleck

ST. JOHN'S LUTHERAN CHURCH
BALTIMORE, MD.

✠

JOHN G. FLECK

ST. JOHN'S LUTHERAN CHURCH
KATE AVENUE AND PIMLICO ROAD
BALTIMORE, MD.

Mr. Fleck combines in a rare way prophetic zeal and pastoral concern. His incisiveness of speech is beautifully qualified by his sympathy and tenderness. Always enlivening, he never fails to apply the gentle touch of helpfulness and healing.

Born October 3, 1891, his future is before him. The record of his career leaves no doubt as to the course it will take. Mr. Fleck graduated from Gettysburg College in 1912 and the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Gettysburg in 1915. He entered upon his ministry at St. John's Lutheran Church, Baltimore, immediately upon graduation and has continued the very effective head of that church ever since. During 1921 he was enrolled as a student at Johns Hopkins University. The interests beyond his own church that call for his leadership and service are many. He is at present President of the Baltimore Council of Religious Education and a member of the Executive Committee of the Baltimore Federation of Churches. He is on the Board of Directors of the Salem Lutheran Hebrew Mission and the Lutheran Inner Mission Society, both of his city. He is also chaplain of the Travellers' Protective Association of Maryland. During the summer of 1923 he was a member of the American Seminary for study in Europe; in 1926 he participated in a Good Will Mission to Mexico.

During the Great War Mr. Fleck served as a chaplain with a regiment of engineers.

✠

OUT OF THE CLAY

"But we have this treasure in a fragile vase of clay, in order that the surpassing greatness of the power may be seen to belong to God"
2 COR. 4:7

During the past year an American novel of exceptional merit came from the press. For once a contemporary literary production did not prove to be an evening edition of a gutter tabloid, nor a report of the sanitary sewer commission. The title of this book is "Giants in the Earth." Its author, Professor Rolvaag, happens to be a Lutheran educator, from the land of steep mountains, blue water and tall men.

From the pen of this idealist flows the romantic and tragic story of the Norwegian immigrants who pushed their covered wagons across the plains and turned the soil at the end of the trail. Here they built their homes. The conflict is a stirring one. In winter the bitter cold brings them almost to silent death in their sod huts. Now and again the wood supply comes to an end. Out into the blizzard they must go to replenish their source of warmth. Early in springtime they would break the thick prairie sod, plant their potatoes and sow their grain. Just when everything gave promise of generous harvests, destructive blight would sweep their fields as a piratical black frost. They dreamed of golden harvests to awake beholding not one stubble beside another—the plague of locusts had come like a roaring tornado, leaving ruin in its wake. In this fearful battle with the giant in the earth, one poor woman lost herself and became mentally distraught. She seemed to be in the grip of the giant terror and a powerful relentless despair.

In the background of this struggle to survive is another picture. Some of these pioneers possessed their Bibles. One of the immigrants, nobler than the rest, acted as the settlement pastor, baptizing the infants, marrying the youth, saying prayers over the dead, yet all the time fearing what he did was a violation of Divine law. Another one of the company, no less intelligent, became the schoolmaster, instructing the youth, keeping active the minds of the elders through the dismal winter months. One day a wandering shepherd, a Knight of the Saddlebags, came among them. He went from home to home, re-marrying the youth, baptizing the infants. On the Lord's Day in one of the sod huts, with a box for an altar, a wooden cross thereon, crudely carved candlesticks giving forth light, the pastor administered the Holy Sacrament to the hungering souls.

There were giants in the earth. There was a light which did not fail, but that light indeed, as Paul has said, was in an earthen vessel, frail and perishable; the surpassing greatness of the power was seen to belong to God.

Life itself is a "growth of the soil," to use the phrase of Knut Hamsun. Many of us are city dwellers. The odor of freshly turned sod is not familiar. The scent of new mown hay calls not to "stroll down the roadway in the dusk where the forms of hunger wander and the fugitives of pain pass by."

Our very existence has its roots in the clay. Nearly everything the eye can look upon at this moment, if you trace it far enough, leads you back to the earth. Every detail of the structure of this temple from the current that gives us light, to the invisible something that gives us heat—every article of clothing, traceable to some animal, to some plant or to some mineral, fur, wool, cotton, silk, flax—all these go back to the soil. Everything that comes upon tables to satisfy our physical needs, manufactured or grown, is traceable to the clay upon which we walk. The instruments in the hands of an Orpheus, enchanting attractive Ulysses past the enticing Sirens will take us to the forests and to the mines. The immortal canvases painted by a Raphael or a Sargeant live in brilliant colors through the years because the canvas, the pigment, the brush, lead us back to Mother Earth. The means of transportation, the great elements involved in the production of giant power, the instruments of communication, the graphic arts, in fact all instruments and means of production have been wrested by intelligence from giants in the earth.

We too are made of clay. We live upon the clay. We come every day with clay clinging to our hands. True indeed, we are just earthen vessels.

The possibility persists that the life from the clay will bring with it clay-mindedness. The clay-minded person is not always the evil-minded person. The clay mind is occupied with earthly ideas, things on the lower levels, sub-way thoughts, with some of the clods hanging fast. The clay mind is not to be condemned for its origin, only for its consequences. The source from which it comes is good in itself. The soil from which poison ivy springs will produce the fruit tree as well. The clay mind has a tendency, like the muddy river, to precipitate a sediment which is valuable for fields but dangerous to highways. Highways are quite essential to life. Traffic dare not be jammed by impassable roads. The progress of society is bound to be impeded, if the thinker does much skidding in the midst of other travellers.

The clay-minded person deals only with things. Life for him is controlled by a mechanistic determinism. For him ideals are "bunk." Beauty is an unnecessary luxury and culture is the birthmark of a snob. The clay-minded person is dangerous. His philosophy of life is attractive. Many accept it, some live it, but it is in the end only an earthen vessel.

The clay-minded teacher of our day assumes that the principle of sympathy is a product of maudlin Christian sentiment. Why should we maintain hospitals to keep people alive who will never be of any use in the improvement of the race? Why should we keep alive the aged, who tend to become cumbersome? Why should we not eliminate the criminal, the hopelessly ill, the imbeciles, the incurably crippled? This clod-clinging teacher would have us turn our institutions of mercy into lethal chambers for the kindly administration of overdoses of ether to the incurables; "quietly do away with the clergy at fifty-five, drown university professors at sixty and hang lawyers at forty." Such a practice we are told would create a race of hearty super-men. Out of this custom would come the superior man, whose intelligence would be capable of maintaining control over the machine age which his genius has fashioned.

We may well be reminded that this principle has been tried and has failed. Certain savage tribes kill off the aged and superfluous infants, but we have no evidence that such savage races have left the world better than they found it. In ancient Sparta infants were exposed to night cold to weed out the weak, but Sparta possessed no survival power as a great nation. We take little courage from the result of this experiment. What makes us minister to the sick, save the cripples, be tender toward those whose brows are crowned with silvery wreaths? It is the instinct that springs to immediate response to infinite need. It is the instinct that nurtures the helpless human offspring months longer than beings of a lesser order, until it is able to give some care to itself. We call this the maternal instinct. Apart from it, there would be no men and women of tomorrow. We've just got to go on caring for the helpless, the young and the hopeless aged. Would we follow the clay-minded? We shall so blunt the sense of pity that the welfare of the race will be forever destroyed.

I see a picture of a lad walking slowly out the alley and down the street toward the river, leading an old crippled dog. He was going down to the bridge to drown the old fellow and put him out of his misery. As he stooped down to tie the heavy stone about old Prince's neck, that aged friend, half blind, almost toothless, one ear gone, scarred and battered, turned his muzzle toward the lad and licked his hand. It was too much, he could go no further. Out came his knife and the string was cut. He could not violate the law of sympathy in his life. Nor could we be masters in the art of living, should we lose the power to feel for others. You may call this sentiment, if you will, but Meredith reminds us that "sentiment is the craving for enjoyment without obligation." Sympathy is a compelling obligation to minister to human need in the hour of its extremity.

Clay-mindedness, another name for the "frog philosophers", has come forward with a new gospel. This new gospel does not lack for advocates nor for receptive audiences. Great is its popularity. The name of this new gospel is self-expression. You must do what you want to do, when you want to do it, or you will develop horrible centers of psychic disturbance called complexes. We are told if we repress what our instincts tell us to do, we shall become the victims of neuroses, mental diseases, fears and all kinds of poverty of character. Mothers are told that they must not teach their children obedience and that the child must be permitted to do whatever he wishes to do. Of course, that suits the children amazingly well. Growing older and oft-times having become thoroughly disagreeable, they hear the doctrine "let yourself go" and, believe me, they do let go. They let go all restraint; self-control has no place in the category of their virtues. The only thing they know about mastery is a sort of playground, bullying attitude toward kinder souls, whose experience might help them amazingly, were it accepted.

Suppose one should let himself go. Here is the man who from childhood has given free play to his pugnacious instinct. He boards a crowded street car on his way home. He has had a hard day. He is in the mood for being disagreeable at home. (Where can a man be disagreeable if he can't be disagreeable at home?) The crowd pushes him further into the car. Someone gracelessly steps upon his neatly polished shoe and pet corn. He lets himself go. You know what happens. Here is a young woman, the daughter of a clergyman, who possesses a strong, acquisitive instinct. During her adolescent years, day after day, she apparently is most amazingly successful in finding things that she wants and brings them home. In spite of such difficulties, she is successful in gaining the required preparation for college entrance. A day or two after her matriculation, she visits other rooms and dormitories than her own. She sees things that excite her interest. The craving for possession is master of the situation. Theft is committed and is discovered. There is some scandal and across a life is cast a shadow. Is the clay-minded gospel of letting oneself go a satisfactory principle upon which to base the integration of society?

The clay-minded philosopher now approaches our social constituency with a more familiar gospel which says, "War is a necessity, man's instinct compels him to fight and to kill, and will always do so." The inference is that there is no ultimate way of settling international disputes except by means of poison gas, high explosives, bombs and torpedoes. The changes are rung on the old opinion that war "was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

There may have been a time when war had upon it the mark of what Martin Swayne called "the sporting instinct". But that day is past. War is a fool's game now. Like everything else in our day, barbarity is machine made. The next war will be unbelievable in its deadliness. Every town, every village, every city, will be the front. Non-combatants will be unknown. Women and children will be subject to the worst savagery of the front. If another world war comes it will little matter on which side you are fighting. As Lynn Harold Hough reminds us, "Nothing worth keeping will remain to either when this vast conflagration has come to an end." The moth-eaten argument is raised by the clay-minded philosophers that military preparedness is the guarantee of peace. The fact is that in the unhappy continent of Europe more men are under arms than before the great war of 1914-1918. If expenditure is any prophecy, then armaments are increasing and not decreasing. It is no exaggeration to say that seldom has there been greater possibility of war than now. The danger point is what it has been for twenty years—the Balkans. All that is needed is the man with the match. Four years ago, standing on the heights between Arras and Lens, I looked out across the rain-swept landscapes toward Vimy Ridge, where the gallant Canadians lost fifty thousand men in two hours. The flower of Canadian youth! Stretching out before me in the distance was Lens, once a mass of ruins, now bravely rebuilt. I visioned again the shattered market-place and battered Cathedral in Arras, knowing that the artillery fire of the British alone, previous to the advance of the infantry in its attack upon the town, cost sixty-five million dollars. There I stood in Lorrette, in the midst of a forest of a hundred thousand white crosses, row on row, with blood red poppies growing between them in the ghostly silence. The treasure of the nations is indeed in earthen vessels, fragile and perishable, that the exceeding greatness and power might be of God. Dare we be less Christian than our Christ who said, "They who take the sword shall perish by the sword."

"Search the foundations, you that build a state;
For if the dragon forms of Wrath and Hate,
Lie coiled below, and darkly bide their hour,
Fear walks the ramparts, Fear ascends the tower,
And let it not content you that they sleep,
And drive them with strong enchantments to the deep.

"First of such charms is perfect justice;
Comes the heart's word that conquers beasts and men.

No other craft shall serve—no spells but these,
Drive the old dragons to the whelming seas."

There is a way upward, a way of escape from clay-minded plains to the mountains of revealing visions, a trail toward the stars. Paul was once a clay-minded persecutor. On the shining Damascus road, the unseen reality emerges and confronts him. In the midst of his fanatical pursuit of loyal prejudices he heard the voice of a living God. Two thousand years ago, to the man who would take the Kingdom of God by force and death, the heavenly father in protest inquired, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" He responded to the higher appeal. He needs must love the highest when he saw it. When his eyes were opened he beheld the trail toward the stars marking the course of the abundant life, surrounded by happiness.

Back of the frail earthen vessel called man is a spiritual reality which has endured. One sees it sparkle when the golden sunbeam kisses the baby's hair. One feels it in the passionate embrace of adoring youthful arms. One beholds its glow in the great heart of noble women who mother the motherless of earth. "Something there is which does not love a wall," something there is that no wealth of possessions can buy. In Olive Schreiner's masterpiece, "From Man to Man," there is an unforgettable scene. A mother has about her three healthy, glowing children, all boys. Another child is there, yellow skinned with crinkly hair. She seems to be one of the family, treated in all ways as one of the children, except that she has been taught to call this mother, "Mistress." The yellow skinned child has the same father as the three boys, but her mother was a negro servant girl who ran away when her child was born. The boys have just listened to a story, occasioned by a protest because one of them was laughed at as he was walking down the street with this half white negro girl. After hearing the story, they were convinced that the finest heroism consisted not in race hatred but race loyalty. Then the mother looked at them, "You know, laddies," she said softly, "you are always talking of being men and how fine it will be when you grow up. It is a finer thing to be 'a man' than either of you can know now, but it's not being able to lift a great weight or strike a great blow or crush things beneath you that can ever make you that. The thing that really matters is this: that, when that comes, as it must come to you at last, when your bodies lie still and dead, whether it be in a palace or a poor man's hut, on a solitary Karroo plain or in a crowded city, whether you have been rich and famous or poor and unknown—what matters is this, that, if one should stand beside you and look down at you knowing all the story of your life, that they should be able to say, 'this strong man's hand was always stretched out to cover those feebler; this great man's body never sought good or pleasure for itself at the price of something weaker,' then, though no eye could see it, you would lie there crowned—the noblest thing on earth, the body of a dead man who lived the life of a man. No strength and no size and no beauty of body can ever give you that."

The way from the clay to the stars of life is first to discover the unseen Reality, to achieve unbounded faith in the living, loving Christ and then follow Christ by seeking, finding and loving the best in human life, hidden away in an earthen vessel.

"There is a road that has not any name
That is my road
Because it is not yours,
Nor set with sign posts pointing out the way
It is my road, my friends, and mine alone.

"You are wayfarers, everyone of you,
And some white morning you will take the road
And look away from shadows to the stars."

LOVE'S TASK

By Albert M. Lutton

FIRST LUTHERAN CHURCH
CINCINNATI, OHIO

ALBERT M. LUTTON

FIRST LUTHERAN CHURCH
CINCINNATI, OHIO

Mr. Lutton was born April 13, 1890, in Pittsburg. He began his academic career at Ohio Northern University, Ada, Ohio, dividing his time between courses in engineering and business. In 1912 he decided upon the ministry as a life work and immediately entered Susquehanna University, Selinsgrove, Pa. He received his A. B. degree from that institution in 1916 and continued his theological studies at the same place, graduating in 1919. His first pastorate was at Pine Grove Mills, Pa., a rural parish of three churches. In 1921 he went to the North Riverdale Church, Dayton, Ohio, for a ministry of four years. As a testimony to his industry, the membership of this church was trebled. In January, 1926, he became the assistant minister at the First Lutheran Church, Dayton. Since December, 1927, he has been the minister of the First Lutheran Church, Cincinnati.

Mr. Lutton finds himself drawn to most of the great causes that engage the energy and enthusiasm of ministers and that are beyond the scope of their parish duties. He is participating very actively in the civic life of his city.

Possessed of a pastoral soul and a deeply sympathetic nature, Mr. Lutton has commended himself as a preacher as well. He has been invited to preach at both Wittenberg College and Antioch College.

✣

LOVE'S TASK

"I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me"
JOHN 12:22

WHAT sublime optimism! Jesus had been threatened with stonings for his love; had come into conflict with authority at every point, simply because He was the advocate of love, and the purifying effect it must have upon life throughout; knew that He must soon pay with His life for His teachings. The disapproval of men had been visited upon Him in an ascending scale of severity. History was repeating itself. Israel had often done that to her prophets. And before there was any Israel, men had survived only by cunning and craft and superior strength. Did Jesus realize that He was proposing to reverse the whole process in a world which gives outlet to its emotions in hero worship but shuns as long as it may the path of self-sacrifice?

Jesus knew that in order to draw near to Him, men must draw near to one another, even as two streams flowing into the same body must blend their waters. John, who perhaps knew the mind of the Master better than the others of the twelve, states it clearly to his audience: "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" To give approval in any vital sense to the self-sacrificing love of Jesus is to accept it as a way of life and to practice it upon one's fellow man. Did Jesus realize how persistently men would refuse to accept the social implications of His Gospel?

The devotion of men to religion has in the main been motivated by self-interest. The appeal of the Scriptures has been that it promised a haven from the insecurities of life and the fears of death, and promised rewards here and hereafter for well-doing. Men have brought their tithes with an eye cast to the windows of heaven, expecting them momentarily to be opened to pour out a blessing such "that there shall not be room enough to receive it." And men have confessed faith in Christ expecting thereby to escape punishment for sin. Jesus had occasion to rebuke those who came because they suspected that bread was to be distributed, and Emerson in a much later day, hearing the prayers of Christians, remarks with wholesome disapproval: "Prayer that craves a particular commodity—anything less than all good—is vicious prayer as a means to effect a private end is theft and meanness."

One hesitates to open the tombs of the saints, or to turn the microscope on the ashes of martyrs; he runs the risk of committing a blasphemy or, almost as bad, convicting himself of cynicism. But we cannot but wonder if we of today would not as readily give our bodies to temporary destruction if we were as certain of immediate redress of wrong, and as great rewards in a sense world as were they. With the immediate return of Christ expected, the hated power of foreign domination or oppressive rule overthrown, the graves of the faithful opened and their occupants permitted the rich glory of ruling with Christ in a new earthly kingdom, with all evil under heel, one could well afford to submit to temporary persecution and death. And a Christ who seemed to promise a dispensation so entirely satisfying to human aspirations could well command the deepest adulation of men. In other days, when the "terrible wrath of God" overshadowed the assurances of His infinite love, when the sense of the utter sinfulness of one's worthless self overwhelmed and the abyss of hell yawned lurid and threatening, then the Christ who had provided a way of escape from the consequences of one's sins, was praised in terms of emotional excess or quiet satisfaction, as temperament might dictate.

Institutionalized religion could not escape being innoculated with its own medicine. In those controversial periods of the church's history when the minutiae of doctrine were matters of interest to the rank and file of men, the church flourished. There was room for all of the denominations. There was a distinctive banner for each to carry, and the partisan spirit in men readily yielded a sufficient following for each. With the increase in the complexity of life and the multiplication of scientific and industrial interests, it required only a few generations for these enthusiasms to lose their ardor, and the church began to be placed in jeopardy. Its decline has been stayed somewhat by new enthusiasms, centered in institutional competition, but it requires no very keen insight to discover that this too is fading. The easy tolerance of today is not reassuring, for it is a tolerance that is fully half indifference. The anxious scanning of statistics by the church of today indicates nothing more clearly than that there is general alarm. Shall the church lose her life? And in asking the question, one comes face to face with another, not altogether pleasant, question: "Does the threatened demise of our institutions form the basis for our disquiet?" If the question needs to be asked, it ought to be asked bluntly, for it indicates that spiritual deterioration has been going on in Zion.

The processes by which the church loses its soul are not different from those by which a man loses his. Biography furnishes plenty of instances in which men have moved as those possessing a soul and then slipped down into carnality until they moved as creatures of physical mechanism, with levers and pulleys controlled by the demons of selfishness and appetite. Judas slipped from a sharer in the spiritual fellowship of Jesus to one who could betray Him for a few pieces of silver. Charles IX grew to young manhood with normal capacities for moral achievement. But religious partisanship gained the ascendancy in his life until he could pull the trigger of his gun and in cold blood slay an unoffending life, as a signal for general massacre.

That the church has yielded to the lure of wealth has often been charged, and not without foundation. Never has general apathy toward the church been greater than today, yet never has the church possessed greater material assets. At the same time the social atmosphere has never been more charged with the perennial complaint against the unequal distribution of wealth. With thousands of magnificent churches on the conspicuous corners of all communities this chief of the divisive forces in life is yet securely entrenched in power, and the situation becomes ever more acute. There were no stately temples when Jesus and His followers preached their Gospel of human redemption. The historical shadows of the temples of Solomon and Herod were not far away, but they were temples of a decadent culture and a dead spiritual life. The voices of Jesus and His apostles rang out from open hillside, or lake-shore, or some stuffy upper room. Needless to say, the lack of magnificent settings seems not to have impeded the impact which that Gospel made upon the social life of the day. Class distinctions faded; master and slave became brothers, private fortunes became public resoucres—in short, men and communities were becoming regenerate. One does not need to become the advocate of any particular form of social organization to point out that when the full content of Jesus' Gospel is the passion of the church it is not disturbed overmuch about its physical assets. And conversely, when it is most zealous about the rearing of costly temples to the honor of God it is least dynamic as a force for the regeneration of men. The guns of the world war had no more shining target than the towering cathedrals of Europe.

The reason is not far to seek. The church with an architectural passion is moving suburbward on the heels of opulence. If it had convictions on the wrongs of our present industrial order, it has lost sight of them in its zeal for the patronage of the successful, in whose power it thereby places itself. This is not essentially an arraignment of the successful. It is an indictment of the church that long ago lost its baptism of prophetic unction, prostituted its powers in sectarian partisanship, and smothered the social passion of Jesus. The world, left to its own inventions for its daily life, readily enough succumbs to them. It is not surprising that with the dawning consciousness that God does not insure financial success to His followers, men should take to their own genius to secure it. The insecurities of life seem to demand it. Nor is it strange that, the fear element having been removed from religion, they should feel no moral restraints upon the extent of their gains. American life today is characterized by two attitudes: first, that for the wants of this life one must depend upon his own genius alone; and, second, the attitude toward the future is a sort of irreligious universalism.

Meanwhile, the breach between the sections of human society grows wider. The glowing reports of statisticians tell of enormous per capita increase of wealth, but here again statistics are a symptom of the disease that has attacked us. For, like so many artifices of an uneasy civilization, they speak but half the truth, the half that tends to strengthen the strong and confound the weak. To the successful they bring reassurance that all must be right with the present order. And the optimism of success renders one insensible to the failures of others, or lightly explains them in terms of incompetency. To the unsuccessful they reveal the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow and inspire a stern determination to reach it or, having failed, a fierce resentment against those who have succeeded. These matters have significance. These days of giant combinations in industry and financial institutions have their corollary in the poverty and misery of the great, herded masses of men, in whose streets one can still find the inflammatory circular: "Down with the bosses!" "Down with the money kings!" One has to blush with shame that the church, the mouthpiece of the Gospel of Jesus, far from shaping the great main currents of life has been carried on their breast and threatens to capsize in them. In seeking the patronage of the successful it has lost their respect, and turning its back upon the defeated it has lost their confidence. Manifestly we are at the low point of one of those cycles through which history and religion ever move toward the higher good.

But ever before us are those glowing words of Jesus:

"I will draw all men unto me." He seems to promise that the church will again emerge from its spiritual bankruptcy and address itself to the spiritual regeneration of men. Dare we be as hopeful? Several things seem necessary in preparing the way for an affirmative answer.

First, the church must renounce its passion for things. No one will question the tranquilizing effects of a beautiful house of worship and majestic forms of expression upon a storm-tossed and world-weary soul. Rich symbolisms have an office in bringing God down to men. But every period of luxury for the church has been accompanied by money changers' methods in the precincts of the temple, by excessive ritualism and by a dead formalism that has rendered the church spiritually and socially impotent. In the days when the Roman Church was at the height of its political power, it is related that St. Thomas Aquinas was sitting one day with Pope Innocent IV in the Vatican when masses of gold and silver were being carried into the Papal treasury. "You see," said the Pope, "the age of the church is past when she could say, 'Silver and gold have I none.'" "Yes," replied St. Thomas, "and the day is also past when she could say to the paralytic, 'Take up thy bed and walk!'" A woman came to her pastor and appealed for his assistance in her poverty. She is a woman of culture and refinement, of a country in Central Europe. Soon after coming to America her husband died, leaving her with five children, and no means of support. With a heroism seldom excelled, she at once addressed herself to learning the English language and the simultaneous task of earning a livelihood for her family. In the years that have followed she has succeeded astonishingly—in spite of the cruelty of American prejudice and selfishness. Her children have been reared in a good community, have been nurtured in the church, and given a high school education. Yet when adversity overtook her, her pastor was compelled to confess with shame that her church, to which she had contributed her mite, had no means of succoring those of its household who fell into physical distress. There are thousands of churches who can boast proud altars and rich appurtenances and elaborate rituals who are yet not rich toward God in the distresses of His children.

There is a notion abroad that the kingdom of God will some day be realized by the perfection, through social culture, of the human race here on earth. It is an erroneous notion. So long as man remains man, a creature of conflicting impulses and a dual nature, he will fall into error, sin and social injustice. If he is ever to become regenerate, the contest for the supremacy of moral ideals will have to be waged on the battleground of his own soul. Social movements must come; community and inter-community reforms must be wrought; but such movements are in themselves impersonal and, therefore, unmoral. They gain meaning and moral quality only as they represent the moral quality of a number of individuals who have pooled their convictions to launch them. Only individuals can be the sources of high moral distinctions and purposes, and the salvation of the race can come only through the transformation of an increasing number of individuals. That Jesus had a great passion for the redemption of human society cannot be questioned—"O Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered your children together!" But his method was to meet some woman of Samaria at some point of physical necessity and help her to see all life in terms of moral purpose; to meet a rich young man and reveal to him the danger of personal impoverishment from the carrying of excess baggage; or to declare to some Nicodemus the need of casting aside outworn traditions and prejudices, and to begin anew, with the spirit of holiness to guide unto the life of love. If Jesus is to draw all men unto Him, it must be as all of the individuals. It can never be as an impersonal mass movement.

This seems to imply the need for an about-face in life. The world can never turn toward Christ so long as the world's men and women are walking in the opposite direction. We have been fast losing our capacity for personal repentance. Almost everybody is busily repenting for the world's sins, but the repentance is of a vicarious variety. Almost everybody believes there is some social injustice in civilization when enormous estates and extravagant living stand in contrast to the misery of the slums. Yet few make the question personal enough to alter the plans for their own estates. Almost everybody believes in socializing the Gospel, but few care to socialize it. Anybody can repent for a national scandal, except those who make it. We all join in condemnation of flagrant social vices, but cling tenaciously to our own. Public sin can never disappear until private sin is overcome. And "this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."

THEOLOGY—MORE OR LESS

By Charles L. Venable

THE FIRST LUTHERAN CHURCH
DAYTON, OHIO

✠

CHARLES L. VENABLE

THE FIRST LUTHERAN CHURCH
FIRST AND WILKINSON STS.
DAYTON, OHIO

Mr. Venable also hails from that very citadel of Lutheranism, Pennsylvania. He was born in 1898. After graduation from the Chambersburg High School, he attended Gettysburg College, completing his course in 1917. Before entering the Seminary at that place, he saw service with the United States Army Ambulance Corps from June, 1917, to May, 1919, participating in four major offensives. From his war experience he returned to complete his theological training, graduating from the Gettysburg Theological Seminary in 1922.

His active experience in the ministry has been cast in two fields of labor: Grace Lutheran Church, Easton, Maryland, 1922-1927; and since September, 1927, the First Lutheran Church, Dayton, Ohio. Mr. Venable's chief interest aside from his general ambition to become an effective preacher and pastor is in religious education. While in Maryland he prosecuted with distinction the organization of week day schools of religion. Inheriting in Dayton a program of week day religious education, he is carrying it forward with enthusiasm.

✠

THEOLOGY—MORE OR LESS

"Hold the pattern of sound words which thou hast heard from me in faith and love which is in Christ Jesus"
II TIM. 1:13

THERE are two words "dogma" and "doctrine" which are used almost interchangeably in spite of the fact that they are diametrically opposite in meaning and intent. Dogma is a body of received statements which the individual is required to accept and believe. It is given upon the authority of some individual like the Pope or institution like the Church, by whom authority in these matters has been usurped or to whom authority has been surrendered by the individual. The believer is required to accept them "aye" or "nay." His own personal doubts or misgivings have no place. Men have gone so far as to say that the more incomprehensible the dogma the greater the act of faith in accepting it. And it carries with it two corollaries: first, that it is the whole body of truth, and, second, that it is not subject to change.

Dogma is *per se* indefensible. Truth is no received body of statements but a quest. The Master has forever stamped it such by his own words. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." "Other things have I to say unto you which ye are not now able to bear." Revelation is a continuing not a completed process. "Howbeit, when he the spirit of truth is come, he shall guide you into all truth." Moreover, truth is its own authority. "My word shall not return unto me void but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing I sent it." When men set out to defend the truth you may be very sure that what they are defending is not the truth but something else. When men don't have faith that truth by teaching and its own authority will win the assent of men and when they seek to have it accepted on the authority of an institution, book or person, you may be very sure it is because they don't understand the truth or have it.

Doctrine, however, is something entirely different. Doctrine is merely teaching and is in no wise different from any scientific statement. Every scientific statement of today, unless it is the most arrogant dogmatism, takes into consideration that it will be modified, changed and enlarged by the new knowledge of today. So every doctrine or teaching of religion, unless it is the most arrogant dogmatism, takes into consideration that it will be modified, changed and enlarged by the new knowledge and revelation of tomorrow.

Dogmatism is indefensible and I hold no brief for it. On the other hand, I have the temerity to affirm that doctrine is indispensable.

Men say, "It doesn't matter what a man believes; it's what he does that counts." This is obvious nonsense. What a man believes determines what he does. If you didn't believe that you could raise your right arm it would hang limp and useless by your side. Everyone knows a number of people who have nothing wrong with them except that some doting mother told them, and they have told themselves, that they are sickly, until they are. If you didn't believe that tomorrow's sun would rise it would modify everything that you do today. What a man believes determines what he is and does.

Men say, "We don't want doctrine; we want to think for ourselves." But you can't think without doctrine. Thought becomes as vague as vapor and disappears as quickly and leaves as little behind, unless it is crystallized and forged into the instruments of thought and life that we call doctrine. The boy who was asked to define a vacuum said, "I can't tell you what it is but I have it in my head." And that's all the religion we'll have in our hearts and heads unless we have doctrines that we care tremendously about and forge into the tools of life.

Doctrine is indispensable because doctrine dominates this world in which we live, whether we believe in it or not. For one thousand years the history of the world was dominated by Augustine's doctrine of the city of God, the doctrine of a divine government for all the people of the world embodied in the Roman Empire and the church of Rome. For four hundred years the world has been dominated by the idea of Luther, the doctrine of national sovereignty. And though today we recognize that the doctrine of national sovereignty is irrational, suicidal, and is inevitably rushing us into international anarchy and chaos, yet the world gropes in vain for an idea, a doctrine big enough to lead us out of our dilemma.

Do away with doctrine and you do away with liberty. Benjamin Franklin lamented in his day that the preaching of doctrine crowded out the preaching of the simple, homely virtues which he made famous in Poor Richard's Almanac; and many men would echo his words today. They say that they are tired of hearing doctrine preached. They little remember, even when they celebrate it, how their freedom was purchased in the fiery clash of doctrines that men taught about, believed, preached, and were willing to die for. Little right have we to the heritage of the Reformation, nor long will we keep it, if we are too lazy and slothful to do serious thinking about the great doctrines that dominate human life.

Forfeit your right to try in the court of last resort your own judgment, the doctrines of men, and you surrender to the dogmatists. You surrender to others the right to tell you what to think, and they'll do it. You put a ring in your own nose and let others lead you where they will.

That is why the conservatives, the reactionaries, win in every fray in church and state. The conservatives' side is always weighed down by the people who say they are tired of doctrine, by those who are too lazy to think.

Surrender doctrine and you surrender progress. Men cannot think and remain stationary. And the history of the race is equally eloquent with the witness that men are not going to be led forward by a few doing their thinking for them. The race will move only when the great masses of men are caught by great and dynamic ideas and ideals.

No church can be a free church, a liberal church, a progressive church, unless it knows its history, its faith and its doctrine. It is because we want to see the Lutheran Church a free church, a liberal church, and a progressive church that we affirm that its need is indoctrination. We need not less theology, but more. We need more study of the essential elements of our historic faith. The liberals who stood for the emancipation of religion over against the emasculation of it, by either the fundamentalists or the modernists, are doomed to defeat unless they indoctrinate, unless they give themselves to the study and the preaching of the great doctrines of the church. It is a deplorable sight then to see liberals shy away from doctrine, either because of cowardice or of prejudice.

The emancipation and the new dynamic of religion will come out of its historic roots. The cult of the novel, in pulpit and preaching, is as futile as it is offensive. The group that throws overboard its heritage from the past will disappear with this generation. Our future and our progress lie in bringing forth out of our treasure things new and old. Paul, near the close of his life said, "Hold the pattern of sound words, which thou hast heard from me in faith and love which is in Jesus Christ." These words may be open to the narrow and slavish interpretation which is usually given to them, and again they may not. It may be a case of whether you put the emphasis on the first phrase, "Hold the pattern of sound words" or the last phrase, "in faith and love which is in Christ Jesus." It may as well be holding fast to the healthful or healing words which are in faith and love in Christ Jesus as holding fast to phrases and forms that have been received. But in the light of the life and of all the writing of Paul it is impossible to give to them the narrow interpretation so commonly accepted. Paul is saying what he always said: "Hold fast to the simple things which you have in faith, in love, and in Christ Jesus." And in that sense these words need to be reiterated today, for out of it will come the progress and power of the church in our day.

Have we this heritage in the Lutheran Church? I want to suggest three things that are primary in our Lutheran heritage that we need to reaffirm and with which we need to inflame again the minds of our people.

First, Lutheran mysticism. By mysticism is meant simply that sweet and holy communion of the soul with God, the witness in Lutheran theology that the soul of man does open out of its farther side to God and hold converse with him.

In infancy Luther was reared in the home of deep piety and Lindsay correctly traces its influence upon his life. His mother taught him prayers of holiest intimacy with Christ and sang him to infant slumbers with the words

"Gentle Jesus meek and mild,
Look upon this little child."

In early manhood he came under the influence of Tauler, the German mystic, who deepened the impress of childhood.

This mysticism is the very genius of the Lutheran Church. It is impossible to understand the Doctrine of Justification by Faith without the mystic communion with Christ and the mystic infusion of Christ in our lives. The same is true of the doctrine of the Lord's Supper. Luther was too much a mystic to agree with the other reformers that the supper was only a ceremony or memorial, and the bread and wine but symbols. He believed, and fought for his belief, with crudity and monstrosities of speech it is true, but steadfastly, that it is communion and that Christ is received.

Whenever the Lutheran Church has interpreted these doctrines mechanically she has been hamstrung and powerless. But whenever she has interpreted them mystically as in the days of the Reformation when she shook the world, in the days of the pietistic revival of Halle when she sent out the first Protestant missionaries to the non-

Christian lands and gave birth to its institutions of mercy from which have come the multitude of our agencies of religion, including the world wide Red Cross, she has been mighty.

We need a reaffirmation of the mysticism of Luther, and of the Lutheran Church today. We live in a world that has grown cold, ashen and gray, because it has lost its holy communion with God. And this is a contribution which the Lutheran Church is peculiarly and uniquely fitted to make to the Christian life of America today if we live in her depths and not upon the surface of forms or platitudes.

Second, the Lutheran emphasis upon learning in religion. Luther was no ignorant man. On the contrary, he represented the highest scholarship of his day. He was graduated from the university at twenty-two, received his A.M. at twenty-five and his doctor of theology at twenty-six. The vigorous character, incisiveness and aggressiveness of his mind made him one of the most remarkable men of all times. Humanism and the Renaissance represented the new learning of his day as science does of ours. He was the Shailer Mathews or the Fosdick of his day throbbing with the new knowledge and bringing it to the service of religion. He adopted bodily and boldly Erasmus' New Testament text which was the lower criticism of his day, and he himself was the father of higher criticism. There is nothing more absurd than for a Lutheran to condemn higher criticism. Luther found it and laid down the basis upon which it is carried forward to this day, namely, that every statement in the Bible is to be judged by the life and standards and teaching of Christ.

But these two things belong together: mysticism and scholarship. Mysticism without scholarship will soon lead us into the grossest aberrations, everything from the defense of the statement that the world is flat to the prediction of its immediate end on the authority of visions or ecstacy. We have been constantly pestered by these things on every side. On the other hand, scholarship without mysticism is a valley of dried bones and not a spark of life in it, as too many of our modern universities bear witness. What a contribution is ours in the welding of these two things forever together.

Third, that the center of our theology is Christ. Dr. E. Stanley Jones in "The Christ of the Indian Road" says that when he went to India he found that he was defending a long line that extended from Genesis to Revelation, and that as soon as he had stopped a breach at one point in the line there were a score at other points. He determined to shorten his line and to take his stand simply at the center and on Christ Jesus. Then he found that his position was not only invulnerable but victorious. But did Dr. Jones discover that? It seems to me that Paul said that, and that four hundred years ago Luther made that the corner stone of Lutheranism and Lutheran theology. It must cause us some blush that Dr. Jones would be the man to restate it for our time.

It is the corner stone of our liberty. It is our bulwark against the literal interpretation of the Bible. Anything in the Bible that is not in line with the life and teachings of Jesus Christ is rejected by Luther and the Lutheran Church. Luther did not hesitate to scorn the book of Esther and to question the letter of James. It is the basis of our relation with other churches. Other denominations may talk about union but it can be achieved in an hour when we reaffirm this.

And supremely it is our basis of power. When we concentrate there we have the force to dislodge both the opposition and inertia of men. If the Master's personality revitalized the sick, the afflicted, and cleansed the sinning, 1900 years ago in Galilee, so his personality, when it is made the center of the church, will revitalize his followers in any age. We need to reaffirm and freely, boldly, accepting all the implications, the centrality of Christ in Lutheran theology and we ought to blush that we have not had the courage or the vision to have done it long before.

Hold then the pattern of sound words, the essential heritage of the church. As we bring out of these treasures things new and old, as we kindle minds of men with them, there will come progress in the church and the emancipation of religion in all its might in the lives of men.

THE LEGACY OF PEACE

By Lloyd M. Keller

CALVARY LUTHERAN CHURCH
ARNOLD, PA.

✠

LLOYD M. KELLER

CALVARY LUTHERAN CHURCH
1921-25 VICTORIA AVENUE
ARNOLD, PA.

Mr. Keller is one of the many young men in the Lutheran ministry who has turned to Home Mission work as a challenging place to begin one's efforts in the ministry. Many of our greatest congregations have been established by the men who are still their ministers. This is one of the sources of strength of the denomination.

Mr. Keller's academic training at Gettysburg College, where he was graduated in 1920, was interrupted by eighteen months' service in the World War, eleven of them in France. During that time he spent four months studying at the University of Nancy, France. He graduated from the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Gettysburg in 1923; and since that time has been the minister of the Lutheran Church at Arnold. He has been enrolled as a post-graduate student at the University of Pittsburgh in the department of psychology.

His brief career in the ministry has tested his strength in many ways. Possessed of vigor of intellect, unfaltering enthusiasm and a sense for reality that is very reassuring, Mr. Keller shows rare promise for a long and fruitful ministry.

✠

THE LEGACY OF PEACE

"Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you"
JOHN 14:27

IT WAS a sullen, disgruntled group of disciples that met with their Master in an upper room to celebrate the Feast of the Passover on the eve of our Lord's crucifixion. Certainly not a favorable mood for spiritual fellowship! Certainly not a desirable atmosphere for the intimate heart-to-heart farewell talk with his disciples which the writer of the fourth Gospel depicts for us.

Jesus does two things to change the atmosphere of that farewell feast. Both are most dramatic.

He takes a basin and towel and, moving from one to another, bathes the dusty feet of his disciples, even the feet of Judas who continues his bluff as Jesus continues his love; also the feet of Peter who is the only one to make protest.

There was no servant present to perform this preliminary act for the guests at this feast. Their Master performs this humble service. With a basin in his hand and a towel on his arm, Jesus melts the angry mood of his disciples who had been quarreling about the places of honor at the feast.

But the traitor in the group must be gotten rid of before the legacy of peace is announced. In response to John's question, "Lord who is it?" Jesus makes a dramatic gesture of reply by passing the gravy-dipped morsel of bread to Judas. Judas must choose between his premeditated act of treachery and an attitude of eligibility to share in Jesus' bequest. Judas makes his choice. He leaves. The Master's heart-to-heart talk follows.

At the conclusion of that intimate, affectionate farewell, Jesus makes his bequest of peace to his followers, "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

Christ never promised his followers an easy way, a release from burdens, freedom from discouragements, from temptations, from obstacles. He frankly told his disciples that they could expect persecution, hardship, even death for their loyalty to him. But he very definitely promised them quiet strength to bear their burdens, a new spirit to meet discouragement, adequate reinforcement to withstand temptation, available power to overcome obstacles; all these are included in Jesus' legacy of peace.

Two artists paint pictures to represent peace. The one pictures a lonely lake encompassed by towering mountains. The lake is still. There is not a ripple stirring. There is not a movement in the picture. It is the kind of peace the world might give if it could. Another artist paints a thundering waterfall. A fragile birch tree bends over and almost touches the on-rushing water. On the branch just above the roaring cataract is poised a bluebird singing. It is the kind of peace that Christ gives. In the midst of the rush and danger of life, calmness and joy!

The pictures that the gospel records give us of Jesus are a source of inspiriting encouragement. It is an inspiration to know that Jesus knew the hardships and vicissitudes of human life and in and through them found an inner peace. Jesus knew as the most poverty-stricken can know the struggles and hardships of daily living. We have his own statement of that fact. "Foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." He knew the natural hardness of human hearts. Did ever a teacher or comrade receive less of appreciation and friendship? "Many of his disciples turned back and walked no more with him." In the hour of greatest need for trusted friends to stand by him, "they all forsook him and fled." "And Peter began to curse and swear, saying, I know not this man of whom you speak."

The provocation to lose confidence in human nature and become embittered against life was great when a member of his disciple band plotted to betray him and civil authorities were about to arrest him. But, behold his attitude! Marvelous poise! "The cup that my Father giveth me, shall I not drink it?"

Jesus gave to the world sympathy and affection. Certainly he deserved the same in return. "For envy the chief priests delivered him up." The world gave him Calvary. What poise of perfect peace in Gethsemane as he bids his sleeping disciple, "Arise, let us be going; behold, he that betrayeth me is at hand!" In the midst of flashes of agony on Calvary, what divine forgiveness, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do!" It was his own peace that Jesus bequeathed.

Most of us know more about defeats and disappointments than we do about successes and triumphs. Each of us faces our own peculiar frustrations, delays, disappointments, sorrows, and bereavements. To have peace under such circumstances is to have "the peace of God which passeth all understanding." None of us are exempt. Nor are we shock proof. All of us suffer mental and spiritual shell shock.

In this striving, pushing, rushing whirl of making a living are we finding what we need most? Material blessings often add to our burdens. Modern luxuries often lay upon us increased tyrannies. The solution of one intellectual problem opens up a dozen others. We multiply the productive power of man a hundred fold and speed up his locomotion only to place the individual under a greater slavery of monotony and hazard. Rufus M. Jones in a recent address poignantly remarked, "We have been busy discovering the nature of the atom, and finding out that we can see 40,000 stars where Job saw the seven Pleiades, and building skyscrapers sixty stories high. We travel at the rate of two hundred and seventeen miles an hour. But what kind of persons are we when we get there?"

Is it not true that, deep down in our hearts, what we want most is the peace that Jesus bequeathed. Rabbi Goldman in a recent address before the Religious Education Association said, "The history of man has been a mad effort to find calmness, adjustment, peace. For his mechanistic self the material universe was all satisfying, but self-insufficiency led him to create an idealized world. He was in search of a completely satisfying life."

But how shall man find this satisfying life? How shall man find this peace? How shall he claim Christ's promise? He will not find it by seeking it. Like other great spiritual blessings, "the peace which passeth understanding" comes as a by-product.

The individual's adjustment to an outer and an inner world is an everlasting problem. Life is largely a grand round of obstacles to be overcome. Life is full of difficulties and discipline. Queen Victoria saluted the great pianist with the compliment, "Mr. Paderewski you are a genius." "Perhaps," was his laconic reply, "but before I became a genius I was a drudge." And his everlasting discipline is the means of obtaining satisfaction. Again he says, "If I neglect my piano a day, I know it. If I neglect my piano two days, my audience knows it. If I neglect my piano a week, the world knows it."

Peace is the by-product of the overcoming life. Christ's promise of peace becomes a legacy for all his followers, not because he walked by the shining shores of Galilee and was transfigured upon the Mount of Exaltation, but because he had power to see it through in Gethsemane and trod the via Dolorosa to a victorious death on the Mount of Crucifixion.

Christianity is not a method of escape from the world but a way of living in the world. It is a power to live at the point of conflict. To be a Christian means discipline of the soul. Inner peace accompanys a conquering attitude. Peace achieved by overcoming obstacles becomes power for further achievement.

With a powerful will, an unconquerable spirit, and a worthy purpose, obstacles can be overcome. Our newspapers recently carried an interesting editorial of a man who died at the age of fifty-seven in Louisville, Kentucky. He was an invalid from babyhood. Curvature of the spine followed muscular stagnation. He never walked. Yet C. Lee Cook won world fame through his accomplishments as inventor, scholar, artist, and authority on law, languages and history. His inventions were used in our emergency fleet. His paintings hang in important galleries. In a public utterance a short time before he died, he said his aim in life was to learn more to help others. Physically he never left a wheel chair; mentally and spiritually he roamed the world and molded it to his uses. He lived the overcoming life and found peace.

To tackle our obstacles means victory for the spirit. That victory brings peace. It may not always mean outward success but it does prepare the soul for inner peace.

A few years ago a boulder was unveiled upon the campus of Northwestern University. Upon it is carved a simple but suggestive epitaph, which pays a great tribute to a graduate of that University, a young doctor who died in service during the World War. While in the University he was never a brilliant student. He didn't make the varsity football team. But he tried. He possessed a conquering spirit. The tribute in his honor reads, "He played four years on the scrubs. He never quit."

One of our great hymns declaring the message of inner peace and assurance was composed in an hour of bitter soul anguish. It is a monument to a conquering spirit, a witness to a glorious triumph over deepest discouragement. A dejected student at an English university learns that he is about to become blind. He breaks the sad news to his fiancee and, under the circumstances, offers to release her from her betrothal. She decides to break the engagement. Plunged into a deeper gloom the student returns to his room. We don't know the name of the young woman. But we do know the name of George Matheson who in his desolation takes up his pen and writes:

"O Love that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be."

A man's biggest problem is himself. If a person is to achieve inner peace which Jesus knew and bequeathed, he must settle an inner conflict which is waged within the borders of his own person. In the secret chambers of every personality a conflict rages. Within are potential selves struggling for the mastery. Good and evil tendencies strive against each other. These tendencies and impulses may not always crystallize into distinct selves but they are there waging their conquest.

Someone in a poem has spoken of these impulses as influencing thought and conduct, as potential selves grouping themselves in two alignments:

"Within my earthly temple there's a crowd,
There's one of us that's humble, one that's proud;
There's one who's broken-hearted for his sins,
There's one who unrepentant sits and grins;
There's one who loves his neighbor as himself,
And one who cares for naught but fame and pelf.
From much perplexing care I would be free,
If I could once determine which is me."

This grouping of the potential selves within the person which has been a familiar subject for poets and novelists has also been the basis of formulation of great doctrines of religion by theologians. A multiplicity of potential selves making for an inner conflict has also been amply verified by the finding of psychologists.

Centuries ago Jesus told us that two masters are forever seeking man's allegiance—God and Mammon. Plato wrote of man as a character driving two horses, one white, striving heavenward; the other black, always pulling downward. Victor Hugo says that he feels two natures struggling within him. L. P. Jacks says there is a hero and a coward in the breast of every man. Robert Louis Stevenson in his masterful way depicts an eternal struggle of two men inside every human life—Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. St. Paul identified his better nature with his mind and his sinful nature with his body. Every person must determine with which of these warring factions the ego shall ally itself. We must make up our minds which of these potential selves we will be. Paul, who spoke of the "peace of God which passeth all understanding," boldly declared himself on the side of right and we hear him say, "I delight in the law of God but I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind." The inner peace desired comes to the integrated personality.

Christ succeeded in fashioning out of an inner conflict a self that towers in its moral grandeur, and spiritual poise. Behold the man! What was his secret? His life was centered, God-centered.

A man's greatness is measured by the degree of successful adjustment to life situations. The wider and more multiple the contacts and experiences of life situations the heavier the responsibility. The broader the contacts the more the person seems to be divided. The spread of time and energy over a variety of activities tends to a divided self. Differing activities often become logic-tight compartments within the personality. One pigeon hole must not know what the other pigeon hole containeth. Religion is often not permitted to interfere with business. Morality must not interfere in politics.

The self often becomes a multiplicity of selves. There is the occupational self, the daily bread self; there is the family self, the home self; there is the social self, the relation-to-your-fellow-man self; there is the political self, the citizen self; there is the spiritual self, the religious, church-life self. When these selves of the personality are properly centered and properly related there is harmony. Then the fly-wheel of life runs smoothly.

But so often there is an eccentric alignment. Then there is friction and confusion. There is a tendency to shift the center. The inner chambers of each personality disclose two potent tendencies, the centrifugal and the centripetal; the integrating and the disintegrating; the good and evil; the heroic and the cowardly; the saintly and the sinful; the optimistic and the pessimistic; the Godly and the satanic. These tendencies are always opposite to each other. They are two diametrically opposite philosophies of life. Who shall center these selves? Who shall keep these potential selves in orderly relationship? Who shall determine the expression of these emotions and longings? Shall Dr. Jeykll or Mr. Hyde?

Christ found the way. His life was like the petals of a beautiful flower. Each self was related to the other rightful self. There was no confusion. There was no pounding of the personality to pieces. Each self was centered. The alignment was harmonious. Jesus' life was not eccentric, not ego-centric, but theo-centric. Jesus' life was God centered.

Only God is big enough to bring order out of our chaos. Perhaps you have been rattling and banging around trying to find peace, harmony and inner satisfaction in the confusion of many activities. Jesus showed the way. His life was God centered. He called it "living abundantly." In such living he found peace.

We sing the Gloria Patri each Sunday. Is it for us a dead liturgy? Or is it an expression of our consecration and experience of the soul's refuge? Certainly it takes on new power as a symbol when we recapture something of the inner peace, the spiritual fervor, and the courageous consecration of a group of Christian martyrs in the Roman Arena. The Coliseum is packed with the holiday throng. And was not that multitude seeking peace? Surfeited passions, glutted appetites, jaded emotions, gory spectacles—all these had not brought inner peace to a civilization that had rotted at its heart. A group of men and women have been led into the center of the arena of martyrdom because they refuse to renounce their Christ. They are followers of "the way." Huddled together they await a cruel death. Subterranean doors are thrown open. Incarcerated beasts rush out. Hungry lions rush for their prey. A song rises from the group of consecrate followers:—"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. Amen."

The spectators have had their entertainment. The martyrs have known an inner peace.

"Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

SONS OF GOD

By Robert S. Miller

TRINITY LUTHERAN CHURCH
JUNIATA, PA.

✠

ROBERT S. MILLER

TRINITY LUTHERAN CHURCH
SIXTH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE
JUNIATA, PA.

"Life's total experience for Mr. Miller thus far has been cast within the confines of his native state, Pennsylvania. Born in Johnstown March 12th, 1894, he took his academic course in the Gettysburg Academy and Gettysburg College, being graduated in 1919. His theological training was completed in the Seminary at Gettysburg in 1921. His first pastorate was at St. Matthew's Lutheran Church, Crafton, Pa. During his incumbency there he spent two years as a post-graduate at the Western Theological Seminary, Pittsburgh, followed by two years of graduate study in the University of Pittsburgh in the department of psychology. Since 1927 Mr. Miller has been the minister of Trinity Lutheran Church, Juniata.

Young in years and experience, Mr. Miller has won the confidence of a growing circle of friends and well-wishers. His preaching is distinguished by its simplicity, fervor and an obvious willingness to face life as it is. It is of that very substantial sort that ministers so excellently to people who go to church because they feel a need for the ministry of religion.

In the industrial environment in which he now labors, opens before him a uniquely challenging opportunity.

✠

SONS OF GOD

"I will arise and go to my father"
LUKE 15:18

THE parable of the prodigal son is so familiar to most readers of the Bible that its very familiarity stands in the way of a deeper appreciation. There are times when I almost wish that instead of knowing more about the Bible we might know nothing about it so that we could come to it with fresh eyes and eager minds. Much of our ignorance of the Bible is due to an assumed knowledge of it. The Bible to many of its readers is somewhat like the shrines of history and art in our great cities, before which multitudes pass every day but never pause to enter. Others make long pilgrimages to these places which to the masses have become commonplace. But an art gallery is never properly known in terms of exterior dimensions or design. Only to those who go inside and linger in the company of the masters does real knowledge come.

Some persons read the Bible as coal is mined in certain sections of our state. The veins lie so near the surface that it is not necessary to sink a shaft; but the richest veins do not lie near the surface. To reach these the earth must be penetrated for many feet. Shafts sharp and precipitous must be sunk before the earth gives up her most abundant store. Much Bible reading is mere surface mining for truth. The content of scripture is quickly exhausted and subsequent reading is little more than digging among the left-overs. The parable of the prodigal son is a case in point. Some of us have listened to its reading hundreds of times and we allow this matchless story of Jesus to fall on dull and unresponsive ears. We should read it with tears in our eyes, when we listen to it with something of a yawn.

The story itself needs no recital but there is need, I think, for interpretation. I want you to think with me of those words which came to the lips of the prodigal son as he touched the bottom of his shame and degradation. This youth had gone the limit in getting away from all that is good and true. He had reached that point in human experience where men are wont to drop out of sight almost entirely and surrender to the consequences of a foolish choice. Many a prodigal has never had the courage to do what this boy did. There was one thing that saved him and gave him the power to pull himself out of the deep pit. It was the consciousness of his relation to some one else that put a new purpose into his soul. When he came to himself, when the man that had once been rose up within him, he said, "I will arise and go to my father." Let us not miss the significance of that. This boy still believed that he was his father's son and had a right to say so. He had fallen into the gutter. He was a fool and a profligate in the eyes of others but he did not forget that he was some one's son. Within his own breast beat the life of his father. Because he was a man-child, begotten of his father, he had the courage to turn his face towards home.

This parable is one of three that Luke gives us in the fifteenth chapter of his gospel. Here they are strung together like three beautiful pearls—the parable of the lost sheep, the parable of the lost coin, and the parable of the lost son. But these three parables tell essentially the same story. Note the fact that the sheep that was lost was still the property of the shepherd. It was wandering away somewhere on the desolate mountainside. Perhaps it was lying bruised and bleeding in the embrace of a rugged ravine. Nevertheless, the sheep belonged to the shepherd. The lost coin had slipped away into a dark corner of the room. It was hidden among bits of litter, but it was still the property of the anxious housewife. That coin belonged to her even though for the time being it was lost. The prodigal was also lost but he was still a son. That fact made it possible for him to stand upon his feet and say, "I will arise and go to my father. I've dishonored him and forgotten his wise counsel. I know that I am not worthy to claim his name but, be that as it may, I am still my father's son. Nothing that happens can ever change that."

Is this truth too obvious to stir our hearts or is it too simple to make any impression upon our jaded souls? To my mind, it is one of the most majestic truths of scripture. To realize the truth of this parable is to expose one's self to a profound spiritual change. If more of us realized it with greater force, we should exhibit some marked differences. If there is power in any truth to transform character and life we should find it in this. The greatest fact to which we may awake is the fact of our divine sonship. We are God's children begotten by him. We share his image and divine spirit. We are members of "the divine society."

Simple as these statements may seem to be they are in reality the affirmation of a great faith. We pride ourselves upon the victory of faith when we can stand up in the services of the church and declare our belief in God.

A greater exercise of faith is to say we believe in man, in man as the son of God. We believe that no matter how far he may be from the divine ideal, no matter how far down in the scale of moral attainment, he is still essentially a son of God. The character of God remains constant. God is the unchangeable, the same yesterday, today and forever. Man is a creature of whims and moods. We know much about the fickleness of human nature from our own experience. We need only consult our own hearts to learn how wide is the range of good and evil. It is not always easy to believe in man. Just when we are most confident about the possibilities of our fellows we are invited to visit the inmates of our penal institutions. "Come with me," says a less optimistic friend, "and I will show you men and women who have committed every crime in the catalogue. They have played fast and loose with the marriage relationship. Look upon these men who have beaten their wives and sent their children out to beg. Here are those who have robbed others of life and property and if they had the opportunity to do these things again they would." And another says, "It is not necessary to go into our jails and penitentiaries to prove that men are base at heart. The biggest crooks are not in jails. The worst criminals are not behind prison bars. They walk the streets of our cities. They sit in the seats of the mighty. They defy the laws of state with impunity and trust to wealth and corrupt influence to protect them. No, let us not talk about faith in mankind." I shall not forget very soon a remark made to me by a man far advanced in life, a man who was in the active ministry of the church. In a moment of general denunciation and personal bitterness, he said to me, "I trust no one any more." Of course, he was forgetting that the man who does not trust is not likely to find people who may be trusted. And I said to him, "If I believed that, I should leave the ministry at once." I should. I should consider the task of the ministry an utterly hopeless one.

There is no gainsaying the difficulties of faith in man. Read your daily newspaper, read the bare headlines, and then say to yourself, "I believe in man." Go home at the end of a day spent among people who are selfish and mad for power and money. Then say to yourself, "I believe in man." Go to the slums of almost any big city and observe how people live. See how some wallow in their misery because they have no desire to do otherwise. See how others are kept there by the greed and inhumanity of polite people. Then say to yourself, "I believe in man." If you can honestly say that you believe in man, you are a man of faith.

Difficult, however, as this affirmation of faith may be, it is one which must never be allowed to perish, not if we propose to stand upon the high level of faith maintained in the Bible. There we are warned against any surrender of faith in man. To doubt the possibilities of man and his capacity for good is to deny man's inherent relation to God. Wrapped up in every human being is a bit of something that makes humanity akin to God. We may sometimes doubt if such a thing is there. We may frequently wonder if in the course of man's long history that seemingly delicate thread has not been broken, but in the end we are driven back to the position that there is between God and man a bond which no change of circumstance or time can completely sever. The prodigal could not escape from his sonship. Neither can you and I. We are sons of God and no denial on our part can wholly obliterate that fact. Let us see how we are forced to this belief by the testimony of the scriptures.

We come face to face with this fact in the early chapters of Genesis. It is a pity that we should allow needless controversy to blind us to the sublime truth that these early chapters of Genesis are trying to convey to our minds. All the recent hubbub over evolution misses the point of these primitive accounts. Both the evolutionist and the biblical literalist begin to trace man's history from the same point. The literalist objects to the lowly origin which science assigns to man. One can hardly begin with anything more humble than that with which the Bible begins. God begins with dust. But it is not with the beginning of man's creation that we should stop. The Bible does not stop there. Before it has finished with the account of man's creation, it tells us that God breathed into man the breath of life. God made man in his own image. Does God's image mean that God is a kind of super-man with physical form and characteristics? I take the scriptures to mean something quite different from that. The image of God as reflected in man is fundamentally the capacity for moral and spiritual experience. God made man so that the divine love might have that which could answer to it in terms of its own being. "Thou hast made us for thyself and our hearts are restless until they find their rest in thee." Just as the heart of a man hungers for the love of a woman, and as the heart of a woman seeks the affection of a noble man, so the natures of God and man are drawn to each other. They find in each other that which each desires. Hence, I say, we are the sons of God by right of creation. We bear the image of God because we can't help it. We may mar that image. We may all but efface it but we can never destroy it entirely. The prerogative always remains to the individual to rise up and say, "I will go to my father."

The ministry of Jesus lends immense weight to this conception of man. You ask me to tell you in a word what it was that Jesus accomplished and I answer: "He gave back to men a sense of their divine sonship." "To as many as received him to them gave he power to become the sons of God." He gave to others what he so supremely possessed. As he moved in and out among men they began to feel that they were not subjects or servants but sons. They found themselves able to say what they were formerly fearful to say, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God." We are heirs and joint-heirs with Christ. We have been alienated, lost to our father, lost to our finest selves, but we know now who we are and to whom we belong.

The discovery of this truth brought joy and power into the experience of many of whom we read in the New Testament. There was Zaccheus, a little, despised, and, I daresay, unhappy Jew. I suppose that as this man Zaccheus walked the streets of his native town the respectable people turned up their noses and said to themselves, "Let him go to the devil to whom he belongs. He's only a dirty servant of Rome. We'll have nothing to do with him." And then one day there came into his town One whose fame had gone before him. As he was passing along the streets this man Zaccheus climbed up into a sycamore tree that he might see Jesus. He wanted to see Jesus but he didn't suspect that Jesus wanted to see him. And when Jesus came to the place where he was, he looked up into the tree and said, "Zaccheus, come down. Let's go home together." I suppose many a tongue began to wag. "Why, this man has gone to be the guest of a publican. Can you beat that?" "But," says Jesus, "this publican is a son of God. And the Son of Man is come to seek and to save the lost."

"Blessed are they who give us back our self-respect," says Mark Rutherford. A sense of self-respect begins with a sense of sonship. Jesus gave it to Zaccheus. He gave it to the woman at Jacob's well. He gave it with overwhelming freshness to all those who entered intimately into his fellowship. In him the Father had come to reclaim his wayward sons and daughters. God was proposing to restore his family to their full rights. The religious contemporaries of Jesus were striving hard to prove that they were the sons of Abraham. What of it? There was no special virtue in that. "You are sons of God," declared Jesus, "and in that are your highest prerogatives."

But why labor the point in this manner? What is the resultant meaning of this truth? Briefly, it is one that must be given a more hearty insistence if the church is to prosecute more successfully the evangelization of society. Present-day evangelization is lacking in motive power. We have sought for it in fear. Fear as a motive to the religious life is fast on the wane. Scaring people into the kingdom of God is a poor business. People scared into the kingdom of God are soon outside again. I don't believe Jesus ever meant we should recruit the kingdom forces with a threat of hell. Love, not fear, is the supreme motive of obedience. Let us put membership in the kingdom of God upon a basis that is more consistent with the ideal of Jesus. Sonship is that ideal and we must learn to interpret it and present it to the modern mind in a way that will not repel but will attract. We are God's sons and we are false to everything eternally good and right if we forget it. To enter into a vivid consciousness of that fact is the greatest discovery any soul can make. Let a man once realize that he is nothing less than a son of God and he will find himself confronted with a challenge of great power. It is the challenge to live a life worthy of that sonship, a life worthy of the endless possibilities of eternity. If we are looking for a dynamic in religion, we may find it here, and if not here, then nowhere.

There are few more tense moments in *Les Misérables* than those in the home of the old Bishop when the officers arrive in the morning with Jean Valjean. They have come with the silverware and the man who has stolen it. A word from the Bishop will send Jean Valjean back to the life of a convict from which he has been lately released. But the officers are disarmed when the old Bishop assures them that the silverware really belongs to Jean Valjean. And to the utter surprise of all in the room the Bishop takes his silver candlesticks from the mantel and adds them to the treasure that Jean Valjean has already removed. "Now," says the Bishop, "go in peace. By the way, when you return, my friend, it is not necessary to pass through the garden. You can always enter and depart through the street door. It is never fastened with anything but a latch, either by day or night." And as Jean Valjean stands speechless before his benefactor the old Bishop continues, "Do not forget, never forget, that you have promised to use this money in becoming an honest man. Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. It is your soul that I buy from you;

I withdraw it from black thoughts and the spirit of perdition, and I give it to God."

Do I make clear my thought of sonship? Can we make it clear to those who have lost it? The success we have in doing this will disclose our ability to translate what is vital in religion.

MULTIPLYING YOUR WORTH

By Ross H. Stover

MESSIAH LUTHERAN CHURCH
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Ross H. Stover

MESSIAH LUTHERAN CHURCH
SIXTEENTH AND JEFFERSON STREETS
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Dr. Stover has the very unique distinction of speaking to a Thursday evening prayer meeting that numbers nearly fifteen hundred in attendance. Moreover, his congregation in the ten years that he has presided over it has increased in membership from three hundred and fifty to more than eighteen hundred. In the same length of time eight persons have gone out from his church to the Foreign Mission Field and five young men have either entered upon or begun their preparation for the ministry. Coöperating in the work of the church under his leadership is a staff of seven. Such a record of achievement bespeaks a popularity for this young preacher that is notable.

Dr. Stover graduated from Wittenberg College in 1912 and from the Hamma Divinity School in 1915. He began his ministry in Wapakoneta, Ohio. His present church is the second congregation that he is serving. During the war Dr. Stover was a camp singing master.

Gettysburg College conferred upon him the degree of doctor of divinity in 1923.

An engaging personality, unlimited energy and a contagious spirit of friendliness combine in Dr. Stover to make him the successful minister that he is.

✠

MULTIPLYING YOUR WORTH

"After these things Jesus went over the sea of Galilee which is the sea of Tiberias. And a great multitude followed him, because they saw his miracles which he did on them that were diseased. And Jesus went up into a mountain, and there he sat with his disciples. And the passover, a feast of the Jews, was nigh. When Jesus then lifted up his eyes, and saw a great multitude come unto him, he saith unto Philip, 'Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?' And this he said to prove him; for he himself knew what he would do. Philip answered him, 'Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that everyone of them may take a little.' One of his disciples, Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, said unto him, 'There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes; but what are they among so many?' And Jesus said, 'Make the men sit down.' Now there was much grass in the place. So the men sat down, in number about five thousand, and Jesus took the loaves; and when he had given thanks, he distributed to the disciples, and the disciples to them that were set down and likewise of the fishes as much as they would. When they were filled, he said unto his disciples, 'Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost'"

JOHN 6:1-12

MY ENTIRE intention in this sermon is to have you notice what happened when a little lad presented five loaves and two fishes to the Lord Jesus. I believe we can see best the lessons taught by the use of three words: "Possession," "Presentation," "Multiplication."

Possession. The lad possessed five loaves and two fishes.

When Jesus looked upon that large company of people and saw them weary and hungry, he said to that matter-of-fact man Philip, "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?" Perhaps Philip did not answer immediately. Wending his way through that great multitude, he counted them and tried to estimate just how much bread it would take to feed them. Finally he brought his answer to the master: "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little."

Andrew, that apostle who was always looking for opportunities to serve his Lord, had been listening to the conversation, so he remarked: "There is a lad here, who has five barley loaves and two small fishes; but what are they among so many?"

It is a splendid thing for every Christian to estimate his or her worth. The Bible advises: "Every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly." We should sit down and measure up; yes, we should make an "inventory" of our values, our talents, *our worth.* This can be done with the idea of humble service and without the least conceit. The man who egotistically thinks he can do something and then tries to do more than he is able, just for personal gain or honor, is wrong. And just as wrong is the Christian who thinks he can do less than he is able to do and tries very little. "Think soberly."

At this moment will you ask yourself: "What are my possessions? *What am I worth?"* Heaven values you far more highly than you value yourself. You are a creation of God's hand. If you were placed on one side of the scales and all the world of material things were placed on the other side, you would more than balance them. Our Heavenly Father thought so much of you, his child, that he sacrificed his only begotten Son that you might live eternally.

The average man is five feet, ten inches tall, and weighs one hundred and fifty pounds. Chemical experts have made an analysis of this average man. They say that he contains enough fat to make seven bars of soap; enough iron to make two ten penny nails; enough salt to season one hard boiled egg; enough sugar to sweeten one cup of coffee; enough lime to white-wash one medium sized chicken coop; and enough sulphur to take the fleas from one small Pomeranian pup. The entire collection is worth ninety-eight cents. The materials of man's body may not be worth much, but when his living soul is placed in the body, the value is enormous. God has invested much in you.

You are *worth to the world* the amount of human happiness which you provide for others, plus the difference between what we consume and what we produce, plus every way in which we have given others a better chance. Yes, we are worth the good which we leave to be inherited by the next generation.

This little lad had five loaves and two fishes. They were his *possessions.* They didn't seem very much, just enough for his hungry self. Surely they were nothing to so many hungry people as there were present in that desert place.

What are your possessions? What are your talents? They may seem few and insignificant to you, but not to God, your Creator.

The largest graveyard in the world is that in which are buried the unused talents of human beings.

Possessions! The little lad had five loaves and two fishes. What have you?

Presentation. The lad presented what he had to Jesus.

The Scripture says: "Jesus took the loaves." This boy could have eaten that lunch and would have been entirely forgotten. When they requested his *possessions* he presented them to Jesus.

Selfishness has wrapped up most people in a hard shell. They present nothing to the Lord. Talents used for self alone are power gone mad. Moses held in his possession "The Rod." It was worth much to him and to his people because he used it for God. By its use the waters of the Red Sea were parted, and battles were won. What have you in your hand? What is your worth? Have you presented it to the Lord?

A little boy said, "Daddy, this tea is not sweet." The father answered, "Just take your spoon and stir it." He stirred it hard, tasted it and said, "Now it's sweet." In God's word we read: "Stir up the gift that is within you." The stirring is lively when you present your gifts to God.

We often look at the size of the task, then glance at our little possessions and talents, and say, "Oh! What's the use. My bit in this work amounts to nothing." There are many people who spend their time whining about their small possessions and their few opportunities. Their whining stops them from using whatever talents they do have. All God asks of you is, that you consecrate just what you have to his service. Roosevelt said, "Life's a game, don't flinch! Don't foul! Hit the line hard!" That's the spirit of a Christian and a winner.

I read with interest this remark made by a great baseball player, "If a man were to let me choose the easiest place in baseball, I'd like to play in the field alongside of Tris Speaker." When a ball is a few inches outside of his own area, he doesn't say, "Let George get it." He has the reputation of going after everything. When he is in the game he plays hard every minute. Now, that is the spirit of bringing for use everything that you have.

History will bear out the statement that "You cannot save life by saving it." Read the lives of great ministers, great doctors, great scientists, or great men in every walk of life and you will find them to have been "hard workers." What I mean is, they buried their life in the lives of others. They brought what they had and presented it for use.

The secret of Abraham's greatness was to be found in the fact that he obeyed the Lord. His presentation was that of sacrifice. Consecration to God and to the service of mankind led the saintly David Livingstone into the heart of Africa that those in darkness might have heaven's light; inspired Florence Nightingale to care so tenderly for the soldiers of the Crimean War that she was called "The Angel of Crimea"; urged Abraham Lincoln to lead a nation in the freeing of four million slaves; caused Russell Conwell to take as his motto "Try to Meet the Needs of Others."

The story is told of an Irishman who was going through a cemetery reading the tombstone inscriptions. With surprise he stopped before one which read, "I still live." Shaking his head he said: "Faith, and if I was dead, I'd own up to it." If dead people are those who live only for self, thousands, even in our Christian Churches, would be owning up to such a confession. Presentation to the Lord brings life.

A shoe merchant placed this unique sign over the door, "God first, family second, shoes third." That is what is meant by presentation—putting God first in your life.

A great Christian business gentleman was conversing with a certain man. "I don't see why you are so much interested in church," said the man. "I have never derived any good from it." The Christian gentleman asked, "Have you put anything into it?" He answered, "No." "I have always noticed," said the business man, "that dividends are only paid to stockholders." We must give to get. We must invest to derive dividends. I should think that the man would still be digesting that remark. When one invests in the Church and in Christ's cause, most certainly he will get something of great benefit out of it. There are no exceptions to the rule. I have never seen in all my ministry one man sincerely presenting himself to God who was not blessed.

Bring to God what you have. Our students preparing for God's ministry are doing that. Our missionaries who have gone from our midst are doing that. Our Sunday School teachers and hundreds of our members are doing that. It is a lesson which we can learn from the lad who brought and gave to Jesus his five loaves and two fishes.

Multiplication. There was a wonderful multiplication of what the lad presented.

Jesus took the loaves, gave thanks, and distributed to the disciples, and they in turn distributed to the people. This multiplication of the bread and fishes in Jesus' hands continued until the hunger of every one of the five thousand people had been satisfied. Then Jesus commanded the disciples to gather up the fragments so that nothing be wasted. These fragments filled twelve baskets. Think of it! There were more fragments left than there were loaves when they began to serve.

Just as our Lord multiplied the loaves and fishes, so he has multiplied the usefulness and worth of thousands of believers who have given their lives to Him.

We would possibly never have heard of Paul, had it not been for the fact that he was converted to God. The peasant fishermen, who later became apostles and eminent preachers, would have lived and died in their boats—poor, ignorant men—had they not met Jesus. He multiplied their worth.

I never could understand how a farmer could throw away a few bushels of seed in the spring and then go out in the summer and gather in a great harvest. But that happens every year and that's exactly the way in which our Lord multiplies the worth of a man who buries his life in his service.

Little Johnnie laughed out loud in the school-room. The teacher said, "Johnnie, have I not always said that you children can smile, but never laugh out loud?" Johnnie answered, "Teacher, I was only smilin', but it busted." Friend, if you will give your whole being to the Master and follow him, your life will burst out into new joys and assurances and blessings for others.

When a soul turns toward God and God buries his faith in that soul, self-respect immediately springs up and with it the spirit of enterprise. Most certainly in Christ's hands your worth will be multiplied.

Fannie Crosby was blind. Her life she presented to God. She began to use her splendid talents to write those inspiring hymns which are sung in worship and praise in every land.

Dr. Anna Kugler might have remained unknown all her life at her home at Ardmore, Pennsylvania, but she gave her life to serve God in India. Now she is known over the world as the great missionary surgeon of our Church in India.

You are only an instalment of what you can be. You will recall that the Lord Jesus said to the man with the withered hand, "Stretch forth thy hand." The man might have answered, "Lord, I have been this way for thirty years," and he would have lived on with a withered hand. He obeyed and, as he obeyed, the hand was made whole. Presentation and obedience are twins. Think it over—you have never seen anyone obey the Lord who was not blessed; nor have you ever seen anyone present anything to the Lord that there was not a multiplication.

The finest work a man can do is to turn a sinner from the error of his way to Christ. The Bible says that by so doing we cover a multitude of sins. Think of multiplying your worth one hundred per cent because you have succeeded in bringing another life into God's service!

Friendliness, smiles, encouraging words, all these things may seem small but they often render great service. I recently read of a man who came into the church with his hat on. The minister noticed him, so he called an usher and told him to correct the man. The usher said, "Kind sir, you have forgotten to remove your hat." Taking it off, the man answered, "I'm very thankful. I thought that would do it. I have been coming here for two years and no one has ever spoken to me until you came to me tonight." Just look around, there may be a chance right now to multiply your worth. Your opportunity is in the person next to you.

There is a section of the city of Springfield, Ohio, called "Ridgewood." A few years ago the land could have been purchased for a small price. One of the large real estate firms bought this land and gave it the name of "Ridgewood." They began to improve it. They curbed and paved the streets, placed cluster lights along the walks, constructed a beautiful boulevard through the center of the community and made the rule that no house under a certain value could be built there. Because of these improvements this beautiful section multiplied immensely in value.

Friend, you have rich possessions. Present them to God. Bring what you have to the Lord. By such a consecration your activities will be centered in right things; your virtues will grow; there will leap up in your heart a new self-respect, and a love for God, which will fill the mind with a desire to meet the needs of others. Then you will be of more value. Your worth will be multiplied. You will produce more than you consume. You will contribute to the world's happiness and will leave an inheritance of goodness which will make it easier for the next generation.

When a man says, "Lord Jesus, here am I, what wilt Thou have me to do?" he has made a presentation of his possession which will bring him forgiveness of his sins, the constant companionship of the Lord, and a sure victory here and hereafter. That is indeed a worth-while multiplication.

Yes, three words, "Possession," "Presentation," "Multiplication," tell the story of every life which is earnestly lived in the Lord Jesus Christ.

O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt and when and where
Until Thy blessed face I see.
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.
Amen.

CHRIST AND WAR

By WILLIAM F. SUNDAY

THE LUTHERAN CHURCH OF ST. JAMES
NEW YORK CITY

✠

William F. Sunday

THE LUTHERAN CHURCH OF ST. JAMES
MADISON AVENUE AND SEVENTY-THIRD STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Dr. Sunday brings to his pulpit a background of academic training that is thoroughly adequate. Graduating from Gettysburg College in 1916, he continued his theological training at the Seminary at that place. Immediately upon graduation he accepted the pastorate of the Second Lutheran Church, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, and served with distinction for two years, 1919-1921. He then went abroad for study, dividing his time between the University of Edinburgh, Scotland; the University of Tuebingen, Germany; and Mansfield College, Oxford. In 1924 he achieved the degree of doctor of philosophy at the University of Edinburgh. Upon his return to America that year he was installed as minister of the Lutheran Church of St. James, New York City, where he continues to the present. Possessed of a fine personality and an eager ambition to make religion count in modern life, Dr. Sunday is pressing on to the fulfillment of his dream. His sermon in this volume reveals both the qualities of his mind and the earnestness of his spirit.

✠

CHRIST AND WAR

"Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more"
ISAIAH 2:4

OUR hearts are lighter this morning, not alone because two brave Germans and a heroic Irishman are alive and have succeeded in a scientific venture which hitherto has met with repeated disaster and death; but, also because of a subtle satisfaction and joy which come with the knowledge that a former enemy nation is extending through the storms and darkness of the seas, the hand of good will and peace.

Their success is published in the issue of our daily press which announces that our Secretary of State has submitted to the governments of Great Britain, Germany, Italy and Japan, a suggested draft treaty as a basis for discussion designed as an instrument for the unqualified renunciation of war.

Throughout the history of civilization, war has been in some measure, legalized. Furthermore, from the conversion of Constantine and his victory over Maxentius, down to and through the world war, under the sign of the Cross, Christian nations have destroyed each other. As a matter of fact, in 416 A. D. the Roman Army enlisted none but professed Christians. Instead of voicing Christ's ethic of peace through good will, the various branches of His church, from that time until this, have been blessing and supporting the wars in which their respective civil states happened to be engaged.

"Nation shall not lift up sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more." For the Hebrew mind this was the prophetic description of the Being of God. It is not unlikely that, to the mind of the Hebrew, this period of peace was to be the culmination of a great military victory. To beat a man into a state of inactive opposition is one thing; to win a man by loving him to the uttermost is quite another. The first is the peace of the Old Testament; the second is the peace of the New.

Though the masses were looking to Jesus to lead them in armed revolt against Rome, there is not a single evidence in the records of the sayings of Jesus or of his immediate followers that the Kingdom of God could be established through human force.

"My kingdom is not of this world," was his reply to Pilate. He established it upon the principle that "whosoever would save his life must lose it." He had brought victory out of defeat and life out of death. And those who immediately followed him had no other thought than to make his principle of redemptive love the basis upon which to build the new order.

Little, if any, thought was given to the practical application of this ethic to the question of their active participation in war. At this time, the Christian church consisted almost entirely of Jews and of slaves. Since the Roman Empire resorted to conscription very rarely, it can be understood how Christians of the first century and a half could continue on the basis of Christ's principle of redemptive love without answering the question whether or not it was right for a professing Christian to bear arms against his fellow man.

The attitude of First Century Christianity is well put in the "First apology" by Justin Martyr, addressed to the Emperor Antoninus Pius about the year 150 A. D.

"Twelve men went out from Jerusalem into the world and they were ignorant men, unable to speak; but, by the power of God, they told every race of men that they were sent by Christ to teach all men the word of God. And, we, who formerly slew one another not only do not make war against our enemies, but, for the sake of not telling lies or deceiving those who examine us, gladly die confessing Christ."

In the year 248, Celsus made a bitter attack against the Christianity of his time because it lacked public spirit and was not making its contribution to the military enterprises of the Empire. To this, Origen, the great Alexandrian historian, replies: "We fight for the Emperor more than others do; we do not serve as soldiers with him, even though he requires us to do so; but, we do serve as soldiers on his behalf, training a private army of true religion by means of intercession to the Deity."

We have intimated that the great change in the attitude of the church to war came with the conversion of the Emperor Constantine in the early 4th century. The Emperor was converted and the Roman Empire became Christian, but as Professor Grubb states, "The Cross itself, the symbol of sacrificial love, had been degraded by Constantine into an emblem of war, under which he marched, as he believed, to certain victory. The reputed nails of the Cross, sent him by his mother, Helena, he had made into bits for his war horse. The Church, overjoyed at her triumph and at the cessation of persecution, welcomed the protection of Constantine in a spirit that involved her in blind acceptance of his standards of righteousness. We may well ask ourselves whether we should regard the year 323 as marking the Christianizing of the Empire or the paganizing of Christianity."

By accepting the support of the State, the Church lost its independence. At the same time, there seemed to emerge a subtle classification of Christians—(a) the perfect Christian, who was expected to live up to the Christ interpretation of life entirely—"celibacy, poverty, aloofness from the world and entire devotion to the service of God,"—and (b) the nominal Christian, who was permitted to marry, engage in business, hold public office and engage in military service. Eusebius, the Church Historian of the 4th century, said that there developed a doctrine in the church which rendered it permissible to engage in military service for those who could not rise to counsels of perfection.

The Christian Church's attitude to war was molded as well by the attacks which the fighting hords of Islam made in the 7th century and by the successive attacks of the Huns, Goths and the Vandals which broke up the structure of the Roman Empire. When, finally, in the Middle Ages, the Church conducted its crusades, there was little indeed left to remind one of the religion of Jesus and his apostles.

Since the days of Constantine, the Roman Catholic Church has sponsored religious and civic wars. Strange as it may seem, the Reformation, instead of creating a more wholesome attitude to war on the part of the church, only complicated the situation. Since the Reformation, Christendom has not engaged itself as a unit in waging warfare against a common foe. But Christian nations and groups of Christian nations, of Protestant as well as Roman Catholic persuasion, have fought each other, in many cases, under the banner of the cross.

Our ethical judgments in regard to war, as in other things, must be relative—they must correspond to the degree of enlightenment which we have reached.

For the first time in the history of civilization, the political leaders of our great nations are now seriously considering a multilateral treaty for the outlawry of war. And in essence, the attitude of signatory nations would be much the same as that of the early Christian Church.

A British writer has recently said, "While national interests and honor are put in the forefront of a peoples' demands, they are likely to be the first thoughts of its diplomatists. It is, perhaps, impossible to exaggerate the effect for good that would be produced in the mind of the world as a whole by a really generous action on the part of a great nation—one that meant a real surrender of national interest for the manifest good of humanity—as, for example, a proposal by our own country for the internationalization and disarmament of Gibraltar, that the passage of the Straits might be free for the ships of all nations, both in peace and war."

It is a beautiful thought. But, when Dr. Littleton, the headmaster of a great English public school, suggested such action, there was a popular outcry of Christian citizens sufficient to demand his immediate resignation. Dr. Littleton resigned, but there is no record that organized Christianity in Great Britain made any effort to support him.

Is the Christian church strong enough to study seriously the ethic of Christ on this question? While our thinkers are maintaining that the ultimate freedom of the yellow, dark and black races of the world will bring inevitable and most intense race conflicts, it is imperative that the church of Christ clarify its missionary approach to these people.

Are the churches of Christ throughout the world prepared to declare and maintain in practise, the doctrine of the brotherhood of man? Are they prepared to give the frank recognition in word and in fact, that in the sight of God, men are equal; that irrespective of color, language or creed, this be regarded as the practical side of the church's missionary job. Only as we can awaken this Christ attitude in the church itself, can we expect a lasting good to come from the conferences which Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Coolidge have encouraged.

Nor must war continue as the one necessary and hitherto successful method of keeping a population within the limits of its capacity to sustain itself. Disease is never cured by legalizing its symptoms. War, like murder, arson and theft, is a symptom of moral disease. Must war continue to be legalized and sanctioned by the church?

That the Church of Jesus Christ, which has for its goal the winning of the world through persuasion and love, should have been committed for more than sixteen hundred years to approval of war, constitutes one of the tragedies of history.

With the modern development of science, this situation cannot endure. Tomorrow, there will be Christian civilization according to the principles of Jesus or self-destruction through war.

The present, happily, is not without its promising outlook. In every civilized country the Christian church has today an opportunity to lift its message from the fields of authority and tradition and to plant it in the fertile soil of experience. Federations of churches, the Church Peace

Union and similar organizations by international conferences and discussions are implanting the concept of Christian brotherhood and are gradually reversing the historic attitude of the church to war. A vital Christian consciousness on this point is imperative. Let us support wholeheartedly those political leaders of our own and other nations who are ceaselessly laboring to make of war a crime against humanity and to categorize it with other accidents of moral disease.

CHRIST AND HEALTHY THINKING

By FRED R. KNUBEL

THE CHURCH OF THE REFORMATION
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

✠

FRED R. KNUBEL

THE CHURCH OF THE REFORMATION
11 GROVE STREET
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The graduation of Mr. Knubel from Gettysburg College in 1918 was coincident with the selection of his father to be the first, and to this date only president of the United Lutheran Church. From Gettysburg College Mr. Knubel went to the Lutheran Theological Seminary, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, for his theological course. He graduated in 1921; he pursued his studies during two additional years, receiving the B. D. degree in 1923. His primary interest in religious education turned him to the Church of the Reformation in Rochester as the assistant minister and director of religious education. For four years he served in this capacity, only to find himself chosen as the minister of the church in July of 1927. A more complete endorsement of his ability so young a man (he was born in 1897) could not have.

Mr. Knubel brings to his leadership a keen mind, a healthy interest in the interesting pageantry of life, splendid training and great ambition. In his present position he has lost none of his consuming interest in religious education, for he not only lectures at the Mt. Airy Seminary in that field from time to time, but he serves on promotional committees in his own city and on various boards and committees of the United Lutheran Church.

✠

CHRIST AND HEALTHY THINKING

"Bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ"
II COR. 10:5

IF A Christian is one whose whole life is given over to Christ, it must follow that one of the most important parts of his life, his thinking, shall go with it. Christ must guide his thoughts concerning God, man, and the universe.

Now, there is an almost instinctive resentment against such an idea, in many modern minds. They do not like the words, "bringing into captivity every thought." No thought, they say, should be brought into captivity of any kind. Thought should be free, untrammeled, unshackled by religion or anything else. It should be free as the air, free as the out of doors. This strikes a responsive chord in all of us. We want to be intellectually free, truly broadminded, unhampered and expansive, facing the logical and scientific results of clear thinking no matter what those results reveal concerning our most cherished dreams. Can a Christian, then, be intellectually free and yet bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ?

Let it be said at the outset that Jesus never thwarted the use of plain, untrammeled thinking. He advised his disciples to "consider" and "observe" and "reason" upon the facts of nature, the lilies of the field and the birds of the air. He rebuked his listeners because they did not use, in discerning "the signs of the times," the same straight thinking which they used to discern signs of coming weather. "Why judge ye not yourselves that which is right?" He rebuked his disciples for illogical thinking concerning "the leaven of the Pharisees." He showed no resentment to intellectual criticism of himself and his message, but responded in each case by more logical thinking. The spirit of free inquiry he ever encouraged concerning himself. His appeal was to facts and experience. "Come and see!"

A study of the context of Paul's admonition to bring thoughts captive to Christ, as well as a study of his whole life and intellectual training, brings us to the same conclusion. What, then, does Paul mean? In general we may say that Paul cannot wish to preclude untrammeled thinking but to keep thinking *straight* and *to put thinking into its right relationship to the rest of life.*

Will our thinking be straighter for bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ? Well, if it is to be straight thinking, it will have to be brought captive to something. Otherwise, we shall be simply daydreaming, or else thinking in circles. When thoughts begin to wander and stray, flitting like a butterfly from fancy to fancy, we soon find ourselves off in Spain's castles and we get nowhere with our problem. We need a kind of intellectual policeman, to go after our thoughts and arrest them and bring them captive to some order and direction. There is an advertisement which we have probably all seen which pictures a young man slouched in his office chair, thinking of his future. In the background of the drawing is a representation of what is going on in his mind. He is wandering from one thing to another—his anger at his employer, his summer vacation, his sweetheart, his dreams of finding by luck some buried treasure, his luncheon engagement, his anger at the weather. All are in a horrible mixture. His thinking is not brought captive to order, rule, ideal, or organization. He is a "free" thinker!

What is it that makes us intellectually distorted? Let a living master logician tell us. Professor John Dewey, in his book "How We Think," declares that there are three reasons. First, he says, if we are to think straight we must have a sturdy independence. We dare not take the voice of the crowd or of tradition, the calls of popular opinion, fads, and customs as the final arbiter. That is to say, we must be sturdy, brave and alert—not lazy or fearful. *Our thoughts must be brought captive to our ideal* of manfully facing the truth as we see it.

Where shall we find the inspiration and help toward such an ideal as we find it in Jesus of Nazareth? It was in Jesus the sturdy and fearless, in Jesus who dared to speak with equal frankness to the Pharisees and to his own disciples, who feared no man, not even the representative of imperial Caesar, who went to the cross rather than lose himself in compromise with the spirit of the times—it was in Jesus that heroic lives such as Paul and Luther found their inspiration to pioneer and then stand upon their convictions. Jesus has been the leader of fearless thinking during the past two thousand years. Oh, the church has not been blameless here, as we read history, but its mistakes have always been aberrations from the spirit of Jesus. Every time it has brought its thoughts back into final captivity to the ideal of Jesus, history has vindicated it. There is no better incentive to fearless thinking than to live with the Lord Jesus Christ. The blood of many persecuted martyrs gives eloquent testimony to such dynamic power.

A second reason, we are told, why men become involved in difficulties through wrong thinking is because they are led by self-interest and selfish passions. Such people neither use their own reason, nor hearken to other people's reason, any further than it suits their humor, interest, or party. "Take a man who loves money. Let ever so much probability hang on one side of his reasoning and money on the other, and it is easy to foresee which will outweigh. Earthly minds, like mud walls, resist the strongest batteries." We have, so often, our pet theories, whims and fancies, our peculiarities, passions and temperaments. We let them rule our thoughts. What we need, then, is *to bring our thoughts captive to an ideal* of unselfishness.

Has anyone ever brought more unselfishness into the world than our Lord Jesus Christ? He who gave his life for mankind on the cross and gave it furthermore for sinners—for unlovely people, people with ambitions and desires contrary to all that he cherished most—he has given to the world the highest inspiration to put away the love of self that blinds.

The third kind of people whose thinking goes astray is the large number who are hindered by a narrow outlook upon life and the world. They judge all matters by the little circle around them, by village or city standards. They lose themselves in gossip and small talk. They cannot see beyond their own nation, city, church, club, or party. *Their thoughts have not been brought captive to a large enough ideal.* They "do not believe in foreign missions." They have no world view. How often this charge strikes home to us. We have been fearfully and lazily paddling around in our own little creek in the woods, instead of bravely throwing ourselves into the ocean of life and navigating its wonders and depths. No wonder our thinking is ingrown and poor, stuffy and futile.

How refreshing it is, then, to see life as Jesus saw it—who said, "Go ye into all the world." "God so loved the world." "Come unto me all ye." He took into his heart all mankind, men, women and children, Jew and Gentile, bond and free, wise and simple, rich and poor. "Peace on earth, good will toward men" is the breadth of his promise, a message that "shall be to all people." He is both the Christ of the Rochester streets and the Christ of the Indian road.

And so we see clearly that straight thinking has a character background. Its roots are in what we are. No wonder the Apostle urges his dearly beloved to "bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." It broadens and sanctifies them. It is no more narrowing than to apply one's vision to the lens of a telescope. For then the heavens are opened.

It is the curious characteristic of our age, which does little real thinking, that it worships science and considers the intellectual side of life as all of life. The whole spirit and message of Christianity cries out against such an assumption, and mankind at its best cries "Amen." What we need just as much today as in Paul's day (and perhaps more) is to keep this bare intellectualism from arrogating unto itself the whole of life. It is only a part of life, even only a part of knowing, and our thinking itself will be the better for realizing this. Paul's preaching was not, he says, in words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the power of the Spirit of God.

There is reality above and beyond reason. Christ brings us to all reality—the reality of sin and evil which reasoning so often tries to do away with—the reality of the soul's communion with God, which cold intellectualism laughs at—the reality of love which passeth knowledge and peace which passeth all understanding. "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Reasoning cannot of itself change men's hearts. The church has never rested its confidence merely and only upon its ability to argue and weave intellectual patterns. Its power comes from a larger source which includes this, but also admits the other great forces of vibrant actual experience. If reason is all there is to life, then the poor, the child, the uncultured would have no hope. Yes, let us go further: the most intellectual person in this congregation today would not stand a chance in life here or hereafter.

In the thought of Paul's words, let us realize that useful and necessary as straight thinking is, we cannot make it the supreme and complete ideal of our whole manhood. We need an allegiance which is higher—which shall include straight thinking but shall also realize horizons beyond its scope. We need a fellowship that shall include all of life and reality, to which every subordinate part shall be related, including our thinking.

It is to this higher fellowship that the apostle leads us—the obedience of the One in whose presence we feel that "we are complete."

Somehow, our thinking becomes alive when it is brought to Christ. Our thoughts of the Bible, for instance, are illumined when we take it not as a magic book, but as the expression of the living Word. The best argument for the inspiration of the Bible is the living Christ. We shall know it best, and make it a true means of grace, when he shall dominate its interpretation from Genesis to Revelation. Only then can we find its inspiration. Its authority is in him.

The same freeing sense comes to us when we bring our thoughts of the church's creed captive to Christ. What right have we to shackle our minds with creeds? The answer is that we have no right to exalt them unless those creeds express the highest reality that we know—Jesus Christ. Then they become useful to us and to men as the testimony of free minds that have found Christ as the highest and broadest reality.

As Christians who have had this experience of fellowship, the truth of the words of our text is as self-evident as the sun in the heavens. Of course, we shall bring the thoughts of our personal problems to Christ, for we have found his fellowship bringing us life in its broad reality. Shall I be intolerant? As intolerant as Christ. Shall I be angry? As angry as Christ. Is there a limit to love? Was there in Christ? Is forgiveness assured to us? Was it real to the Christ who died for us?

The final justification to the Christian thus to bring his life under the captivating power of Jesus is found in Christ's power to bring him into touch with the greatest reality—God. The love of God in Christ has captivated him.

"The church's greatest asset," said an editorial in a recent number of Harper's, "is the mind of Christ." "Do you mean to say," said a learned Hindu to Dr. Stanley Jones, "that you are not here to wipe out our civilization and replace it with your own? Do you mean that your message is Christ without any implications that we must accept Western civilization? I have hated Christianity, but if Christianity is Christ, I do not see how we Indians can hate it."

And so, as the Church patiently follows Paul into the world, determined "to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified," the world and its thinking becomes captivated by Christ. May we do our part to hasten the day when leagues of nations, international councils, governments and churches shall think in terms of Jesus Christ and his spirit. Is there any loftier conception?

Let such captivating power come to us, that we may have the experience of him who said, "I live. Yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. For me to live is Christ."

THE BEST KIND OF LIFE

By HENRY J. PFLUM, JR.

HOLY TRINITY LUTHERAN CHURCH
BUFFALO, N. Y.

✠

HENRY J. PFLUM, JR.

HOLY TRINITY LUTHERAN CHURCH
1080 MAIN STREET
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Mr. Pflum, after graduating from the High School of his native city, Reading, Pennsylvania, in 1908 at the early age of fifteen, turned to business as his chosen field of endeavor. For six years he gave himself to this enterprise. Unsatisfied, he gave up his prospects in the world of business to enter Roanoke College, Salem, Virginia, for an academic career. He finished his course with great distinction, graduating in 1918. His theological training was taken at the Lutheran Theological Seminary, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, where he graduated at the head of his class in 1921 with the degree of bachelor of divinity.

While serving his first congregation at Rockville Centre, Long Island, he pursued post-graduate studies at Columbia University and Union Theological Seminary, achieving the M. A. degree in 1923. That same fall he became the assistant pastor of Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, Buffalo. In 1926 he was elected the pastor of this congregation and has served it ever since.

Mr. Pflum is very devoted to the Lutheran Church and gives himself untiringly to the causes that it sponsors. In his city he has been instrumental in promoting a very vigorous program of church extension work and seeing it through. That he has won very completely the confidence of people is evidenced by his election to the ministry of the very great church over which he presides.

✠

THE BEST KIND OF LIFE

"For whosoever will save his life shall lose it, but whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it"
MARK 8:35

SELF-PRESERVATION is the first law of nature. We see it in every species of life. The world is constantly trying to gain more knowledge, and with the fund gathered in, seeks to raise the standard of existence. It is a matter of better living conditions in order to establish longer, more comfortable and better life. On the other hand, Jesus is not much concerned about this view of life; He presents a life-urge distinctly different from the natural course of the world. Yet his method produces a higher and nobler result. He is an extremist, going the opposite way from the ordinary course of men, yet He wins. Man's self-preservative demands, while highly constructive, are pitifully inadequate for the deeper realities of life. In spite of our boasted development in civilization, the problems before men are often unsolvable. Jesus is the idealist; man, the realist. Jesus says that a man who saves his life loses it. Man clings to life only to find it ultimately slipping from his grasp. The difference is fundamentally one of ideals, or of conceptions of life in spirit and duration. In the text above, Jesus presents His ideal and challenges men to be loyal to it to the end.

First, then as to the ideal. He who presented it, lived it. Jesus gave His life to prove His message. He lived in accordance with the sermon that He preached. He loved, sacrificed, became humble, led the way to actual accomplishment of His ideal, and in so doing lost His life here. He lived in a spirit of glorious abandon, as only a God could live, and in His few years on earth presented such magnetic power as to draw all types of men in all ages and climes to His side.

It is not strange that the Master's ideal has been able to transform and hold men. A bigoted persecutor, with blood upon his hands, saw the spirit of Christ en route from Jerusalem to Damascus and became the foremost exponent of the faith of the Nazarene. History can show no finer example than the complete transformation of the cruel Saul to the noble, considerate, beautifully fashioned spirit of the Apostle Paul. He is the living example of a man who could spend himself, lose his life in order to find it. Francis of Assisi was a dissolute youth, with a record of indulgence in every vice known to his time. Of a sudden he became the leader of a little band of bare-footed, humble youths who begged from door to door only for the crusts to sustain life, bent altogether upon the ceaseless pursuit of living the life of their new-found Master. Luther left the halls of law and the monastery to preach a resurrected gospel that men can find the best life in an ideal faith in the Son of Man. Before countless myriads, in greater or lesser degree, the same ideal has come. There seems to come in the life of every soul a time when strong emotions grip, and one can see that if he wishes to win the great battles before him he must lose his life. He must find the great ideal of sacrifice.

In this sodden, material age, it is still possible to see great ideals. Brotherhood is still a cherished hope. It has often been realized, although the world may never have heard of it. Men just recently have flown across the oceans, and while we may not be able to see any material results, we do know that each aviator has been a messenger of good-will. The suspicions and small nationalism that have kept men apart are melting rapidly before these new adventurers who bring to us and carry from us messages of a finer fellowship. And in these latter days, when a mighty river leapt its bounds and wrought destruction over the countryside, the spirit of brotherhood sent men and provisions and sympathetic care to the unfortunates. Who will refuse to rejoice in these manifestations of the Christ ideal?

Great souls have always followed His ideals. Men have often been mocked for their faith, perhaps jeered at by the world, but withal are held in respect because deep in the hearts of all peoples is the realization of the need of ideals and the hope that some men will be strong enough to renounce the ordinary things for the nobler and more spiritual. The minister is such a man. He is anxious to bring light into darkness, to seek ends other than his own, to count all things gain for Christ. He is the dispenser of higher things, the transformer of the ordinary life to one of rich joy and heavenly contacts. He is the keeper of the peace, the soother of troubled souls. Does he not find happiness in his life? Ask any one of them.

In the second place, Jesus asks for loyalty to His ideal. Every man is as the sower. He marches along the field distributing the seeds. In due time that which was sown will spring up and bear evidence of his labor or sloth. It will tell of his judgments, his carelessness, his higher endeavors. Life is measured by his furrow. Cause and effect are constantly in operation. What part did God play in the growth of the plants? In how far has a man sown the seeds of loyalty to God's ideals?

Recently a lawyer received a million dollars as a fee for defending an obvious criminal. The lawyer knew of the evil connected with his client. That made no difference. His ideal was the dollar, nothing beyond. How true it is of the vast numbers of peoples who tread upon the pathway of time! God has presented ideals before them; the allurements of the things before men have entirely obliterated their spirit of loyalty. How one likes to turn to those periods of history wherein men found time to devote to the things of the spirit! In the Middle Ages, the knights were men of chivalry. They sought in their best way to be crusaders for a higher life. One of them brings to us a story we ought never forget. Godfrey of Bouillon, in one of the Crusades, was the conqueror of the Holy City of Jerusalem. Every valiant knight was anxious to achieve this signal honor. What lasting tribute men wished to yield him! They sought to crown him king. But when they wanted to present the beautiful, golden insignia of this new office he turned to those about him and in a voice quivering with emotion rebuked them by saying, "I refuse to receive a crown of gold in the City where my Master was crowned with thorns." It is an example of loyalty to a great Ideal. The world is looking for men of that type, men who love Christ enough to give themselves for Him. It is loyalty to the great life of holiness; it is self-surrender; it is sacrifice that always counts in gaining the higher life.

Poorest are they
  That live for self so true,
Their longest day
  Brings but such good to view
As they may need self's service to pursue.

Richest are they
  That live for God so well,
The longest day would scarce suffice to tell
   In what wide way their benefactions fell.

GOD'S GUARANTEE BOND

By Oliver D. Baltzly

KOUNTZE MEMORIAL LUTHERAN CHURCH
OMAHA, NEBRASKA

✠

Oliver D. Baltzly

KOUNTZE MEMORIAL LUTHERAN CHURCH
FRANAM STREET AND TWENTY-SIXTH AVENUE
OMAHA, NEBRASKA

Dr. Baltzly is of pre-Revolutionary stock and of Swiss ancestry. His great-grandfather and three great-uncles served in the American Revolution. He is a native of the middle west, being born on a farm near Ponca, Dixon County, Nebraska, October 14, 1871. His parents were sturdy Lutherans, being charter members of the third Lutheran Church west of the Missouri River. In 1888 he graduated from the High School of Ponca, Nebraska. His first thought was to be a teacher and so he attended Fremont Normal, Fremont, Nebraska. In 1889 his father, he says, "sent him" to Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio, with the admonition "to get a good education and then come home and mother and I will make our home with you and I'll do what is right with you." He graduated from Wittenberg in 1893. During his Sophomore year he desired to become a "volunteer" for Foreign Mission work, but in deference to his father's wish gave it up. During his Senior year he decided to enter the ministry. He entered the Mt. Airy Lutheran Theological Seminary, Philadelphia, September, 1893. His second year in theology was taken in Hamma Divinity School, Springfield, Ohio. Then a course in post-graduate work in literature was pursued in the University of Chicago. The last theological year was completed in Hamma Divinity School, from which he graduated with B. D. and A. M. degrees in May, 1896. In 1901 he received the degree of doctor of philosophy, "Cum Laude." In 1916 he received the honorary degree of doctor of divinity; and in 1922 Midland College, in recognition of his distinguished service to the church, conferred upon him the degree of doctor of laws.

Dr. Baltzly has had but three pastorates: Springfield, Ohio, for four and one-half years; Mansfield, Ohio, for eleven and one-half years; and has just completed seventeen years in Kountze Memorial, Omaha. During the seventeen years in Kountze Memorial, six thousand ninety-four members have been received into this church, which is now the largest Lutheran Church in America, its present membership totaling nearly five thousand. In addition to the strenuous duties of his parish, he is the author of a number of tracts and booklets. Dr. Baltzly has filled many positions of trust in the church, but regards the chief accomplishments of his ministry to be his confirmation work. He requires all persons, who have not already been confirmed, to take his five months' course of instruction preparatory to church membership. He has confirmed over thirty-three hundred such members during the seventeen years of his present pastorate. These lectures constitute his recent volume, entitled "Catechetical Evangelization," which is a book of recognized worth throughout the church. It has recently been requested for the Royal Library of Copenhagen, Denmark.

The very fact that he is at the head of so large and powerful a congregation is testimony enough to the ability of this very vital preacher, for, after all, his present church grew great under Dr. Baltzly's leadership.

GOD'S GUARANTEE BOND

"What then shall we say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"
ROMANS 8:31-32

THIS is a great day for bonding companies among men. They are a vast improvement over the old way of one person going bond for another. Many a man, under that old system, lost all he had. I knew a man who, after losing his property on a bond, lost his mind also. However, we understand the importance, even the necessity, of bond-giving in our economic world, and have equipped ourselves for it.

But God's Unimpeachable Guarantee Bond! What is that? Why should God give a bond for anything? It certainly could not be to make surety any more resourceful. It must then be to inspire confidence. And this it is. As such it is the final, perfect answer for the peace of dismayed souls.

LIFE'S QUESTIONS THAT NEED AN ANSWER

Life is full of confusing questions. Perplexities confront us everywhere. It has been so always. The text rings with it: "What shall we then say to these things?" The soul of David felt it: "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" Elijah smarted under it: "Let me die."

Some one hastens with the second sentence of verse 31, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Good! But

God for us? We're still in the dark. If God is for us then we need not fear. His arm is not weak: His knowledge is not limited: His vision is not dimmed. But is God always with us?

Joseph was a child of promise. He had visions of divine favor. But when put into a pit by his brothers he must have questioned the divine purpose. And when sold to a passing Ishmaelitish band and tied behind some camel to plod along that stony road to Egypt, he no doubt revolved in his mind, "Hath God forgotten me?" The situation was by no means improved when, having won the confidence of the officer of the king's guard by reason of his sturdiness of character, he was thrown into prison for maintaining that integrity and being true to his God. "What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us." But is he?

What must have been the thoughts of ancient Job, who feared God and eschewed evil, when a servant rushed to him with the message that the Sabeans had carried away his oxen and asses and servants and fire had destroyed everything that was left? And what renewed perplexity must have seized him when another messenger brought the disastrous news that a cyclone had wrecked the house where his sons and daughters were feasting, and all were killed? And when such affliction befell his body that his friends were dumb in the presence of his misery and wretchedness and anguish, what must have been the questionings of his soul? "What shall we then say to these things? If God be for me." But is he?

Those were great days for rugged John the Baptist when he hurled his messages against the sins of his day and the people from Jerusalem and all Judea and all the region round about Jordan came out to hear him and confessed their sins and were baptized. It was a wonderful fulfillment of the age old prophecy when Jesus himself came to him to be baptized and the heaven opened and the Spirit descended in the form of a dove, and a voice from heaven announced, "This is my beloved Son." John moved in those events with irresistible power and felt the very presence of God. He could arraign those Pharisees and Sadducees as a "generation of vipers" with unflinching and victorious courage. But what thoughts puzzled him, perplexed him, distracted him, almost wrecked him, when he languished in prison for daring to tell the truth? "What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us," but is he?

Such have been the experiences and questionings of countless millions. All that men have had has been swept away. Fathers and mothers have been called home, and helpless, innocent little ones have been left to an unsympathetic world. An only child, the pride and sunlight of a home, slips out of the arms of loving parents and leaves them prostrated with grief. Their all has been taken and their home is left desolate. They inquire through their tears, "Hath God forgotten us?"

A beautiful soul in the thirties felt her sight failing. Every thing known to science was done for her, but to no avail. Returning from my vacation, I preached at one of our institutions of mercy, and as I came out someone said, "A lady here wants to speak with you." I was surprised to find it to be the one with failing sight. I inquired about her eyes. She replied, "I am totally blind." I inquired whether she could not distinguish between day and night. She answered, "It's always night to me.

When I come to consciousness, as you say 'get awake,' I do not know whether it is two o'clock or six o'clock or ten o'clock. It's always night to me." She wondered why such an affliction had befallen her. "What shall we then say to such things? If God be for us." But is he?

Others have turned into sin and left a trail of misery to blight and wither innocent lives. Evil has stalked mercilessly about and crushed the helpless. Wickedness has flourished in the high places. And sincere souls have inquired with confusion, "Does God really care?"

"What shall we say to these things?" They have started to say, "If God be for us," but have stopped with, "Is he?"

Here comes one out of a life of sin, as one came to me just recently with a tale of having broken every commandment, wondering if there is hope for one who has sinned so grievously. "What shall we say to this? If God be for us," but can he be for such a person? We take up Isaiah and read, "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow; and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God." But will he?

THE SUBLIME TRUTH RECOGNIZED BY ALL

If God be for us who can be against us? That God *can* be for us, if he will, no one questions. If God be for us, nothing *can* be against us. Our very thought of God assures us that he cannot be taken by surprise. His knowledge takes in everything and his power extends to the uttermost. We feel this omniscience and omnipotence when we hear his voice out of the whirlwind to questioning, perplexed, distracted, afflicted, rebellious, prostrate Job: "Where wast thou when I laid the foundation of the earth? Who hath laid the measure thereof if thou knowest? Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days, and caused the dayspring to know his place? Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? Or hast thou walked in search of the depth? Where is the way where light dwelleth? And as for darkness, where is the place thereof? Hast the rain a father? Or who hath begotten the drops of dew? Out of whose womb came the ice? And the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it? Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth? Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds, that abundance of waters cover thee? Canst thou send lightning that they may go? Who can number the clouds in wisdom? Or who can stay the bottles of heaven? Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks? Or wings and feathers unto the ostrich? Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom and stretch her wings toward the south? Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high?"

Such a ringing challenge has never been issued to any living being as in those latter chapters of Job, and what a revelation is given of the Lord God Almighty.

There is but one answer to the question, "If God be for us, who *can* be against us," and that answer Job himself gave: "I know that thou canst do everything, and that no thought can be withholden from thee."

But there arises the ever recurring question in life's dismay, will he be with us and for us? To this he has answered with an unimpeachable bond.

GOD'S UNIMPEACHABLE GUARANTEE BOND

A bond is a guarantee of the fulfillment of a promise. God's unimpeachable guarantee bond is a bond that his promises will be fulfilled. God's promises are clear, "Fear not for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God." "Fear not: for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." But when life's stresses lay heavy on one's soul, dismay does fill the heart. If we could only be sure of his care and mercy and love and forgiveness, what a peace and satisfaction would possess us.

To that very end has this wonderful bond been given in this 32nd verse of the 8th chapter of Romans, "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, *how shall he not with him freely also give us all things?"*

When Abraham, in obedience to God's command, took his son Isaac out to that lovely mountain top and built an altar and bound his son and put him on the altar and drew his knife to slay him for the sacrifice, but was stopped just as the deed was being executed, the Angel of the Lord said, "Now I know thou fearest God seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me." That act of Abraham was final evidence of his loyalty and devotion to Jehovah.

We turn to events of today for further comparison. Can you imagine a man putting a million dollars into a thing, and then not putting in ten thousand more to make it a success, if that would be needed? Can you think of a person who would build a beautiful home, and leave off the chimney? Can you conceive of a man buying a farm, putting up splendid buildings, and all that would make it a good place to live, but making no provision for water for his family and cattle? Can you think of some company building a great, fine building, but making no provision for the people to get up and down in that building?

Can anyone then imagine that the Lord God Almighty would send his only begotten Son into this world to be tempted of that old devil who had been driven out of Heaven, to be humiliated with beatings and bruises and insults, to suffer the measureless agony of Gethsemane and Calvary and hell itself—I say can anyone imagine that God would make such an investment as that and then neglect those for whom he has done all this? "If God spared not his own Son but delivered him up for us all, *how shall he not with him freely also give us all things?"*

Was there ever a more convincing argument? Could there ever be a greater bond that he will do all things for us in his perfect way and for our perfect end?

THE COMFORT OF THAT GUARANTEE BOND

In my state, we have what is known as "the state bank" with its guarantee fund provision. Nothing in recent banking circles has produced such feeling of security among depositors in the smaller banks. Their deposits are guaranteed to be paid in full whatever may happen to that bank. As a result they eat and sleep and go about their duties without worry about their deposits.

After all that God has done for me, I know, however grievous my sins may have been, he will forgive me when

I ask it and I have peace. After all that God has done for me, I know he will never leave me nor forsake me, and that somehow all things will work together for good and I have peace. After all that God has done for me, I know he will give me everlasting life when I believe on his only begotten Son and, O, what peace. After all God has done for me, "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep all that I commit unto him against that day," and I know that peace which passeth all understanding. God's unimpeachable guarantee bond settles it. I *know.*

AT THE PLACE OF JESUS

By Walter C. Hanning

OAK PARK LUTHERAN CHURCH
OAK PARK, ILLINOIS

✠

WALTER C. HANNING

OAK PARK LUTHERAN CHURCH
JACKSON BLVD. AT WESLEY AVE.
OAK PARK, ILLINOIS

Mr. Hanning comes to the ministry from a career in business. It is for this reason perhaps that he, too, has felt the "pull of large ambitions" that Home Mission work lays on one. At any rate, his entire career in the ministry from 1913 to the present has been cast in Home Mission pastorates, in Huntington, W. Va., 1913-1915; Detroit, Mich., 1915-1919; St. James, Chicago, 1919-1920; Oak Park, Ill., since 1920. His ministry in his present church in Oak Park has been very notable. In seven years he has not only erected one of the most beautiful church plants in Lutheranism, but he has also built up a congregation that is rapidly taking on very great proportions.

Mr. Hanning was born July 18th, 1886, at Richmond, Indiana. He graduated from Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio, in 1910, and from the Hamma Divinity School at the same place in 1913. Since graduation from the Seminary, he has continued his academic studies in the Divinity School of the University of Chicago.

Mr. Hanning is a pioneer in thought, as well as in deed. No movement of worth in our social and civic life fails to win his interest and attachment. He is keenly alive to the issues that vex modern men and gives them large recognition in his pulpit work. Finely sensitive to the rich heritage of Lutheranism, he is just as eager to make that heritage bear heavily on modern life.

✠

AT THE PLACE OF JESUS

"For I determined not to know any thing among you save Jesus Christ, and him Crucified"
I COR. 2:2

WOULD we not find difficulty in placing our finger upon a more serious cause of the church's ineffectiveness today than its lack of a clearly defined issue in religion?

As in our day so in the days of St. Paul, the accumulated things of religion were beginning to becloud the minds of the people to the things they were at first meant to reveal. Then a single statement is made. "For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." How that clarified the whole atmosphere. How these words of Paul tend to recenter the thoughts of men on the one thing vital in religion today.

I sometimes wonder what moral victories would now be ours if any considerable proportion of the time which has been spent in trying to get men to give intellectual assent to confusing and sometimes wholly impossible human deductions from the Bible had been spent in pressing home to the hearts of men the claims of a common Christ.

"When I first went to India," writes Dr. E. Stanley Jones, "I was trying to hold a very long line—a line that stretched clear from Genesis to Revelations and on to western civilization and to the western church. I was worried. There was no well-defined issue. I had an ill-defined but instinctive feeling that the heart of the matter was being left out. Then, I saw that I could and should shorten my line; that I could take my stand at Christ and before that non-christian world refuse to know anything save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. The sheer storm and stress of things had driven me to a place that I could hold. Then I saw that that is where I should have been all the time. I saw that the gospel lies in the person of Jesus, that He Himself is the good news, that my one task was to elevate and present Him. My task was simplified. But it was not only simplified—it was vitalized. I found that when I was at the place of Jesus, I was every moment upon the vital. Here at this place all the questions in heaven and earth were being settled. He was the one question that settled all others."

What a lasting blessing would be conferred upon the cause of true religion by our present day controversies, if out of it all there might come to the church at large, this one great fundamental thought, that our ultimate guide is not Paul or Apollos or Cephas, not Luther or Wesley or Calvin, but Christ, that the only real heretic of all history is the man who denies the doctrine of love so beautifully exemplified in the life of our Lord.

When any man swears supreme allegiance to Jesus and has given evidence of a proper attitude toward His way of life we can rest assured that such a man will harbor no unworthy thoughts of God or hold any inferior views of man.

At the place of Jesus faith is constantly refreshed by drinking deeply at the heart-spring of the universe. What is the night and storm to one who has walked often alone with God in the quiet halls of prayer? Outside Dr. Gladden's life conflicting circumstances created an experience such as his heart had never known, but within there was an intellectual calm and mental poise which revealed not only his wonderful faith, but gave to the world in song a beautiful philosophy of life.

"While the anchors that faith had cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail.

"I know that right is right;
That it is not good to lie.
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy.

"In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out;
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt.

"And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side.

"And that somewhere, beyond the stars,
Is a love that is better than fate;
When the night unlocks her bars
I will see Him, and I will wait."

In Dr. Grenfell's biography we are told of a peculiar incident that occurred while journeying with his dog team across a wide inlet from the Atlantic on a mission of mercy. It is a story of Dr. Grenfell breaking through the ice, finding safety after great difficulty on a huge cake of floating ice, and finally drifting helplessly with his dog team toward the open sea. He writes, "Night found me ten miles on my seaward journey. I had skinned three of my dogs and wrapped their fur about me as a coat. Their bodies I piled up to make a wind break on the ice. Forcing my biggest dog to lie down, I cuddled up close to him, drew the improvised dog skin rug over me and went to sleep. The hand that was against the dog stayed warm, but the other was soon frozen. About midnight I awoke, shivering. The moon was just rising, and the wind was driving me steadily toward the open sea. But, somehow my faith was untroubled. After all, it was quite natural for me to be passing to the portals of death from this frozen stream, and quite unbidden the words of an old hymn began running through my mind.

"My God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say
Thy will be done!"

Surely this is true religion. To know that in back of all the changing scenes and vicissitudes of life there is someone who loves us, who cares for us, who never forgets. That

"Behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow
Keeping watch above His own."

To be conscious at all times of the companionship of one who never fails, one who can lift us up above all worry and fear and help us to live each day in that high spiritual altitude of serenity and peace. I should like to thank Whittier for many things, but for nothing am I more grateful than those beautiful words of prayer:

"Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace."

At the place of Jesus, religion takes on the spirit of adventure.

If there is one thing as clear as the noonday sun in the teachings of the New Testament, it is that while the scribes considered religious concepts fixed and final, Jesus did not. "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth." What if Paul had lacked the spirit of adventure and had been content to make the new religion a religion for the Jews only? What if Savonarola had been satisfied with an interpretation of religion no deeper than that of the highly corrupted church of Florence? What if he who inaugurated the great mental and moral reformation of the Sixteenth Century had been unwilling to enter new fields of thought until they were common property or had refused to accept new views until they had received the sanction of the church and were no longer looked upon as heretical? What would be the future of the church of today if men dared smother the spirit of adventure, crystallize progress at a certain point and say, "This now is final"? The faith, once delivered unto the saints, is a living faith and we can no more describe it with fixed rules and inflexible formulas and expect it to survive than we can check life at a given point without inducing death.

In all ages men have tried to silence the lips of the adventurer but the adventurer has always carried the day. The Pharisees tried it with Jesus, but Jesus refused to be tied down by a religion of rules and regulations. It was the slow moving Jew who frequently tried to slacken the pace of that daring innovator, St. Paul. They tried it with Luther. They tried it with the Puritans. They tried it with the early New Englanders. But, instead of preserving the faith of our Fathers, they hindered the church from entering more fully into that faith. True religion is an experience of the grace of God in Christ Jesus and that we conserve not by defending a theological formula but by living the life.

If we think more of perpetuating the outgrown forms of bygone days than we do of the burning needs which lie buried deep in the heart of humanity all around us; if we cannot hold to the great spiritual realities of life and leave the irrelevant and inconsequential things behind as Luther, the adventurer, left behind the traditions of his fathers, have we really taken our stand at the place of Jesus?

At the place of Jesus, religion becomes a way of life!

The religion of the Pharisees was one of correct doctrines and obedience to rules. The religion of Jesus was purely a way of life.

Occasionally, we meet with timid Christians who are afraid to think more for fear lest they be compelled to believe less. They look back with longing eyes to the religion of our ancestors and insist upon a speedy return to the simplicity of true religion. What they really have in mind is an individualistic religion freed from the modern social emphasis. Nor is the church of the individualistic religion lacking in friends. Religion becomes exceedingly interesting to some when it is deemed sufficient merely to sing about it. When it asks no question of the greedy capitalist and makes no demands of the workaday world. But, to the man who has learned to think, there can be but one gospel, at once individual and social. And this is not some new thing under the sun. It dates back almost to the beginning of the Old Testament narrative. I can see Moses in his early life with no higher ambition than that of a successful caretaker of the sheep of his rich father-in-law. Why should he worry about the problems and complexities of society? But one day God meets Moses in the way. Now everything is changed. He is a man of responsibilities. He must compel Pharaoh to let God's people go. His life is inextricably bound up now with every other life. He is his brother's keeper.

And any religion, regardless of anything else it may have, if it has lost out of its heart that burning social compassion and does not see written all over the face of human society "Let my people go" is but as "sounding brass and a clanging cymbal." A religion that does not reach a man's industry has still quite a way to go before it reaches his heart.

In this connection, I am reminded of an experience in the life of Sir John Bowring, who as British Governor of Hong Kong and Superintendent of trade compiled the words of that beautiful hymn "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," while at the same time the opium traffic was being forced upon the Chinese Empire at the hands of the country he served. The question arises, can a man ever glory in the cross of Christ who has never yet caught the glory of the Christ of the Cross in his compassion for the multitude?

To become more explicit. To what extent have we been willing to bring Christ's way of life to bear upon the various relationships of life? Is it "Dago and Sheeney and Chink, Nigger and Greaser and Jap," or has the spirit of Jesus Christ, the universal man, begotten in us the spiritual ability to encompass in our affections all races of men and to look upon humanity as one great big family under God? At the place of Jesus, there can be no social exclusiveness, neither Jew nor Gentile, black nor white, for all are one in Him.

To what extent have we been willing to bring Christ's way of life to bear upon our conception of crime and its punishment? What would it mean for society if the church as one man would rise up and say, "We have done with conventional religion and from now on we propose to follow the Christ who said 'Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.' "

If Jesus Christ has become for the world its best picture of God, dare any man represent him today in the rôle of an executioner? The electrocution of two people at Sing Sing, a man and a woman, is still fresh in our minds. A more dastardly crime has perhaps never been committed. I have all the grewsome details in my mind while I write. I am acquainted with all arguments in favor of this mode of punishment, advanced by men for whose character and scholarly attainment I have the utmost regard. But what is our conclusion after sober second thought? Can crime by being legalized absolve the criminal of his guilt? Can states, as well as individuals, become criminals? If they can, who then is the greatest offender in the eyes of Him with whom states, as well as individuals, have to deal? The state's mind was not befuddled with strong drink. The state had not been implicated in an illicit love affair. The state had not been lured on by the promised pleasures and luxuries of a ninety-five thousand dollar insurance policy. The state had not been blinded by an insatiable lust. They knew exactly what they were doing. They did it deliberately in cold blood, and without a shred of scriptural or moral basis on which to stand. Men governed by the moral standard of the Old Testament said, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed." But the Master's words are these: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you: Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." And, when we take our stand at the place of Jesus, we will no longer say, "Let the punishment fit the crime, but let the punishment fit the criminal. Not what punishment shall be meted out in view of what has been done, but what punishment shall be administered in view of what the criminal may become." Our new penology based on the teachings of Jesus is not vindictive, but redemptive.

At the place of Jesus is found only a religion of love and had incarnate love been standing in the death house on that eventful day would not the silence of those last few intense moments have been broken by the voice of long ago when once before death stood waiting to receive its prey at the hands of bloodthirsty men? "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

To what extent have we been willing to apply Christ's way of life to our present day antiquated method of settling international disputes. It is said, "The next war, if there be a next war, will last just four days, that is as long as it will take to complete the job." And those of us who are able to read the signs of the times feel in our most optimistic moods that figuratively, at least, this is most certainly true. Thinking men everywhere today are looking longingly for an end of war. Everything else has failed. One by one the gods that promised so much have disappeared. But love never fails. There is only one sure leadership that can guide this old weary world out of the dark valley of strife and contention into the sunlit plains of peace. And that is He whose name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

"Lord to whom shall we go. Thou hast the words of eternal life."

Only at the place of Jesus can we lay the foundation for a world of friendliness and peace. At his feet the whole outworn system of war, that last great relic of barbarism to afflict human society, stands everlastingly condemned, for in the words of one of America's foremost Christian statesmen "War is the most colossal and ruinous social sin that afflicts mankind; it is utterly and irremediably unchristian in its total method and effect; it means everything that Jesus did not mean, and it means nothing that he did mean; it is a more blatant denial of every Christian doctrine about God and man than all the theoretical atheists on earth could devise."

To what extent have we been willing to apply Christ's way of life to the question of church unity and say, "This thing has gone on long enough; henceforth we purpose to follow Him who prayed that the church might be one even as He and the Father are one." There has always been complete unanimity among Christians of all churches in the things which are really essential in true religion, and the church of Jesus Christ, whatever its name, is the one that lifting itself above bigotry, pride and prejudice can lead men past the secondary and irrelevant to the deep, underlying unity of all men who love and honor Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior. I confess that it is somewhat depressing to have reached this age of the world's history only to find men still tithing mint and anise and cummin instead of forgetting all these things and laying upon the wearied hearts of humanity the claims of a common shepherd.

It may be some priest going down to the Island of Molokai and, as Robert Louis Stevenson said of Father Damien, "Closing the door of his Sepulchre with his own hand" that he might minister to the poor outcasts of that leper colony.

It may be some Livingstone kneeling alone beside his cot in the heart of Africa and praying with his dying lips that God might send someone to help heal that open sore of the world.

It may be some humble disciple of Christ in the homeland whose creed and form of worship we could no more think of accepting than we could of accepting the proposition that a straight line is the longest distance between two points, but

"I've traveled far in many lands
The open road I've trod,

And through the devious ways of men
I've searched with them for God.
And this is clear in all my search
As clear as noonday sun:
The name and form are naught to God,
To Him all shrines are one."

How our little differences, which seem so large at first, begin to dwindle into nothingness in the presence of the great principle of the equality of all Christians before Christ.

And how clear this becomes when we see it illustrated in flesh and blood. A missionary in an out of the way village had been telling the story of Jesus: how he loved everyone; how he helped them win out over their sins; how he healed their bodies and served them night and day. "Yes, we know him," said the leader of the little group. "He used to live here." "Oh no!" said the missionary, "the one of whom I speak lived in another country at another age." Then the missionary was led to a lonely cemetery where those faithful natives had marked the grave of the English medical missionary who a few years ago had served and healed and died there.

And surely they were right, Christ had lived there. They had seen him. They knew him. And only when we have come in touch with such lives—men who see that Christianity lies in a way of life, men who are not "willing to die until they have won some victory for humanity," men who have duplicated, if only in some small way, that which took place outside the city wall where one set the seal upon a life of sacrificial love with his own heart's crimson—have we found the religion which some glad day will bring all conscientious seekers after God together in "the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace."

"The walls that fence his flock apart,
Shall crack and crumble in decay,
And every tongue and every heart
Shall welcome in the new born day.

"Then shall his glorious church rejoice
His word of promise to recall—
One sheltering fold, one shepherd's voice,
One God and Father over all."

What then is our deepest need? Is it not this? More real Christians with whom nothing counts so much as a life lived at the place of Jesus; more real Christians facing life determined to know no one save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

EVERY CHRISTIAN A CHRIST

By RAYMOND T. STAMM

THE LUTHERAN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
GETTYSBURG, PA.

✠

Raymond T. Stamm

PROFESSOR OF NEW TESTAMENT LANGUAGE, LITERATURE AND THEOLOGY
THE LUTHERAN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
GETTYSBURG, PA.

Dr. Stamm was born March 16th, 1894, at Milton, Pa. He graduated from Gettysburg College in 1920, following a period of service with the United States Army in the Great War. In 1923 he completed his seminary work at Gettysburg. He went directly to the Divinity School of the University of Chicago for graduate study in the department of the New Testament. He received his Ph.D. from that institution in September, 1926. Dr. Stamm is at present at the head of the department of the New Testament in the Gettysburg Theological Seminary. To his work he brings a marked power to attract and inspire students, as well as an adequate fund of information. The future for this young teacher holds many rich promises.

In addition to his work as teacher, Dr. Stamm is one of the editors of the Lutheran Church Quarterly.

✠

EVERY CHRISTIAN A CHRIST

"He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto the Father"
JOHN 14:12

"Peace be unto you: as the Father hath sent me, even so send I you"
JOHN 20:21

WHAT more fitting observance of this, the nineteenth centenary of the ministry and death of Jesus, than to release the charge of spiritual dynamite incased in these verses from John, the Gospel of Spiritual Continuity? It would shatter the ice that binds the River of Life and melt it in the genial sunshine of the love of Christ. Then would come true the dream of Ezekiel, the Prophet:

"And by the river upon the bank thereof, on this side and on that side, shall grow every tree for food, whose leaf shall not wither, neither shall the fruit thereof fail: it shall bring forth new fruit every month, because the waters thereof issue out of the sanctuary; and the fruit thereof shall be for food, and the leaf thereof for healing."

Only a dream as yet—but why? Is it because we fail to mark the source of all that life, or refuse to pay its price? "And the waters came down from under, from the right side of the house, on the south of the altar." The water of life springs forth close by the altar of sacrifice. Unseal the fountains and follow the course of this River of Life as it swells on its healing way: a thousand cubits, and it is ankle-deep; a thousand more, and it reaches the knees; again a thousand, and its waters come to the loins; four times a thousand, and it is a river that cannot be passed through. On down it flows on its quickening course until presently the Dead Sea itself is teeming with life.

Transfer the figure now to that stream of love which has flowed from Calvary through nineteen centuries of sacrificial lives, and you get close to the idea in the mind of John the Preacher of Ephesus.

Doing greater works than Jesus! Sheer presumption at first sight, it seems. Yet that is exactly what John, with his eye on the ever-recurrent missionary marvels of his day, meant. We are tempted to tone it down by interpreting the life out of it. Before it we stand paralyzed, even as those disciples on the way to Jerusalem. "Jesus walked ahead of them," says Mark, "and they were in dismay, and those who still followed were afraid."

Even now he walks ahead of us, and would draw us with him out to the growing-points of our ideals. He would have us face with him the future, all unknown as it is, with that faith which readiness to sacrifice alone can give. But we stand dismayed.

Pray that we may share the confidence of John of Ephesus, and his method too. For him, the very greatness of Christ's triumphant act on Calvary bursts the confines of mere point action. He gets the Cross out of the aorist tense and throws it into the ever-living present; and then, reaching out towards the other end of time, he concentrates with the burning glass of his conscience the scattering rays of materialistic notions of the things that are to come into a conception of the Judgment as hourly present here and now, a process inexorable, perpetual, terrible; and finally, he visualizes a continuous succession of cross-bearers, whose belief in Christ, plus their absolute obedience to his New Commandment, gives promise of doing greater works than he had done during his earthly ministry.

In John's mind the Savior was now many-voiced and myriad-shouldered in his body the Church, in his members the Christs. Why, therefore, should they not make the present greater than the past? And why should not we?

We idealize the past and would gladly be content with reproducing its "perfections"; but great as even that achievement would be, our light must be something more than the dim reflection of the golden age of a paradise lost. Reflections may be beautiful, but there is always something pale and sickly about them. Progress in our so-called civilization has enabled many an evildoer to incase himself in an armor impervious to anything but the concentrated intensity of direct rays from Calvary. Those beams must be propagated. That is the business of every Christian. It constitutes Christhood.

When the Master thus thrusts forward a company of cross-bearers, of Christs, and when they fulfil their function of Saviorhood, sin becomes impossible. As they offer their treasures, ever new, and rare and costly, new things are bound to happen. Old ideals are realized indeed, but only to be found inadequate and to be expanded into still more difficult and challenging goals of life. "Behold, I make all things new," he says to his Christians, "and you are the creators of the new earth."

To be a savior to everyone we know to be in need of salvation is the one legitimate apostolic succession, the one valid apologetic. But what an extraordinary inversion this conception of every Christian as a Christ suffers in the familiar futility of a theoretical apologetic which fails to secure the expected results in the daily life of men! In the searching light of humble service all claims to apostolic authority must be tested for spots of vulgar ambition and selfish intolerance.

"If I then, the Lord and the Teacher, have washed your feet . . . I have given you an example." "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." "This is my commandment that ye love one another, even as I have loved you."

"As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you." That is to say, every Christian is a Christ, a savior to those who in any circumstance of life are in need of salvation. He is a cross-bearer, paying to the uttermost the age-long penalty of doing good. For as things now stand in this world, divine dissatisfaction with things as they are, and unflinching loyalty to the Cross as an ever-growing ideal, still demand the ancient sacrifice. The reward of doing good is often not prosperity, but the suffering of Job.

From such discipline of faith we tend to shrink. Listen to the protest of Max Möller in his poem, "Christ in Art": They paint his earthly sufferings and get an artistic effect from his death. Again and again he appears in the galleries. They idealize him! But who knows how to pray to him? They are delighted with the motley shell, but they do not perceive the bitter kernel. Who will hang the picture in his heart that it may give him light and comfort? With Hellenic beauty and feminine features, or again as mystical and distorted, he is nothing more than a beautiful painting, fashionable, a test of taste to prove an artistic temperament. It will not help you! He does not need to hang on a canvas: his resurrection must be in the heart, and there he must show you the way and the truth.

The fine arts are doing much to enrich our religious life, and the Master, beholding us thus adorned, doubtless loves us. Yet how often, being crucified afresh by our stubborn lives, he must needs pronounce his judgment: "One thing thou lackest—come, follow me."

Idle contemplation of a far-off historical scene may be only another form of opiate to dull one's keenness to feel the real pain of the world. A glow of satisfaction in the sense of having discharged a religious duty, it may indeed give; but unless we actually live the life of the Cross at home and abroad in all our human relationships, it will lead us blind among the rocks of magic. And unless we are committed with all our heart, mind, and soul to the attitude and action of the Cross, the ultimate futility of all our living will be upon our own heads.

Of a truth, meditation on the great theme of the Cross feeds the springs of Christian action, and what has been said is not to depreciate it. But just because it is so important, we must guide it into fruitful channels. On the one hand, we shall never by word or act cause the greatness of the deed of Jesus on Calvary to shrink in the minds of men. We shall impress upon them the great, ultimate mystery of it.

And yet, we shall not leave it altogether in the realm of mystery. We shall not leave it there, because there is no mystery so great but that certain manageable portions of it can be brought to bear on our human affairs. Electricity is still far beyond our knowledge of it, but it does drive our trains and light our houses. Let the Prologue to the "Fair of the Iron Horse" be a parable to instruct us here:

"Where now we see these farms
That nestle low,

These villages and
  Stately city spires,
Once, centuries ago,
  A wilderness
Unknown, in silence lay.
 And paths, half-trod
By creatures of the wood,
  To nowhere led,
All waiting for a
  Strange and distant day
When man should come
And, seeking livelihood,
Enrich with flocks
And grain the barren waste."

The tangled wilderness of the human spirit still calls for the pioneer spirit of the Christian to thrust through it some Celestial Railroad. To venture our faith and to rise and build is the one way out of our religious perplexities, the one way to prove the promise, "If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it is of God," and to turn the wilderness of doubt into the sure home of the soul. We shall learn to know God by being godlike, to be Christians by being Christs—"anointed" saviors to each and every person we meet who needs to be saved.

Who of us is not in need of someone thus to be a savior in the name of Christ? Jesus healed the sick. To most of us sooner or later sickness comes, when hands long used to supporting others must themselves be patient. We need a friend to fulfil his mission of Christhood, one of that noble company of men and women who give their lives to the Cross of the healing art.

Worse, often, than actual sickness is that toxic condition of the soul called worry. It grows out of the one certainty of life that what may happen is uncertain. The strain of toil in an age of mechanics and the fret of financial care in a pagan competitive system, with the failure sometimes of those for whom we labor to grow into the ideals we hold for them, is in very truth a Cross to bear. There are times, when, like Job, we despair as to the meaning of it. Then it is that we need a fellow Christian—a Christ—to admonish us in the name of our glorified Lord to hold fast to the integrity of our own Christhood until, like Paul, we are persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor things present, nor things to come shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus.

Yet more difficult is the secret Cross of the heart, laid upon us by the warring impulses of our own inward nature. It demands the crucifixion of every wrong attitude toward our fellowman and our God. Death must be decreed for all hatreds and all evil thoughts. Our "capital I" must be cut straight through its center and nailed into a Cross with all our selfishness crucified thereon. Here is struggle indeed. Compared with it, what others do to trouble us is easy to bear; the greatest danger to man is man himself. There may be chained impulses and habits in the heart, which, like the gun on the ship in Victor Hugo's *Ninety-Three,* will wreck us if ever they break loose in the storm. Chain them to the Cross, and when they are dead sink them into the depths of the sea. "If by the Spirit ye put to death the deeds of the body, ye shall live."

We shall live; for the same Spirit of Jesus which enables us to die to the deeds of the body makes us alive to all that is good. Death to sin and life to God are inseparable. To be saved from sin requires that we be saved for righteousness. The Christhood of the Christian is realized only as he goes about doing good. This is at once the objective and the consequence of the Cross: Jesus did it, and they crucified him. That makes his Cross the measure of the perversity of our human attitude toward the good life; it makes it also the manifestation of the power by which to attain it. The highway to happiness and joy is marked at every turn by a Cross; nor is there ever a detour by way of self-seeking: that way ends in disillusionment, the desert home of sour and crabbed age.

Each of us, man or woman, young or old, needs Jesus the Christ to bear with us when we get ourselves entangled in the meshes of our individual and our social sins. We need him as the one way out. Only, our text warns us that it is not an easy way: "As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you."

To be a Christian is to be a Christ. As Christians we are the active agents through whom our Lord expresses himself. He works through us and through all our fellow Christians. He energizes all our creative powers, so that we become "saviors" to each and every person we meet in whatever respect they may need to be saved; and he works in them, so that they in turn may act as saviors to us.

Lest we forget this call to Saviorhood and grow callous to its urgency, let us frequently examine ourselves with the searching eye of those who bring to us the passionate earnestness of the recent convert. Let one such be our Chinese fellow student, Dr. Kwen I. Tai, whose recent life, all too brief, was literally consumed by his passionate devotion to the task of his Lord. Although suffering in body, he was as one who bore through every hour of the day and far into the hours of his sleepless nights the whole burden of China. Shortly before leaving America, he requested that we publish for him his conception of what it means to be a Christian. Like Paul, he held his treasure in a frail earthen jar; but he, being dead, yet speaks:

"Your function of Saviorhood in relation to your neighbor can be fulfilled only when you first ask the question, What does this man need to be saved from? What are his needs, and what have I to offer to meet them? Bear in mind that there is no such thing as a general program, for each individual has his own problems, difficulties and needs, and you must deal with them accordingly.

"Remember also that Saviorhood, or Christhood, is achieved only by actually saving someone who is in need. This is the true discipleship, and it is the only way to a satisfying interpretation of the Cross. We bear the Cross by sharing with Jesus and with each other the common burden of saving the world.

"To lack the quality of Saviorhood is to be no longer a Christian, even though one does belong to a church. The Church ought to be a company of Saviors, or 'Christs' if you prefer. Not every one who calls Jesus, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven:—but he who shares the saving task of the living Christ will not fail of recognition by the Master as a true disciple."

What a basis for worldwide Christian unity! Shall we substitute some cheaper plan, and thus admit our inability or unwillingness to pay the price? Or shall we arise and claim our title to the name we bear by doing the works of our Master until we find ourselves transformed into the likeness of his Christhood? Who knows but that we have come into the Kingdom for just such a time as this? All the Ages awaited the ministry of Jesus the Christ nineteen hundred years ago. And as the Father sent him, so he now sends us—every Christian a Christ!

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

By Samuel G. Hefelbower

CARTHAGE COLLEGE
CARTHAGE, ILLINOIS

SAMUEL G. HEFELBOWER

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY
CARTHAGE COLLEGE
CARTHAGE, ILLINOIS

Lutheranism has at present two outstanding professors of philosophy. The one is the person to whom this book is dedicated; the other the subject of this sketch. Dr. Hefelbower brings to his task an academic training that is abundant. Born November 11th, 1871, he began his career at Dickinson College and completed his preliminary training at Gettysburg College, where he graduated in 1891. Three years later he finished his theological course at Gettysburg. For two years, 1895-1896, he attended Leipzig, where he studied under Luthardt, Hauck, Wundt, Heinritze and Volkelt. Upon his return to this country he assumed the pastorate of the Lutheran Church at Manheim, Pa., 1896-1899. The next two years he was the minister at Frostburg, Md. During 1901-1902 he again studied in Germany, dividing his time between Leipzig and Halle. For the next eight years Dr. Hefelbower's career was cast in Gettysburg College, first as professor of German and history, 1902-1904, and then as President, 1904-1910. During his incumbency as President the College took great strides forward. The influence of his leadership has had much to do with the forwarding of the status of Gettysburg College in the academic world. Upon retiring from the presidency in 1910, Dr. Hefelbower went to Harvard to study in the department of philosophy. In 1914 Harvard conferred on him both the M.A. and Ph.D. degrees. 1914-1920 he was professor of philosophy at Washburn College, Topeka, Kansas. Since 1920 he has been professor of philosophy at Carthage College.

Many important articles have been issued by this indefatigable student and worker and published in a great variety of learned journals. His book, "The Relation of John Locke to English Deism," is a distinct contribution to the philosophical literature of our country.

Dickinson College conferred the degree of D.D. upon him in 1905 and Gettysburg College that of LL.D. in 1925.

Intimately tied up as the life of Dr. Hefelbower has been with the development of Lutheranism in this country, it is exceedingly appropriate that his contribution to this book of sermons should be on the relationship of science and religion.

✠

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth . . . God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them"

GENESIS 1:1-27

THE problem of Christianity differs from age to age. The changing point of view results in new conditions that it must meet. Two hundred years ago the apologetic controversy centered about Deism. Fifty years later it concerned Rationalism. Half a century ago Materialism and Agnosticism were among the chief topics of debate.

Seldom can an age diagnose its own problems. What a later generation will consider the burning question of today no one can know with certainty. Most men believe that it concerns the conflict of science and religion. They are convinced that these two interests of man, as at present conceived, are incompatible with each other. The specific form that the debate generally takes is the discussion of evolution vs. divine creation.

The problem can be stated rather briefly. One group goes back to the text in the simple and sublime words of the first chapter of Genesis. They assert the divine origin of the world and the divine origin and destiny of man, who in some way is in the image of God. Over against this, according to some, stands the scientific teaching, that animal species, including man, developed in some way from previously existing species. Some claim that this contradicts christian belief, that science undermines the Bible; that the christian idea is only another legend that the race will soon outlive.

If this is an adequate statement of the problem, they are right. But the situation is not as simple as this would make it appear. There are several fundamental considerations that must be taken into account, which are often ignored in the controversy that has been going on. Let us study the relation of science and religion against the background of the relevant basal human interests.

Certain sources of confusion should be noted. The present discussion, unfortunately, has been colored by a newspaper perspective. The reading public thinks of the problem too much in terms of newspaper head lines. Recently a teacher in a mid-western university declared that science had disproved the Bible. The next morning it was a prominent news item in the daily press. But it was not news, except in very few journals, a few weeks before, that the director of the Museum of Natural History of New York City defended the claims of religion before the student body of a large eastern university. When Osborn or Millikan or Pupin defend religion it is seldom considered a prominent news item. Generally anti-religious declarations by men of science are exaggerated and the profession of religious beliefs and religious activities by men of science is almost ignored in the press. Furthermore, anti-religious utterances by scientists are largely limited to men of second or third rate standing as scientists. Very seldom do we hear of any hostile expressions from scientists of high standing. A person who happens to be teaching science, but who is not a great scientist, will have a wider hearing in his criticism of religion than he would have in science. As a result the public has a distorted idea of the attitude of science or, perhaps better, of scientists toward religion.

Another source of confusion is the assumption that extreme positions are typical. Very often anti-religious scientists assume that some statement of christian belief, long since given up by intelligent christians, is a fair sample of christian thought today; and theologians likewise assume that some scoffing scientist, who may have little standing in his field, is a fair representative of all scientists. Both assumptions are equally false. Often human ignorance is a fruitful cause of controversy. Many well meaning persons on both sides of this debate are more zealous than intelligent.

Let us search for the chief cause of this supposed conflict. Very often the factors that account for a disturbing situation explain it away.

There is much confusion as to the nature and limits of great human interests related to this controversy. Men fail to distinguish clearly certain fields of thought and action. Religion is often confused with theology. Science is often confused with metaphysics. Theologians sometimes venture assertions concerning things outside of religion and theology, and scientists sometimes set up philosophical speculations and claim for them the authority of science. Let us try to find out what we mean by the christian religion, christian theology, science, and speculative philosophy or metaphysics.

The christian religion is primarily a way of life in God through Christ. It involves some conception of spiritual values, and certain feeling attitudes of desire or yearning toward these spiritual values, and satisfaction in their attainment, and corresponding life inspired and sustained thereby. There must of necessity be rational beliefs present, for man is a rational being. But formal beliefs are scarcely constitutive of religion. They are rather necessary by-products of religious life on the part of a rational being.

Already we have defined theology. It is man's attempt to give a rational statement of his religious beliefs in such a way that it will satisfy his own intellectual demands, that he can teach it to others, and that he can defend it when it is attacked. While religious faith, as defined above, and theological belief, are closely associated, they are not identical.

Science concerns the world of nature about us. It observes facts and sets them in order according to some organizing principle. It is true, there is some difference of opinion as to how far science really goes. Everybody will agree that its goal is to observe facts, to define them, and to coördinate them in a system according to some principle. Some will add that science should also offer explanations of natural phenomena. Some will question whether science is expected to do this. Probably this difference of opinion hinges on the way different individuals interpret "explanation" in this connection. If it is explanation in relation to the facts of a given field, say the explaining of a physical fact by physical facts, it is a necessary part of science; but if "explanation" is understood to mean a complete and ultimate explanation, it is not the business of science to provide this.

Man is compelled to seek such an explanation. He calls this search for the first cause metaphysics. It is man's attempt to find an ultimate source for the world order. As such it is distinct from science, which cannot transcend the world order to find or formulate any such ultimate explanation.

The trouble arises when some scientists forsake the field of science and in its name venture to deal with the question of origins. Hans Driesch, before the sixth International Congress of Philosophy, in commenting on Lloyd Morgan's postulation of God as the originating cause of life and mind, said, in effect, "This is not science; it is an act of faith." He was right. Now suppose some one, in the name of science, had postulated dead matter and impersonal force as the origin of everything, he would have been just as far beyond the field of science, and it would have been just as much a matter of faith. This is what Ernst Haeckel did. When scientists thus venture beyond their field they are really playing the rôle of the metaphysician. When they do that they are venturing in a domain where theology, if not religion, has something to say, for the religious man must believe the ultimate world order to be such that spiritual values have a place in it. Here is where the conflict comes in. It is when scientists get out of their field. Then they are not advancing science, they are promoting confusion.

But there is another source of difficulty. It is when theology ventures beyond its proper domain and insists upon setting up standards of truth in the field of natural science. We all know how Galileo was considered a heretic because he believed that the earth and the planets moved about the sun. When the representatives of religion in the name of religion venture into the field of science they likewise are promoting confusion.

There is no warfare between science and religion, and there cannot be, for they are two distinct interests of man; and since they are concerned with distinct fields they cannot come into conflict. But there can be conflict between metaphysics and theology and religion. If, for instance, your metaphysics sets up a world theory of materialistic character, there is no room left for religion or morals.

That there is no conflict between science and religion is also proved by the fact that so many great scientists, of the present as well as of the past, are, or were, religious men. Newton and Boyle were devout men and among the greatest lay theologians of all time. During the last century Faraday, Maxwell, Kelvin, Raleigh, and Pasteur, than whom there were none greater in the field of science, were religious men. In his lecture on science and religion Millikan, one of the greatest physicists of today, calls the roll of the great American scientists of our generation, and concludes that "The great majority of them will bear emphatic testimony not only to the complete lack of antagonism between the fields of science and religion, but to their own fundamental religious convictions." He mentions by name a dozen American scientists with international reputations who are confessedly religious. It is true, their interpretation of Christianity might not satisfy all of us, but the fact that they recognize the religious interpretation of life as a thing of fundamental importance vindicates the assertion that there is no conflict between science and religion.

But, though there is no conflict between science and religion, there is controversy. It arises from the confusion already described, and is aggravated by unwise partisans on both sides. Theologians, who know little or nothing about science, condemn it; and scientists, who are ignorant of religion, scoff at it. Both bring discredit upon the cause they seek to advance. Professor Millikan has stated the case in words that should be a warning to all: "The responsibility is a divided one, for science is just as often misrepresented as is religion by men of little vision, of no appreciation of its limitations, and of imperfect comprehension of the real rôle which it plays in human life—by men who lose sight of spiritual values and therefore exert an influence upon youth which is unsettling, irreligious, and sometimes immoral. The two groups, the one in the religious field, the other in the scientific, are in reality very much alike. They represent essentially the same type of mind, or perhaps I should say, the same stage of intellectual development. Each interprets the Bible, for example, essentially literally, instead of historically, the one to support, the other to condemn. Both may be assumed to be sincere, but the one is wholly unacquainted with science, while presuming to judge it; the other is in almost complete ignorance of what religion is, while scoffing at it. I am ready to admit that it is quite as much because of the existence of scientists of this type as of their counterparts in the field of religion that the fundamentalist controversy has flared up today, and it is high time that scientists recognized their share of the responsibility and took such steps as they can to remove their share of the cause."

The present situation does not justify anxiety, but it calls for prudence and sanity, especially when we venture to express opinions in fields with which we are not familiar. No conclusion of science in and of itself can affect the foundations of religion. The latter belongs to the realm of appreciation. It concerns itself primarily with values. The former belongs to the realm of description, and concerns itself primarily with observed and ordered facts.

The Bible is essentially an account of God's dealings with man. It is a record of the progressive revelation of the divine plan for the race. It is not a book on science or economics. No one would undertake to get his political theory from the Bible; and there is just as little reason for him to get his science from it.

As a child of God man should foster a religious life. As an intelligent creature on earth, man should seek to know his temporary dwelling place. As christians we believe that in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, and that God created man in his own image. Whether the Almighty did this in a moment of time or through processes that he inaugurated and sustained through ages is a matter of indifference. Christianity teaches that man is the child of God and was created for a heavenly destiny. Science can neither affirm nor deny this revealed truth. As has been said, nature is the thought of God expressed in things. Every bush is aflame with him, but only he who sees takes off his shoes.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul according well,
May make one music as before,"

But vaster.

APPEARANCE AND REALITY

By Milton H. Valentine

GETTYSBURG COLLEGE
GETTYSBURG, PA.

✠

MILTON H. VALENTINE

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH BIBLE
GETTYSBURG COLLEGE
GETTYSBURG, PA.

The name Valentine is one of the great names in Lutheranism. It was the father of Dr. Milton H. Valentine, whose lectures in theology at the Gettysburg Seminary are a tradition in our church. The son in his way, both as thinker, preacher and editor, is no less distinguished. Born in Reading, Pa., in 1864, Dr. Valentine received his academic training in the Gettysburg Academy, Gettysburg College, where he graduated in 1882, and the Lutheran Theological Seminary at the same place, from which he graduated in 1887. Immediately upon graduation from the Seminary, Dr. Valentine's career took him into the active ministry. From 1887 to 1892 he was pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, Bedford, Pa.; from 1892 to 1899 of the famous Messiah Lutheran Church, Philadelphia, Pa. Beginning in 1889 Dr. Valentine was the editor of the Lutheran Observer, published at Philadelphia. The service of the Observer, both to Lutheranism and the religious world generally, was incalculable. It was a distinct loss to Lutheranism when the existence of the journal was discontinued in 1915.

Immediately upon the termination of the career of the Observer, Dr. Valentine became professor of history and English Bible at Gettysburg College, continuing in that position until 1922. Since that time he has been the professor of English Bible.

A clear, lucid style, joined to a vigorous movement of thought, has always made the preaching of Dr. Valentine exceedingly agreeable. Fortunately, his editorial tasks left him free to be heard in not one but many pulpits of the Lutheran Church. It is entirely appropriate that a book of Lutheran sermons should conclude with a sermon on death, especially when it comes from so able a pen as Dr. Valentine's.

✠

APPEARANCE AND REALITY

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be"
I JOHN 3:2

IT IS one of the puzzling and perplexing things in the sphere of religion that this is so—that "it doth not yet appear what we shall be." We know by the testimony of human experience, equally with that of Scripture, that our earthly life is a pilgrimage, and that, like all pilgrimages, it had a beginning and will have an ending. But whither does it tend? What is the bourne toward which we journey? What is its scenery and what are to be its experiences and manner of life and how are we to be employed? To be sure, we have not been left in entire ignorance. We know that personality will survive, that we shall continue to think and feel, to love and be loved. Intimations, omens, hints abound in Scripture of things more resplendent than the heart has conceived. "We see their majestic shadows as they sweep by here and there on the sacred page, the long train of light that follows in their wake. We hear, at intervals, the boom of a deep, mystical solemn sea out of sight." So that we know something. We are plainly told that we are on the way to "a better country" and that its glory will be "exceeding." But there is no attempt in Scripture to reduce these general terms to more precise ones, or to fill in the outline of the picture with definite details, no revelation of the experiences, employments and modes of existence of the future. The descriptions are all meager and vague and expressed in vast and cloudy symbols. And it is this that gives us pause as we contemplate the hereafter, the mistiness of its landscape, our ignorance of the experiences that await us there. We are assured that its life is a more abundant one, richer, fuller, of ampler satisfactions than the present life. Nevertheless, what the banker-poet Stedman put into words we have all of us often thought and felt.

"Could we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low,
Ah, if beyond the spirit's utmost cavil
Aught of that country could we surely know,
Who would not go?

"Might we but hear
The heavenly angels high-imagined chorus,
Or catch betimes, with watchful eyes and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us,
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
Ah, who would fear?"

Now two sources there are from which, antecedently, we might have supposed we would receive the desired information, viz., the Scriptures and those who have already entered into the heavenly life. From either one or both of these quarters it is only natural to think that communications might have reached us that would have dispelled the darkness. Why have they not? Why have such communications been withheld? Because these questions and kindred ones never cease to obtrude; because though we dismiss them, they return; and because they are so full of human interest, touching as they do not simply an individual here and there but every one of us, it seems worth while to ponder them, to discover, if we can, some reasons for this state of things—this silence about matters that concern us all so intimately—a silence, which, on first thought, seems so astonishing.

Take, first, the silence of the dead—the absence of all communication from those who have preceded us into the hereafter. Local traditions of the town of Cornwall, Connecticut, the birthplace of Ethan Allen, preserve the dramatic picture of the future hero of Ticonderoga standing on the unmarked grave of his father, and passionately calling upon him to return and tell what he had learned about the life beyond. But neither to this appeal of Ethan Allen, nor to that of multitudes before and since has there been any response. Why? Why have those whom men call "dead" not spoken? Why do they not speak now? Did they not, in their time, peer as wistfully into the future as we do now, and do they not, therefore, know with what eager welcome we would greet whatever news they might send us from the country to which they have emigrated? Why then do they send us no tidings, give us no information? Well, unless we reject the total teachings of Christianity and disavow one of the profoundest and most general of human convictions, we cannot suppose it is because they have ceased to exist. A persuasion of the continuance of conscious life after the death of the body has been all but universal, an article of faith among all peoples in every age, thus taking its place among beliefs that would seem to be valid because they are universal and instinctive. Mrs. Browning has said that the earth outgrows the mythic fancies sung beside her in her youth. But this is not one of its outgrown faiths. Changes there have been, almost numberless, in the conceptions of thinking men, as the world has advanced in knowledge, culture and civilization. Many notions have been left behind as mistaken and false, and many more have been changed and adapted to fit the changing and growing categories under which the world and man's life and destiny are apprehended. But amid all the revolutions and evolutions in human thought and belief the conviction of the survival of personality through and beyond death has persisted. A belief that is thus evidently wrought into the very texture of humanity and that outlasts the erosions of the years that wear away so much, must have in it the vitality of undying truth itself. Hence the life and immortality brought to light in the Gospel, corroborated by the resurrection of Jesus, come merely as a confirmation of an already deeply radicated human belief. They reinforce and ratify with a fact of history all the arguments for a future life which the heart has conceived and the reason framed. So that for those who accept the Christian revelation the survival of the spirit is definitely settled. It lies no longer in the realm of probability, but in that of certainty. Because Christ lives and is Lord of life and engages that those who believe on him shall never die, we shall live also. It is, then, not because those whom we call "dead" have ceased to exist that no tidings from them come to us.

What, then, are we to think and say about the claims of men like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir George Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, Alfred Russell Wallace and many others, that such communications have been sent and received? Certainly not, I take it, that there is any absurdity in the premises on which their affirmations are based. For in proceeding on the assumption that those who have passed on continue to think, to feel, to know, and remember, that all that is essential in personality has survived—in all this they have the full support of the Christian revelation and of an all but universal human conviction. Neither can we say there are no facts and occurrences that suggest the possibility of such communications and warrant the interest which many people have in the subject. Only a person ignorant of the literature accumulated by the Society for Psychical Research will deny that there is a large body of undoubted facts and happenings that are inexplicable by any known and understood workings of the human mind. Whether they are due to occult workings below the level of normal human consciousness, or whether they prove that discarnate spirits are trying to communicate with us is the problem which the Society has under investigation.

But it must be confessed that up to the present time no convincing evidence of intercourse across the borderline has been forthcoming. The fatal flaw has been the lack of weight and substance in the alleged communications. They have been trivial, incoherent, inconsequent, not such as would be congruous with any reasonable ideas of the life of the spirit world. It is inconceivable that if spirits could communicate at all, they would not have something to say that would be more to the purpose than anything yet reported. The antecedent obstacle to belief in actual communication with discarnate spirits is that authentic and general experience is against it. The abrupt and complete termination of intercourse between our departed friends and ourselves still stands as a fact, and is one of the bitterest sorrows of death. We long to hear the voices that are still, but they do not speak. We have heard them in memory, perhaps in dreams, but never in reality. Would they not break the silence if they could? Is it not reasonably clear that since their silence cannot be owing to any lack of interest in us, or to any impairment of their faculties, there must be some barrier difficult, if not impossible, for them to cross? What is it? What may it be?

In a volume that fell into my hands some time ago, the author introduces from Margaret Gatty's "Parables from Nature" an illustration which it seems to me may throw light on this matter, and perhaps set forth the real truth here. In this parable a word picture is drawn of the grub in the slime of the pool as it is about to be transformed into the dragon-fly. It has come to the day when its great change is to take place. It feels the impulse to seek the upper world of light and air. It has begun to slough off its coarse envelope. It has found the reed up which it will climb out of the pool. Its friends gather round it and beg from it the promise that when it has reached the upper world beyond, it will return and tell the story. If the grub does not return, then they will know that that upper world is the land of death. And so the grub ascends, reaches the upper air and bursts into the radiant beauty of the spangled dragon-fly. But it does not forget its former companions at the bottom of the pool and its promise to return and tell them of this marvelous new world into which it has entered. So it seeks and finds the reed up which it climbed. But at the first touch of the chill water all within its now warm and breathing body starts and recoils as from death. The upper world of light and air is now native to it, and in this new form of life there is, and there can be, no passing back into that lower world from which it came. The grub may ascend into the higher life of the dragon-fly, but the dragon-fly cannot descend into the lower life of the grub.

Now if something like this be the transformation which death works in us, we not only have an explanation of why those who have preceded us into the higher life do not communicate with us, but a mitigation of our grief for their silence, for it takes out of our sorrow over our interrupted fellowship with them the last bitter ingredient —hopelessness. If they cannot return to us, we can go to them. If the very nature and quality of their transfigured, glorified life creates a gulf between them and us which they cannot cross into our sphere, death will translate us into theirs. Thus the ties which death has sundered death will reknit, and the fellowships which through death were abruptly and completely broken for a season, through death will be resumed.

> "And we shall sit at endless feast
> Enjoying each the other's good.
> What vaster dream can hit the mood
> Of love on earth."

And as with the silence of the dead, so too with the silence of the Scriptures as to many things concerning the future about which we ponder and speculate and ask questions—there may be good reasons for it.

For one thing there may be no medium through which the information could be conveyed to us. We are dependent for nearly all our knowledge, beyond simple sense perceptions, on words, speech. Words are thought-counters, symbols of ideas, and in the realm of ideas our human speech is what money is in the realm of business, the medium of exchange. It is by means of speech that ideas are carried over from your mind into mine and from mine into yours. Without some form of language, intercourse would be impossible. And it is very suggestive in this connection to note the action and reaction upon each other of thought and speech. A savage, primitive people use only a very simple language and need only a simple one. For their ideas like their interests, are simple, few and concrete. But as information grows and thought develops and ideas multiply the language undergoes a corresponding change. It becomes ampler and more flexible. New words are being continually invented to express new ideas. The vocabulary keeps enlarging, getting more copious, until at last, as civilization ripens, there is evolved an almost perfect medium of self-expression and exchange of thought, like the ancient Greek language or the modern French or English. But what if there be realities in the universe, realities that belong to a higher range of being and experience than of the present, for which our speech has no thought-symbols? For our human speech is the product of our sensible experiences, connects itself with things we can see and hear and touch. Our words reflect the material world in which we live, and associations derived from material things cling to them. In their origin they are of the earth earthy. But the realities of the future must include qualities of being, modes of action, capacities and powers of which we have no knowledge here. We have had no experience of them and consequently in our earth-born speech have no words to serve as adequate symbols of them or to convey adequate ideas about them. The Chinese, for example, have no word in their language corresponding to the Christian idea of God. Hence the problem that faced the

Christian missionary in China and the translator of the Bible into the Chinese. There was nothing to be done but to take the Chinese word that most nearly approximated the Christian idea—"Shang-ti." But it was only a make-shift, for the notions and associations of its Chinese origin inhere in it to confuse and becloud the Chinese mind. So that while it half reveals, it also half conceals the Christian meaning.

Now may it not be that we here come upon the track of one of the reasons for the reticence of the Scriptures when they deal with the future? May it not be that there is no speech or language known by us which they could employ to acquaint us with many of the things we would like to know; that the facts transcend the resources of our human vocabularies, and include experiences for which there are no words in our earth-born speech? It seems not unreasonable to suppose so.

But there may be another and a different reason for this reticence. Even were there no insurmountable obstacles to a complete disclosure of the experiences that await us, these concealments may be part of the wisdom of God, adjusted to fundamental, important and needful characteristics of the nature we wear—characteristics without which there never could have been human progress and growth. I mean the active principle of discontent that is an attribute of all great souls, discontent with present fixtures, institutions, precedents, with present stages of knowledge and attainment, unsatisfied and insatiable mental curiosities, instincts for adventure and discovery, and aspirations for things as yet unrevealed and unknown. It has been through the urge and restless energy imparted to it by these characteristics that humanity has made its brave headway and gotten thus far on its long pilgrimage.

Among the memorable incidents connected with the sinking of the "Lusitania" which so profoundly stirred the horror of the world, were the words of Charles Frohman, one of the victims. It was after the great liner had been torpedoed. He was standing with Miss Rita Jolivet on deck, as the "Lusitania" heeled over. They decided not to trust themselves to the lifeboats, though Mr. Frohman believed the ship was doomed. It was while they were standing there, waiting for the end, that he turned to Miss Jolivet, who fortunately was among the survivors taken to Queenstown, and quietly said: "Why fear death? It is one of the most beautiful adventures in life." According to all accounts, the behavior of the men on board was wholly chivalrous. They assisted as many of the women and children into the boats as possible. Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, who perished when the ship sank, even took off a life-belt he had secured for himself and fastened it on a woman who had none. In the calmness and fearlessness with which he confronted the unknown, therefore, Mr. Frohman was merely one among many. It is his characterization of death, as he looked it full in the face, that is the arresting thing. "It is one of the most beautiful adventures in life." He knew no more than you and I know of the untried experience on which he was about to launch. But something that is deep and radical in human nature found utterance in that solemn moment—the appeal and lure of the unknown and unexplored, the spirit of high adventure. Like Charles Kingsley he looked forward to what awaited him with an intense and relevant curiosity.

It certainly is not without significance in this connection that the great appeals that stir our hearts and kindle our expectations never come through the limited, the explicit, the familiar. Nathaniel Burton, in his Yale Lectures, dwells upon the fact that the secret of all high art is the way it creates impressions of things while escaping the realism of definite boundaries and details. The masterful way of painting is by hint and intimation of interminable things. A landscape picture, for example, to be great and moving, must have something in it that draws off into the vast and unexplored and that carries the imagination with it into the outlying spaces. So with music—not music set to words but music that raises feelings within us whose chief peculiarity is that they cannot be expressed. The secret of the power of such music is that it lifts us out of all time-relations into the infinite. So, too, with the emotions awakened by the ocean, which among all finite things approaches most nearly the infinite. They could be stirred by no little body of water with its encompassing shores all in sight. It is the sheer immensity of the ocean that does it—the waves that break at our feet carrying our thoughts and imaginings on and on to where the interminable waters meet the horizon, and on and still on, as

"Without a mark, without a bound
They run the great wide world around."

It would seem, therefore, as Dr. Burton contends, that we have a constitutional heart-hunger for the unknown and the immeasurable—that our nature demands for its satisfaction, for kindling its deeper emotions and enthusiasms something more than precise definitions and nicely-drawn descriptions; that we need to be passed triumphantly beyond all these things and find ourselves embarked on an illimitable voyaging of thought and feeling, of imagination and hope.

Take Tennyson's Swan Song, "Crossing the Bar." What is it that gives to this poem its universal and unwasting appeal? It is not simply its form and finish and rhythm, the music of its cadences, the perfection of its art. It is rather its note of assured confidence and faith, coupled with the appeal it makes to just this sense of wonder and expectancy; its suggestion of things not fully defined or definable, but vaguely and dimly descried and hinted at in symbols and imagery expressive of immensities that cannot be circumscribed or delimited by human speech. Note this imagery, these symbols—the boundless deep, the tide too full for sound or foam, the evening star shining out of the infinite spaces, the sunset hour suffused with its many colored and changing lights—symbols, all of them, of things vast and unutterable, faintly discerned, but waiting to be fully revealed.

There may well be reasons, therefore, for the reticence of the Bible about the future. Its silences and omissions and self-restraint are part of its grandeur and credibility. By its clear disclosures of the future life in the large, joined with its reserve, it makes death a high adventure, not as into a country wholly unrevealed and unknown, but as into one whose landscape has not been all mapped and plotted in advance, and so keeps perennially alive in us the spirit of expectancy and curiosity and wonder and hope.

"The city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim earthly vision,
For death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes the gate Elysian.

"But sometimes, when adown the western sky
A fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

"And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly thro the azure vault afar
And half reveal the glory."

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be," but we know that we shall be satisfied when we awake in his likeness.

THE HOUSE OF HARPER
NEW YORK
Publishers of BOOKS and of
HARPER'S MAGAZINE
Established 1817